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Dear Sirs
Yours
W. H. Bruce

THE LIFE
OF
CHARLES LORING BRACE

CHIEFLY TOLD IN HIS OWN LETTERS

EDITED BY
HIS DAUGHTER

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1894

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

To My Mother

“ O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

“ Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!

* * * * *
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd, to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

“ And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
* * * * *
Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!”

* * * * *

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PREFACE

IN the task upon which I reluctantly entered three years ago, of editing my father's letters, it was from the beginning my aim to use only such material as should add something to the story of his life, and to let that story tell itself just as far as possible, through these letters. Yet, in presenting him as the founder of a great organization such as the Children's Aid Society, it has not been found possible to adhere rigidly to that original plan. Friendly letters, with their natural assumption of a close knowledge of the business and principles of his life, must of necessity fail to present the details of his life-work, or to do justice to the final results attained. Nor can they be expected to exhibit duly the turning-points of his success; the forces he most relied on; where he found sympathy and where apathy; the relative value he attached to educational, religious, industrial, personal influences,—in short, the personal side of his great philanthropic work. These things are revealed again and again in his book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," and in the annual reports of the society, and it has been to detach from what is there written the principles in which he believed and on which he worked, and to present them at once as a consistent whole, that I have gone beyond the field

of mere editing. In doing this, it has not been my aim to write the history of the Children's Aid Society, but to show what moved its founder in this particular direction, and how richly life expanded for him as he watched the society become a great engine in the forces for good to mankind. Perhaps nothing could more simply present the happiness which life brought to him, than a comparison of the two portraits given in this volume, one of the grave, anxious man of thirty, the other of the man of sixty.

I have to thank the many friends, both at home and in England, who have spared no pains to procure for me his letters to them, but their kindness has been rendered in so personal a sense to him, that I hesitate to intrude, even with thanks, between him and them. To Mr. George S. Merriam and Mr. James K. Paulding, however, my own personal thanks are owing for valuable advice in many matters, and assistance without which this task could scarcely have been accomplished.

EMMA BRACE.

CHES-KNOLL, DOBBS FERRY,
October, 1894.

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THE LIFE
OF
CHARLES LORING BRACE

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LORING BRACE

CHAPTER I

Birth and Parentage — His Aunts — Pursuits and Early Education — Boyish Journal — College — College Letters — The Family Circle — His Sister Emma's Letters — College and Vacation Letters — Discussions in College — College Friendships

CHARLES LORING BRACE was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 19, 1826. New England may claim the whole stock of his hereditary qualities as her gift, for the family had lived in Hartford for almost two hundred years, and his mother's blood connected him with the widespread relationships of the Porter and Beecher families. She was Miss Lucy Porter of Maine, a descendant of the Hon. Rufus King. Charles was named for the Hon. Charles Loring, a lawyer of note in Boston, who married the only sister of Charles's father.

Mr. Brace was of Puritan ancestry, a descendant of Stephen Brace (sometimes written Bracy), a man

of good standing and estate,¹ who came from England in 1660 and settled in Hartford, where the family has resided for seven generations. The Braces were among the leaders in the religious and political life of Connecticut, and members of the family have served the State on the bench, in the pulpit, and in the legislature. Capt. Abel Brace, the great-grandfather of Charles L., was an officer in the Revolutionary War and an oft-repeated representative to the General Assembly.

Although he was but seven years of age when his father moved from Litchfield to become principal of the Female Seminary in Hartford, the ties were so strong that bound John Brace and his children to Litchfield, that no account of the forces that moulded Charles is complete which omits to mention the Pierce family and homestead there.

John Brace's aunts, the Misses Pierce, had towards the end of the last century established a school which marked an epoch in the education of girls of that period, being one of the first schools where anything more than an elementary education could be acquired. These women, trained in part in New York through the assistance of an older brother, a man of position there, who had been paymaster under Washington during the Revolutionary War, impress one privileged to read their intimate

¹ "Early Puritan Settlers." R. R. Hinman. Hartford, 1852.

family letters of those early days, as characters of unusual force and intelligence. They superintended the education of John Brace, and sent him to Williams College, where he studied with a half-formed intention of entering the ministry. But it was early evident that he was a born teacher, and he began the career which made his name honored in many Connecticut homes, as head teacher in his aunts' school in Litchfield. Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, and the first Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts were a few of the women who felt the inspiration of his teaching, and Mrs. Stowe speaks of him in the life of her father, as "one of the most stimulating and inspiring instructors I ever knew. The interest of the historical recitations with a professor so widely informed and so fascinating as Mr. Brace extended farther than the class. Much of the training and inspiration of my early days consisted not in the thing which I was supposed to be studying, but in hearing, while seated at my desk, the conversation of Mr. Brace with the older classes."¹

He married in 1820, and in 1833 moved to Hartford. We know too little of Charles's mother, and it is greatly to be regretted that there is in the mass of correspondence no allusion anywhere to his relations with her. We cannot find that he was ever

¹ Mrs. Stowe, in "Old Town Folks," has pictured some of his methods and himself in the character of Rossiter.

separated from her long enough for either of them to write. But in the family letters of this date we have glimpses of a self-devoted, anxious mother, with hardly strength enough for the many cares of her little home. Her cheerful courage was an example which helped her daughters when their turn came to take up the heavy responsibilities after her too early death.

There is but one story about Charles in his childhood. His curiosity on subjects of history was insatiable, until his questions and his father's elaborate replies became a torment to the young ladies of the school. When, finally, the child selected the dinner hour to propound his queries, and their teacher laid down his carving knife and fork, and the roast grew cold, the pupils, after suffering thus, silent and hungry on several occasions, rebelled. Charles was threatened. If he did not stay away with his questions, he should be kissed. Dreading this terror, after the manner of small boys, he desisted. The story tells us a good deal of the nature of Charles's training.

His occupations and pursuits, although not unlike those of other boys, were very much under his father's eye. This was only according to the good and regular habit of authority familiar to that day, but owing to his father's enjoyment of teaching and the boy's eager intelligence, the relation was espe-

cially close. His mother, burdened with the charge of a younger, delicate boy, left Charles entirely in his father's care. She died in 1840, when Charles was fourteen.

For seven years, despite all the absorbing duties of a teacher's life, his father read to him for two hours a day on historical subjects, varying them with Scott and Shakespeare. The Greek and Roman histories with which the course began were acted out in the boy's imagination by the aid of acorns, with which he represented contending armies.

Among his favorite pursuits with his father, trout-fishing became an ingrained habit, and through all his life Charles was one of the most ardent followers of that apostolic occupation. For the rest, in addition to boys' games and plays, he loved rambles in the country. His home in Hartford was in a suburb, and within easy reach of streams and country walks, and his letters written from college glow with memories, dwelt upon all through the winter, of his spring rambles and fishing expeditions at home.

We must speak also of his formal education in schooling and reading. Whatever limitations his training had,—and we know that from the point of view of modern schooling it was completely defective in a scientific direction,—it must have been, according to the light of Litchfield and Hartford in 1830 at least, an exceedingly copious one. In

consequence of his father's watchful attention to his development, he was ready for college at fourteen, and lingered outside till sixteen, studying French, German, and, it appears, Spanish, and reading history. He was all his life a good linguist, and was able, in his travels in Hungary, even to talk a little Latin at need, from his college preparation.

In a journal kept during the year before he entered college we find, among others, the following entries:—

“Nov. 9, 1841. The sun rose clear, with the wind north-west; a few clouds around, but on the whole a beautiful morning. I've just got my Spanish lesson. Tooth don't ache at all. Voilà une *sentence Latine!* ‘Per tibicinem, qui coram Mose modulatus est’ — I think that could hardly have been from Horace. ‘Das ist schones Wetter.’ ‘C'est un beau jour.’ ‘Hace bello tiempo.’ Hier sie haben drei sprachen, Deutsche, Französische und Spanische. — N'est-ce pas grand? I kicked football from five till dark. Emma [his sister] went to the temperance lecture this evening (like a goose!); also she made some calls.”

“Nov. 30, 1841. The sun rose clear and bright. Wind N. W. and gave us a beautiful day. I studied part of the morning, and went to the Institute lecture in the evening, delivered by Elihu Burritt, or the learned blacksmith. He isn't thirty yet, and knows fifty-three languages. His lecture was on ‘Genius.’ That there was no such thing as genius

or native talent. He made use of one quotation that I must remember. ‘It is nature that makes the rolling billows sleep and the sleeping billows roll.’ ”

“ Feb. 16, 1842. I will give my occupations now. First I get two pages of Xenophon and then one page of Cicero, and then my German and write in my journal. In the afternoon I get one hundred lines in the ‘Æneid,’ and fifty lines in the ‘Georgics’ (these are all reviews), and then sometimes study German. The rest of the time I devote to reading French and English works, or *writing poetry!!!* Evenings I give to reading or playing chess or backgammon.”

“ Feb. 20. Bushnell preached in the morning on the text ‘*Then went in also that other disciple.*’ A strange text! His subject was the ‘secret and involuntary influences’ of every one. . . . He then illustrated it from the works of God. He said the earthquake’s shock seemed a fearful thing in Nature. But the morning’s light, whose dawn would not awake an infant, had more influence than a thousand earthquakes. He then described the effect if that light were blotted out. How the earth, with its sister planets, would soon be icy balls floating in primeval darkness. How the earthquakes would be frozen in their fiery caverns. (For a fuller description see Byron’s poem on ‘Darkness.’) He ended off with a solemn appeal to his hearers not to harden their hearts to his preaching.”

This extract from the journal has been given in full, because the sermon referred to exercised so

profound an influence on Mr. Brace. In a letter to a young friend, in 1886, after speaking of Bushnell and his influence on the young men of Hartford, he says, "That sermon on 'Unconscious Influence' affected my whole life."

The studious days were varied by whole days in the open air, trout-fishing, or bathing, or "loafing," as he says.

On August 16, 1842, he says:—

"This is quite an important day of my life, the day of my examination for college. . . . My examination lasted only about three-quarters of an hour. It was perfectly simple. . . . Finally they gave me my commission, and I am a *Freshman of Yale College*. Hurray! I lazed around, in a perfect agony for something to do all the afternoon. New Haven is a most beautiful place."

In October, 1842, we find him in college, well equipped, mentally and physically, to take his place among those to whom the college days remain to the last so happy a memory. "Intense earnestness in whatever he undertook was the characteristic and, one might say, the keynote of his life," says one of his friends, and we may add, whether it were boxing or football, classical studies or religious argument, the same enthusiasm showed in all he did. In December he writes to his father the following

letter, which pictures to us his occupations and thoughts in his early college days:—

NEW HAVEN, December 11, 1842.

My dear Father: If there is one thing I miss especially here which I had at home, it is Mr. Bushnell's sermons. This thought occurred to me from looking over some old notices of Bushnell's sermons in my journal to-day. You must tell him how the Hartford boys (I am not the only one) miss him, and how much the students here would love to hear him; for his fame is pretty generally extended among them. . . . I think John's¹ father must be very rich, for John has a great deal of money. He treats fellows considerably to pies and that kind of thing, and is very generous with it. I have refused, except once or twice, to be treated, because I could not afford it in return (not that I ever said so), but he buys great quantities of confectionery, etc., and brings it into the room, where I must eat it. That is all well enough, for I furnish eatables, pies, etc., from home; but he has bought fencing foils, dumb-bells, etc., and is going to buy boxing gloves, and his father will probably get a good many of those kinds of things, which I shall enjoy as much as he. Now I want to know whether it will seem at all dependent in me to use these things. If the slightest expression that way should ever drop from him, I should separate from him immediately, but as it is, I don't hardly think he considers it so at all. This

¹ John H. Olmsted, one of the Hartford boys, a friend of Charles's before they entered college.

last is all private. . . . I don't know but what you will find me somewhat rusty. I haven't been into society much this winter, and need some virtuous females to reform me. Father, I do envy you your youthful days in company as much as anything. I am afraid your worthy son is destined for something else in that line. However, never say die!

Last Sunday I joined the church,¹ and I humbly hope that with God's aid, I shall keep up to my professions. I have to be much more careful of myself than I would be at home, or than persons generally would, for John notices very particularly, and is influenced in his own conduct by what he sees in mine. Father, you talk a great deal about being old and that kind of thing, but you are not, and I expect many a pleasant fishing expedition yet with you. I hope you will not be so much of a gardener next summer that you'll forget fishing. It's too great a descent for a gentleman to take to digging after trout-fishing, and he at least ought to make the descent gradual, by dividing his time between them. . . . Bushnell gave the good people of New Haven quite a curious and certainly a splendid lecture. It has set the big-wigs in tremendous excitement. . . . Woolsey says the theory is wrong. The young men like it to distraction,—they praise his originality, his liberality, and his independence.

His father replies: "You speak of my youthful days in company. Those days were not, after all, the most profitable ones of my life. I was led away

¹ The Congregational.

by the ease with which I could ‘set the table in a roar’ to become light and trifling in character. From early childhood I was surrounded by a changing variety of females that did not produce much permanency of feeling in my character. Had I possessed less fondness for female society, and less love of humor, my situation and destiny in life would have probably been far different. . . . I am very thankful that you have united with the Church, and I pray God to give you strength to adorn the profession. You have a high, though not a quick temper to control, much worldliness to contend with, and the downward example of the young men around you. . . . I think I have great cause to be grateful for the character, conduct, and habits of my children.”

The little family circle that Charles left on going to college consisted of his father, an older sister Mary, a devoted daughter to her lonely father and like a mother in the motherless home, a younger brother James, and a sister Emma, just two years his junior, with whom he had during her short life an intimacy of relation rare even in the happiest homes. She was so strong, so brave, so unmoved by anything disturbing, so sunny and merry, that it is easy to understand his close dependence upon her. During his college life, her sweet and merry letters came to him almost every week, in the “trunk” which, in economical New England fashion, carried

his linen and pies to him with absolute regularity. One occasionally wonders whether the pies, consumed by the small circle of friends regardless of the hour, on the arrival of the trunk, did not cost more, at least in effects, than a modest weekly washing of linen!

Out of the mass of letters from Emma, we insert the following:—

[Undated. Presumably 1842.]

You seemed to doubt, dear Charley, if I could sympathize with you in your feelings of ambition, but I can. I have felt it some, but I know it was not to such an extent as yours is. If I was placed in such a situation as you are, I should get so excited with ambition, for I have it in me. . . . My heart is with you. I cannot but urge you to place your standard high, and you'll get somewhere near it. I hope you will be able to get what you desire. Though you have noble antagonists, I should think you may attain, if not the first (which I hardly dare to hope), at least one of the first. . . . I suppose as a prudent sister I ought to urge you not "to be rash," and to preach not to be imprudent in regard to your health, and above all, not to let it get the advantage over your duties to God. . . . But I do not see why you cannot be ambitious and at the same time have this feeling in subservience to God's will; why cannot you perform your duties to God at the same time, and ask his blessing upon your efforts. . . . I do not know as I shall be able to write you next

time, as it will be just before examination and I shall be very busy. In five weeks is vacation. I anticipate it with a great deal of pleasure, for two weeks of it come at the same time yours do, and it will be grand. I have formed a nice plan. You know we shall want to go fishing, and so I move we have a wagon with two seats, and you, Mr. Colt, Jim, and *I* go. Mr. C. says he will. Oh! I think it will be capital. If you young gentlemen (ahem!) are afraid I shall talk too much, and disturb your deep meditations or logical reasoning, I will promise to be the best little girl that ever was, and hold up my hand every time I want to speak. But a truce to trifling; I say it must be carried into effect. The aforesaid gentleman is initiating me into the mysteries of the seventh book in "Virgil," so I quite enjoy his visits.

From the Same.

HARTFORD [1846].

My dear Charley: . . . And last, but not least in my opinion, is your humble servant with a sage, dignified countenance, hair put up on her head. Yes, Charley, your "youngest sister" has done all that externals can do to make her a young lady, with long dresses, and those lovely, fascinating, and exquisite sausages which hung down her neck, have at last been turned up, and the "lovely Miss Emma" has grown so excessively dignified in consequence of such change that her friends would hardly recognize her. . . . I graduate three weeks from to-day, and no longer can I smile except, tell Henry, on some interesting Sophomore, who chances to cross my

path. . . . The other evening Mr. Bushnell advised us to cultivate a devotional spirit as being the most improving one. He told us to rise early, and before the business of the day commenced and before the cares of this life distracted our thoughts, to kneel in humble devotion to God and pray fervently to him. I have tried it since then, and have risen quite early. I find that my thoughts do get distracted, even before I get dressed, and I do not enter into the spirit of the time enough, but I do hope it will do me good and draw me nearer to God daily.

She studied hard at the Seminary with the intention of becoming a teacher, and in 1846, even before Charles has begun life for himself, we find her courageously starting alone for Kentucky, full of eagerness to relieve her father of her support and to do her little part of usefulness in the world. The journey was by stage-coach, and might have daunted a less brave spirit. Her little school at Garrettsburg was very successful, and she bore the separation from those at home with cheerful courage, as the letters written soon after her arrival, to her father, and later to Charles, clearly show.

Emma Brace to J. P. Brace.

GARRETTSBURG, Aug. 8, 1846.

Dear Father: Your blue little picture of our never all being at home again, I just turned the back side

foremost. Why gracious, *pa*, I expect many a merry time yet with our interesting family, and if Mary does get married, why, I'm looking forward to keeping house for you; and though I could not make you as comfortable and happy, yet I should enjoy it. If I cannot sing, I can be jolly; if I cannot cook, I can make believe and then laugh; and if I cannot darn, I can sew up and botch, and, anyway, if the flesh don't show, what's the difference? So here are my merits, and such as they are you're welcome to them.

From Emma to Charles.¹

GARRETSBURG, Dec. 29, 1846.

. . . How little you understand me, Charley. If you only knew the perfect rush of happiness that comes across me when I think of home, and that this time next year I may be there, you'd not dream of accusing me of want of feeling. I'm not homesick, and if I could get home to-morrow, I wouldn't do it; but when my time is out (and how long that shall be I leave for father to determine), the way I shall allow my feelings full play! 'Tisn't worth while to be discontented while I stay, is it? That is the impression that I meant to convey in my former letters, for really I have nothing to be displeased with here, as I'm as much at home as in old "Yankee land." You know, anywhere you can find subject enough to cavil at, if you have the disposition, but not more here than anywhere. Now do you fully understand

¹ Unfortunately, scarcely any letters from Charles to his sister Emma have been found.

my feelings? There are more inducements to stay here, which can't operate at home. For instance, I should have more inducements to do good, as the children placed under my care here will perhaps never have another opportunity to learn their duty, and to hear of God and his mercies; and isn't that something in the scale? The motive father attributes to me—that of making money—is unworthy of a thought almost. My only desire is not to be a burden to father any longer, and that I should not be with the salary he offers me, and there I should have all the pleasures and advantages of being at home, and perhaps might be some assistance to Mary. So if father says so, I shall be home next summer, and the way we'll spree it!

To return to Charles's correspondence with his father, he writes from college in January, 1843:—

"It is Sunday, and from some thoughts I have had, I thought I would ask your advice. All to-day, at the most solemn times, I have thoughts come over me which completely carry me away. These thoughts are principally on ambition, my studies, and things connected with them, and I want to know whether a person can be ambitious and still attend to his Christian duties. It will not do, evidently, to neglect my studies and everything of that kind, and yet it ought not to be, as it is now, that my last thought going to sleep is on my lesson, and my first in the morning on the worldly duties of the day. I think it is rather a trait of my character that

whenever a certain feeling comes over it, either like that or different from it, it occupies all my thoughts, excluding everything else. Now to-day I would try to fix my attention on the sermon, but in a moment I would be thinking of the dire struggle going on between this and that fellow, and so it was all the time. I cannot prevent those thoughts from entering my mind, but I can find out and perhaps prevent the causes of them. I wonder whether I couldn't study from motives of doing good; for the reputation of a good scholar here certainly does give a man more influence than anything else. I should like to know whether you, when a young man, had such feelings come over you, and exclude everything else. But enough of myself for the present.

"I presume you would like to know the state of religion here. A short time ago I thought there was a general revival commencing, but it seems now to be at a standstill. Professor Goodrich told us to-night that we were the pioneers of religion in the college, and that our motto should be 'Aspera non terrent.' We have a general church meeting Monday night to consider and pray over the state of things in college.

"Whatever Taylor's theology may be, he is certainly a most interesting, yes, something more than that, preacher. By the way, if you ever have time to sketch a few of your most powerful arguments against Taylor's system, I would like to see them. Don't be alarmed! I am not going to turn Taylorite; in fact, I don't know the difference yet between the beliefs, except that some Taylorite at our table said that the opposite (as I understood it) party be-

lieved in the damnation of infants. Whereat, though I didn't care much, I thought it rather improbable, to say the least, that they went to hell. Please not tell Mr. Eliphalet Terry, Esq., etc., etc., that, as he would regard it as the first symptoms of Taylorite principles working in me, and then might not send his son here. Though it would be a perfect blessing if that son of his ever meddled with theology at all. You never yet have told me whether you thought it extravagant or not, going to that other club. I think you should tell me the truth exactly. If you can find time, please tell me a little about Shelley, if you can,—his reputation, writings, etc. . . . You have been pleased to compliment me, several times, on my 'frugality and economy.' You needn't suppose that they are virtues which I have, for I have as much inclination for spending as any one, but I think I would be rascally indeed if I was spending money here while you were working like a dog at home, and all of you perhaps stinting yourselves for me. . . . Many thanks for the pie."

The vacations were as busy and as happy to Charles as the college days, with visits to the old Litchfield home and long days of fishing, either with one of his college friends or alone.

These experiences, which filled each summer brimful of enjoyment, are described in the following letters, which are inserted together, although written during different vacations:—

To his Father.

SHARON, September, 1843.

Dear Father: . . . After a very hot walk of about four hours, I arrived in Litchfield. . . . I was welcomed by all most cordially, and we conversed till quite late. They got talking about your "hobbies," and Aunt Sarah said that gardening was your present one, and you engaged in that as furiously as you once searched after bugs. . . . Thursday there was very hot, even in their cool house. I suspect it must have been a roaster in H. I started about a quarter of six next morning for Sharon. It was cloudy and looked like rain. When I had got on some eight or nine miles, it began to rain briskly, and as I had arrived at a trout brook, I fished, and had decent luck; then I went to another flowing into the Housatonic. I should have had splendid success, if it hadn't been for the rain, which came down in floods. As it was, I caught some very fine ones; one must have weighed a pound or more. I took dinner on three-fourths of a pie and a cup of coffee, which warmed me up well. Then on I went, through as hard a rain as I ever saw,—soon not a dry thread on me. I kept up my spirits while I gulped down the workings of the apple pie in my stomach, for a long while, by singing (ahem!) or composing, or pleasant imaginings. I think it would have been rich to have seen me — such a forlorn-looking object, trying to croak forth "Let us be joyful!" or "Thou reignest," etc. The contemplative-looking geese and stolid-faced pigs that I met seemed

to look at me, as though they took a sort of pleasure in my sufferings. One impudent little squirrel sat and watched me a long while, as though he *did* think I was foolish in coming out in that drizzle. However, on I went, and arrived at Sharon in the beginning of the P.M. completely chilled through. . . . My expedition here has cost me thirty-one and one-half cents (you paid fifty cents) for the trunk, and twenty-two cents for eatables. To-morrow I shall trout, and expect great luck.

To the Same.

LITCHFIELD, Sept. 3, 1844.

Dear Father: I arrived here last night about seven, pretty considerably tired. How those hills do accumulate just before Litchfield! — it seems as if one would never reach the top of that range. My first nine miles I accomplished in two hours, and reached Farmington before seven o'clock — pretty good walking that! Mr. Whitman recognized me as your son principally from my fishing-basket. Nothing particular happened except a countryman in the tavern told me I should be unlucky, for "the sign was in my legs." What the deuce he meant I don't know. His sign, I could have told him, was decidedly in his nose, which looked ominously red.

Late in 1843 we find Charles's thoughts turning more and more strongly to moral questions, and we begin at this time to discover the first signs of awakening of the humanitarian side of his character,

which grew steadily throughout his college course, so that one of his friends says he addressed him soon after leaving college as "My dear philanthropist." The following series of letters give us slight glimpses of this, mingled with pictures of the varied interests of the young man's life.

To his Father.

COLLEGE, December, 1843.

Dear Father: I write in haste to tell you our subjects for Prize Composition. The first was "The Influences of Poetry," next "The Influences of History," and third, "Philosophy." This last we can take up either generally, or in each of its branches, as for example, "Intellectual, Moral, Political, etc." I have concluded to take "Moral Philosophy" as my subject, both because it is more difficult and more beneficial for me to write upon, and because I like it. I consider "Moral Philosophy" to be the science of the principles of duty and of the obligations of man. I do not propose to consider it theoretically, as to the grounds of moral obligation and freedom of will, etc., etc., neither to give a history of its progress as a science, but to view it practically. Something in this way: Moral Philosophy as the studies or inquiries or attempts that have for their object the knowledge and necessities (*i.e.* arising from the relations of man to society, to himself, and his God, and from many other things which I haven't thought of yet) of this science. Secondly, The

influences of it. Thirdly, The objects of it; and a conclusion either on its future influence co-operating with Christianity or on the continued improvement it is destined to have, or its influence on the evils now threatening our country. This, of course, is but a slight skeleton of the manner I intend to treat it; interspersed with objections, etc., etc. I wish you would either suggest some of your own thoughts on this, or tell me of some good reading on it. There will be a great struggle for the prizes, and I am anxious to do well. Please not mention I am trying.

March 22, 1844. . . . I should like to know, father, whether you have any process of thinking — I mean on some subject you are going to write about. Now I never can think out a subject merely by thinking, but I have, if it's at all of a metaphysical subject, to commence by examining what its effects or results would be on me, what its causes would be in my case; or, if it is a subject of a different kind, I have to refer in mind to history for similar facts, and from these draw my conclusion or see the influence of the topic I am treating of, upon the nations of the world. I have to look much at analogies to commence my reasoning — now is this the right way? Give me your opinions, if you please, upon this. I send you up a composition, hastily copied, so that you may have some trouble with it, and, I am afraid, rather hastily written. It strikes me I have got into rather too dry a way of writing — great heads and little heads very manifest — too sermon-like, numberless heads and horns.

. . . I should like to make a kind of plan of what — *Deo juvante* — I'll do in vacation: —

First for reading: —

Trout-fish (in Windsor).

Some of Byron. If possible, etc., go up to Litchfield

Some of Scott's poetry. to try the pickerel with you.

Bancroft, if I have time.

Some of Swift (*Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver*).

Carlyle's Miscellanies.

Copy off some of Macaulay and Irving.

Attempt to write some.

Prescott, perhaps.

Study German, if possible, with Emma.

May study a little ahead in Conic Sections (? ? ? ?).

Stephen's Miscellanies.

Constitution of U. S.

Tariff Question.

Political characters I must know.

I have great expectations of a large revival of religion here even in the few remaining weeks. There have been some most remarkable conversions, — showing the power of religion as I have never seen it before, — some of the most signal and especial answers to prayer. . . . There are many other cases which I haven't time to mention, and many symptoms of a great change. God only knows whether it will take place. By the way, Mary C—— has become a Christian, and in rather a singular manner, which I will tell you, but don't mention it. It seems she has somehow become acquainted with several of our very pious students. Well, as she was to leave for New York on Saturday last, they concluded something must be done. On Friday evening they induced her to go to a meeting, which,

however, didn't affect her much. On Saturday one of them had a long religious conversation with her, but produced no effect except to induce her to stay and go to a meeting on Sunday night. That night her friends sat up till one o'clock praying for her, and the next morning by ten o'clock, as one of them expressed it to me, "She was rejoicing in hope." I trust it will prove a true conversion.

SPRING! SPRING!

"'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, I know it is,
For the little pigs are out, etc."

May, 1844. . . . I do not think I should ever have cared one snap for green fields and trees and woods and all that kind of thing, if I had never trout-fished. I hope you'll write me of all the fishing scrapes that come off this summer.

How does your school come on — any fuller? I am very sorry I spent the money I did in vacation — it was very foolish and wrong. I might have spent it, even if I could have afforded it, for much better objects. However, regret will do no good. All I shall do will be not to spend any this term. I am resolved neither to take or give a treat this session, not even a glass of soda-water or beer. I want to know, father, whether you can't afford Emma a French teacher. If you cannot, situated as you now are, let me know immediately. I think I can arrange it so as to save you some dollars or so. I can board very cheap indeed if I choose. Emma ought to have an education certainly.

Spring, 1844. . . . As for myself, I am getting along as usual, except that I have had one toothache sickness. However, I have never enjoyed such good health in my life as this summer, and have never exercised more. I have read some little, particularly in Carlyle. I do think he has some thoughts which we rarely meet elsewhere — a real philosophical poet's mind. But I do not like his religious sentiments. Not that he's infidel at all, but I do not believe he knows any of the consolations of religion. He analyzes a character splendidly, showing remedies for defects, and evidently knows more than most of the sources of poetic feeling, yet there are some feelings he knows not of. . . . His article on Scott is fine, — some of it. Do you recollect the part where he speaks of Scott when bankrupt? How he girded himself to meet his misfortunes like a proud, strong man of the world? — “It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely, with a noble cheerfulness, while his life strings were cracking; he grappled with his task and wrestled with it years long, in death grips, strength to strength, — and *it* proved the stronger, and his life and heart did crack and break; the cordage of a most strong heart!” He then tells us of Scott's refuge, instead of struggling — the refuge of “acknowledging himself wrong.” But who would or could choose such a refuge? it would give no satisfaction. The only refuge for such a man as Scott in misfortune was in religion, to come humbly to his Father in Heaven, to confess he had laid up his treasure elsewhere than in heaven, to thank God for this his paternal chastisement, and to resolve to place his happiness where he should find no disap-

pointment. If Scott had been a religious man, with his noble heart he would have done this, and found that "peace which the world cannot take away." If Carlyle had been a religious man, he would have spoken of that best refuge. But don't you admire Scott's character,—that warm-hearted enthusiasm and that strength too? . . . You feel too much about your children suffering from poverty. Bless me! what poverty have we suffered? I have had many more luxuries than were good for me, and more advantages than some of the richest fellows. I believe even our little self-denial has been the very best thing for us. I am conscious if I had had wealth I should have been even much worse than now. Besides, if I am going to do any good in life, I must begin by denying myself now. I am afraid, father, you are not as happy nowadays as I could wish. I know you have many troubles, but do not let thoughts of your children distress you. I need not tell you, for you know it well, how deep is my love for you — how much do I owe to you! It used to make me very sad when you spoke of dying so soon, but now I have somewhat of a hope we shall all meet in Heaven. So cheer up, do, father.

His life during the last year in college, the winter of '45-'46, grew more filled with content in his friendships and his work. Besides following the studies required, a small set of friends worked in Professor Silliman's laboratory, "to the profit of some, and to the solid satisfaction of all. We read and studied

and talked and experimented beyond anything required by the regular courses. College students always get a large and valuable part of their education from each other, and perhaps this set to which he belonged did this more than most. We discussed things endlessly." So writes Mr. Kingsbury, a classmate and life-long intimate, and he goes on to say, "Brace's mind was wonderfully receptive and unprejudiced. He was never opinionated nor dogmatic. 'How does it strike you?' and 'What do you think of it?' and 'What should you say to this?' indicate his mental attitude on almost every subject that came up, and there were very few subjects that did not come up, at one time or another, in our discussions. . . . Of course, religion, theoretical and practical, general and personal, entered largely into these discussions." Another friend says, in 1848, of this small coterie: "You speak in your letter of our old college friends. They *were* a glorious set, Charley; we shall never meet their like again. We cannot expect to find again such sympathy of spirit, and such congeniality of taste and feeling, as we met with in those whose objects, interests, and hopes were for the time identical with ours." And Charles writes in 1846 to F. J. Kingsbury:—

"Yes, your remark is correct. We are a most uncommon set of common friends. I find myself

falling into the conviction occasionally that 'we are the saints' and no mistake. I believe I am more thankful for friends than almost anything in this world. Do you remember Carlyle's remark about wealth? 'A man's wealth is in the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.' Good, isn't it? The last two years have been very, very pleasant. The first part I was green, no mistake. There hasn't been anything like this last winter though. Oh, how different it has made me! Don't you find yourself, Fred, enjoying your religion more now than you used to? I do. I never had quite such feelings before. I never felt so much before what a good God was over me. I never believed so before in the reality of an eternal life."

CHAPTER II

Decision to enter the Ministry — Teaching at Ellington and Winchendon — Letters on his Reading — Earnest Resolves — Visit in New Milford — Theological Year in New Haven — Letters — Period of Speculation — Theological Letters — Miscellaneous Letters — Letter on Friendships

THERE seems to be no record of when Charles made his decision to go into the ministry, but it was probably at this time, as we find under the date Dec. 30, 1845, a letter from his friend, William Colt, answering what appears to be a statement on Charles's part that he dreads the intimate knowledge of the misery and wickedness of the world which a reformer and clergyman must have. William Colt says: "I can only say, that I think the repugnance you feel to plunging into a world of vice and sin, to rescue the degraded and the vile, the ignorant and filthy, will wear away with more familiarity with this very class of humanity." This glimpse of the first repugnance to suffering, on the part of the high-strung, nervous young man, presents a side of his character which might too easily be lost sight of, in the contemplation of a life of such active and practical beneficence as his.

But whenever the decision of studying theology was made, we know that immediately after graduation he began to teach in order to gain money for this object. His first school was at Ellington, a small village in Connecticut, and his experience there was made happy by the companionship of his merry young friend William Colt, who, in alluding to him laughingly as the vice-principal, used to say, "Charley, you know you are my only *vice*."

There were more than thirty scholars, of whom some twenty were older than their teacher; but as they were none of them "very old in knowledge," as he says, he did not seem to be alarmed. Teaching in itself does not appear to have especially appealed to him, and his interest in the work was largely owing to the fact that he found it possible to exert some religious influence. He was grateful for this; but it was a narrow life with few outlets for energies and enthusiasms like his, and at one time he writes that he feels stifled, at another, that he is leading a life to make a man of a youth rather soon, and longs for "some real youthful excitement,—a dashing game of football or a college whoop!" Of the companionship of his friend, he says: "It is a far different chumming from one in college. Romance goes to the winds, and all you have at the end of each day are two

tired, cross young men who don't agree on any two subjects, and who are shocked with all human nature's selfishness."

Of Winchendon, where he went after a few months spent at Ellington, he writes in December, 1846:—

" . . . Winchendon itself is an active little bit of a country place—thrifty, industrious, and desperately moral. It's built on a dashing stream, which gives the power for its manufactories, and is just like any other neat village, with glaring white houses, a large tavern, two churches, and the schoolhouse, built after the Grecian order, with exceedingly lean pillars. This stream I spoke of winds off away from the town, the hills reaching down to it on either side, skirted with trees, and through the gorge you catch glimpses of the blue mountains beyond,—so that I think in summer it must be a very romantic scene. On the northwest of the place, the blue peak of a very high mountain rises, some dozen miles from the village."

His life here may be gathered from these extracts from letters written at the time.

To F. J. Kingsbury.

WINCHENDON, Feb. 11, 1847.

Dear Fred: I am the same busy individual I always have been, this winter, only rather more so. Dipping into Theology some, and writing and

reading, with some German. Have you read—I know you haven't—"Cromwell's Letters," etc., by Carlyle? I have been very much interested indeed in that myself. I always wanted to believe Cromwell an honest man, but somehow one is not apt to think a highly religious man would be beheading kings and making himself emperor, etc. I have only read the first volume, but those letters of his bear the very face of sincerity. A continent, deeply religious, plain farmer, is all he appears to have been for some forty years. Don't you think one is apt to think Great Men always *know* they are going to be great all along? When I suppose they have no more idea of it than you that you are going to fill Judge Story's seat in time. I like these letters because one can realize better what was going on in those times. . . . I have been more and more interested in "Cromwell's Letters," as I have read them along this winter. I have acquired more and more respect for his talents, though I had always a very high opinion that way. He's so modest, so silent almost, yet so tremendously energetic, and I should think, judicious. I stumble a little at his language in his letters. It isn't *cant*, for people don't play the hypocrite from the very earliest life all along in just the same way. And yet one would think a man with such a solemn sense of God and of the unseen world, wouldn't be apt to be telling of it so much. We wouldn't, would we? . . . I suppose you, like us all, have joined in the laugh sometimes against the talk about the "Infinite Soul." And I dare hardly express my own vague thoughts about it now, for it is so easy to make a hit upon

it, and it may be a young man's "conceitedness," after all. But must not we confess that there are times when one's mind turns away with dissatisfaction from everything man has done. We do not profess we could do better. But we see how poor it all is to that infinite ideal within us. I am perfectly conscious that I would not accept Shakespeare's or Scott's genius, on the condition I should do no more for men. We never meet the most perfect character but we leave it with a sad feeling of human imperfection. Isn't it so? No work of art or genius ever satisfies us. But why should I talk about this? We have both felt it enough probably, and with me there will be new lessons in it every day of life. I wonder, by the way, whether the sadness which with me always comes with my most perfect happiness, isn't the result of that feeling? Perhaps the moments of sympathy shadow out the unbounded Love we might enjoy, and we are sad at our imperfect joys. Yet when I think of God, this sense of the grandeur of the soul seems to pass away. Perhaps my sense of its capability to sympathize and love, does not. But I realize its powerlessness. I was walking out the other night, and began looking at the stars. The first time for months I really saw them. There came over me then, partly from will and partly unconsciously, a most *awing* sense of Infinite Power, and I comprehended my perfect helplessness, as I should go out into that Eternity. The idea would have been overwhelming almost, if it had not been for the remembrance of Christ. And I saw again that this same Being, whose awful Power would be before me, as I

stepped from Life, was Christ, and I had a faint conception of a *Heart* Infinite, as well as Power;—you know what such moments are. And you know how mean language is to show them.

With the close of the school year, Charles ended his school-teaching, and before settling in New Haven to follow his studies in theology there, he joined the home circle at New Milford, where his father was living, teaching a small school. From there he writes to his friend, Kingsbury:—

“Your short summary has expressed all that I did in Hartford, without my going into details, and since then that same vivid imagination may carry you on with me in my troutting, my ramblings over mountains and by willow-fringed brooks, all my ecstasies over the fresh green meadows and waving woods and bright flowers and trout streams, which would make the heart of old ‘Isaac’ leap within him.

“. . . Well, my boy, here I am in New Milford, and find the folks well and happy as clams. I am regularly settled for the summer, at least till the fellows come on. I read and study and walk, etc., besides teaching the classics an hour or two for father each day, thereby assisting him very considerably.”

In the autumn of 1847, Charles returned to New Haven to take up his theological course, and began a life of study which was full of interest and enjoy-

ment, while his social experiences became more satisfactory than they had ever been. There was a delightful circle of young people whom he met constantly in quiet, informal evening entertainments.

To F. J. Kingsbury.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 2, 1847.

. . . As for myself, I am flying around somewhat as in college days (*nunquam reddituri!*), talking metaphysics with Miss Blake, arguing on aristocracy with Miss Baldwin, or going to scientific lectures with her, where she has headaches and gapes. And if you could see us when we've all assembled in the parlor after some lecture, with Mrs. Baldwin to ask questions about the discourse, and the horror of Dwight Foster, who generally sleeps through the part Mrs. B. is most interested in, and is not perhaps the best qualified to make intelligent replies.

I am pitching into the metaphysics, and, by the way, Fred, what I send you in that line is always written off, of course, at the moment, and is not perhaps always of the clearest. For exercise, I occasionally kick football with the laity, and walk to East Rock, and such places. . . . I find myself, Fred, with somewhat different views of things from many here. I do not believe the most profitable conversations are always those on the most argumentative subjects or the most solemn topics. I enjoy this light, pleasant conversation, where you apparently just touch on the surface of things, while there is an undercurrent of deep feeling. There is

more real philosophy in such, half the time, than in all your metaphysics. Yet I feel my own deficiency strongly in that. My mind don't seem to work much on those light, pleasant analogies of things. I am more apt to take serious views. I am, I fully believe, a solemn body.

To the Same.

Fred, I do want *expression* amazingly. I am half inclined to think my mind is changing somewhat, for my own company never rewarded me as it does now, and I have conceptions now and then, such as for a moment make me fear I am crazy, until the dinner hour re-establishes my terrestrial sanity again. I am almost afraid now to speak of this, lest the dreams should never come again. Though, on the whole, I think I am at last beginning to reap the fruits of education. But what troubles me is, that I have no power within me in the least to *express* such imaginings. The words in which I should shape them totally disfigure, almost hide them. The airy, unearthly shapes become mere everyday forms in dress-coats and boots like all others, as soon as I use language. I wish you would tell me, whether you find any such difficulties. Of course, though, you do. Perhaps my study of language is now to begin, and I am just a freshman in the great course of learning to clothe thoughts so that they shall appear to others as they do to myself. That's it, isn't it? That is real expression. I know I must unlearn much for it, and it will be a hard work. To refuse

commonplace, general words, to get just the terms which you know express the freshness of your thoughts. And yet this language is a queer thing. Here's an intelligent, moderately educated girl, but with real imagination, and her thoughts will come forth in words, such as years of study could not give the student. Words and thoughts lie very close to one another, somewhere. It's queer that a half-brute of an Irishman in a passion is really eloquent.

And now I am opening my budget of meditations, I may as well remark that after a great deal of most delightful study of the classics, I am getting a little dubious as to the use,—at least of carrying it to a great extent. Of course it is almost indispensable during a part of our education. But I am not sure that the best mastering of *English* is gained by it, and I rather incline to believe *pointed English* (Syd. Smith's, etc.) is injured by it. Take Prex. Woolsey's "classic style." Pure as it is, it does not attain to the force and richness the English is capable of. It is not the style I should want. There are no treasures in Greek like Shakespeare, and I don't think Demosthenes goes much ahead of Webster. What do you think? There are some great things to be got out of English, yet—shall we be *thar*?

The period of deepest speculation on doctrinal and religious subjects, the outcome of Bushnell's influence, had now come to Charles. With reverence, with an occasional dread — for in spite of his advanced views he was always conservative in tendency — that a stern God would punish the freedom

of thought and argument in which he indulged, but with a passion to find God by getting nearer truth, he sought, by stating his views in his letters to friends, to clear his own opinions and gain their help and sympathy. The letters indicate that his views were considered dangerous by his correspondents. To one he says:—

“Now mind I don’t say that we may not be dangerous. We may reason wrong; we may be prejudiced or foolish or weak, or, to express it all in result, we may reason wrong. But that there can be anything wrong in searching for truth freely, or in uprooting the dearest opinion to see what lies under it, or in applying our individual judgment to any truth (be it even God’s existence), I do not see. . . . I am dipping into history considerably, and one fact looms up on every page. How much men are influenced by circumstances *to overlook truth!* Here in one place, some poor vulgar men are telling everywhere of a strange belief of theirs. The philosophers think nothing so mean could teach mankind anything, so they won’t look at it. The religious, benevolent men look around on a religion sanctioned by the belief of ages, connected with every kind and pure feeling they have, and they dread innovation, and they fear the ‘danger’ from this new Creed, and they let it go. And so with many and many a man, more philosophical and candid on other subjects than you or I: he utterly loses sight of the truth in this, and rejects it. But after

a while the vulgar Creed became Christianity, and then the wise wondered that those pure, benevolent, heathen philosophers could have so overlooked it, when apparently in everything else they so wanted truth. And right in the midst of their wonderment, you hear them damning those 'heretics,' who want to overturn cherished beliefs, or add new ones to those which had fed mankind so long! I find these lessons on almost every page, and for my part I am determined never for a moment to refuse hearing a truth because it is new, and never to be afraid to dig under a belief because it is old and dearly loved. God help me in it. I have no more fear of Free-thinking than I have of Charity."

The following set of undated letters belong probably to this period.

To F. J. Kingsbury.

My dear Fred: It is Saturday night, and as I have been wishing some time to have one of our old theological chats, I think I'll commence one to-night. I should like your opinion on all these points, so the next time you are theologically disposed just write off your thoughts on these or like subjects.

I have had, one way or another, brought up before my mind, for some time, the influence of the Holy Spirit. It is given, we know, in answer to prayer. The question in my mind is, Does this portion of the Deity influence the mind miraculously or not? That is, Is some mysterious influence exerted on the mind,

contrary to the usual methods in which it is influenced? Is the soul of man convinced and his motives changed by some operation, in which the reason has no share? This, I think, is the common belief. It is asked if we ever know the first origin of some train of thoughts, and can we deny that the Holy Spirit may have suggested the first thought in that train which induced a man to become a Christian. If it is meant that the mind is affected in some way, contrary to the usual method in which that organ is influenced, there is a grand objection in the fact that we assume a miracle at once, and of course need overwhelming evidence to support it. If it is meant that the mind is worked upon naturally and yet in answer to prayer, do we assert that God changed any of the laws by which now everything in the world goes on? And how do we make conversion anything but a natural intellectual and moral change, for which we have no more right to claim Divine Influence, than for the reformation of the drunkard?

My own belief inclines to this, that the change itself is not miraculous in any way, but that the Divine Influence is shown in presenting such inducements as to effect a complete change in all a man's motives. *How* these inducements are presented, I cannot explain, any more than I can any of God's complicated government. But I cannot think the mind is influenced in any way which implies it is not a free agent. Yet this belief does not satisfy me. It does not meet the Bible account entirely. It implies that a completely depraved creature, without one spark of love for God, can by himself attain to such a state as to love Him. And here I

should like to say that very many of the arguments for conversion can never be used to an unbeliever. For my own part, I have searched very closely the workings of my religious feelings, and I have never yet seen anything which could not be explained if no God existed. To this I might except one thing, — my own moral reformation at different periods of my life. It has seemed to me that I could not have succeeded in this without God's help. And yet, how am I sure of this? If there were no God, would not the feeling that there was a Being above who saw every thought and action and who required them to be of such a nature, aid me in making them thus? Would not the penitence, which my prayers at once express and produce, have a good effect for the future on my mind, even if no Being ever heard them? I believe that God answers prayer, for the Bible tells us that. But I want some other reason, some satisfying evidence in my own experience.

To the Same.

My dear Fred: You wrote me in one of your letters something about a book on the sufferings of Christ, with some thoughts of your own. There's nothing in our Creed ever puzzled me more than the "Trinity," but the "Atonement" comes in with a natural recommendation, so to speak, to me. I can feel sometimes that "mine iniquities are infinite," and that mere repentance and reformation could give me no claim on the mercy of the "Law Giver." I can see that a moral government must all go to

pieces, if every man could sin and then escape punishment by repenting. How it would work in an army to have such a system in regard to deserting! Well, then, I find that God in His "perfect love," has met that difficulty by taking on Himself the punishment which was due to us, that He has in some mysterious way made a man the representation of Divinity, so that all the sufferings, the sorrows, the degradation of Christ, were so many indignities heaped on Himself, and that then He has offered forgiveness to all on some conditions, which conditions were partly designed to change the sinner's moral state, and partly to make him acknowledge that Another had taken the punishment which he deserved and still deserves, and perhaps from all to lead the man to love and serve that good Being who had done so much for him.

This may all be old and dull to you, but it is the way I have at length worked it out. I do *not* believe the Infinite One "suffered." Still the indignity was all heaped upon Him. I cannot explain how the Almighty could be present in a man, nor how the human soul lived with the Divine. Who can? Nor what became of the human soul when Christ arose. I suppose, as you say here, we get on to things our faculties cannot grasp. But I can understand that there is need of an atonement. I can feel that it would have been difficult to keep up the government of God over moral beings, without something to show His hatred of sin, and that something was contrived in Infinite Love. Still it sometimes occurs to me why God could not have made a parental government over men, and appointed

that genuine repentance should be a pledge always of forgiveness. His punishment for the unrepentant would show them His hatred of sin. Pardon would then be a free gift of the Love of God, for the repentance gave the sinner no claim. Men would not sin in the hope of repenting then, any more than now. Tell me what you think. Is there anything in the nature of things to prevent there being such a government?

I should like to have you tell me what you think becomes of the heathen. But it is growing late, and I must close the Croton Fountains.

It is evident that the metaphysical discussion with the young people of New Haven, of which Charles speaks in a letter above, did not satisfy him, and we find him writing to one of his circle a long letter on his position in theological matters.

To Miss Blake.

Perhaps Miss Blake may remember a conversation we had a few weeks ago on some theological questions. I have thought of the conversation often, and have wished much to express my views more fully. It is not pleasant to have an old friend declare one's opinions "dangerous," so perhaps you will forgive the intrusion, if I give you my reasons for holding them, at some length, and possibly I may show you they are not so very "dangerous," even if they are false. But I have no right to speak so of holding certain opinions. I feel no sure grasp

of any of them. I feel, as we all must, uncertain on many points, and anxious to reach the Truth. There have been times, indeed, in which my faith on much more important questions than we were speaking of, was all unsettled. But that—I am thankful—is all past, and I do not fear now the result of my investigations. Perhaps my views may cut me off from the sympathy of those I love and respect most. Sometimes a shadow comes over me of something more terrible. But I cannot believe it; if I know my own heart, I am seeking for Truth, and surely to such errors *He* must be merciful. And does not my very writing this, Miss Blake, show that I know you will appreciate my motives, and that I shall certainly have your agreement, that Truth is our first object even before Orthodoxy or safety?

I have felt for many years dissatisfied with the orthodox theory of the *Atonement*. There are phrases in constant use, in connection with it, which convey but little idea to my mind. I hear of the "Majesty of Law," the "Dignity of Law being preserved," the "Throne of Law, upholding its authority by the suffering of the Lawgiver," "Justice which is satisfied," etc., etc. For my part, I know of no abstract justice to be satisfied or law to be upheld under God. I conceive of God as a Being seeking the happiness of His creation, and that there is no justice or rule of law except as tending to that. I know of no formal code and penalties annexed He has given to mankind. He has made us with a certain nature, in which are fixed principles. Holiness of heart brings us happiness, sin, misery. We may call these principles laws if we choose; though I, for my

part, think it a word derived from the analogy of human governments, and therefore inappropriate.

It isn't a Lawgiver which we find presented in the New Testament, but a Father seeking our happiness. The only abstract justice I can see, which He must uphold, is whatever will tend to the most happiness.

Then comes the great question, "Is it necessary for the happiness of the universe God should suffer the penalty of the guilty, or suffer in any sense in which He is a Substitution?" I do not intend to discuss this question formally, for you must have heard the usual arguments, pro and con, quite enough. But I wish to state some of the most important objections which have occurred to my own mind against the orthodox theory. In truth, I never could see why God should not forgive freely and fully on sincere repentance. And I venture to suggest whether the orthodox view may not have been derived too much from the analogy of human governments. It does seem to me the government of a State does not present the best type of God's government (if we may call His influence a government). We have no feeling of love, of personal affection towards a magistrate or a legislature, and that at once brings in a wide difference between the two governments. Then again, no human government can know of the sincerity of repentance, and besides (as I think) human law has concern with nothing but overt actions. But the great distinction is, that love is not the spirit of man's government. Its hold on its subjects is not through personal love. Its operations must be imperfect. It

has to execute to the letter arbitrary rules; for it knows not the heart, and governs not by affection. I acknowledge no human government could pardon an offender on mere repentance, and for the reason stated above. Its very imperfection compels it to adhere to the letter of the law. But there is a government on earth which much more nearly, in my opinion, corresponds to God's,—though even here the analogy fails, but fails rather in favor of, than against my view,—I mean *Family Government*. A father governs by love. His will may be all, for a time, the children know of right. He does, to a degree, know the hearts of his subjects, and can almost determine when repentance is sincere. He tries to govern the motives and disposition, as well as overt action. Now I do not believe there is a kind, judicious father anywhere but would forgive a child who had done wrong if he were only sure of his repentance. Sometimes a good father may not forgive, because he fears for the sincerity of the repentance. But just imagine a child, who had disobeyed most wickedly a positive command of his father to carry help to a poor man. Imagine him, merely from his agony of sorrow, going out of his own accord through a stormy night, over miles of a weary way, to give help now, and finding it too late. The evil is done; the command had been broken; punishment had been threatened. Now do you know a Christian man with any vestige of a human heart in him, who would have punished his child then?

Why may not God's government be thus? I know it is objected that such forgiveness would make the

threatening untrue, which had said "the sinner shall die." But the same objection can be made to the orthodox theory. For nothing is said in the threats of the law about a substitution. However, if there is any part of the Bible which appears to present the law and its penalties, it is the New Testament. The most terrible denunciations of punishment are in Christ's language; yet He always couples with them the words of mercy, "Repentance and Faith shall save!" It is objected, too, that men would consider it a very light thing to sin, if escape were so easy through repentance. But is escape any more difficult by the orthodox method? All which the wrong-doer (according to *that*) is obliged to do, is to believe in Christ and repent; that is, to trust in God's mercy as manifested in the Atonement, and repent. Why is that any more hard than to trust in God's mercy as manifested in Christ, and repent? I cannot see the great difference as far as *difficulty* is concerned. And why should men look on sin, even then, as a light matter? Would they not see God had threatened wrath for ever and ever on the unrepentant, and to make them better, had even descended to the humiliation and suffering of an earthly life? There is no appearance in that, certainly, of "thinking lightly" of sin. And, after all, can any escape be more difficult, than through sincere repentance? Is there any harder thing for a human being to do, than to become pure and changed in all his motives? To be sure, a man might say, "I will sin and then repent." But he could say so under the other theory, and any one who had even the faintest idea of true repentance,

would see that the probabilities he ever could repent with such principles, were slight indeed. Then again, if a man is truly sorry for the past and desirous of doing right in the future, how *can* God punish him? This argument seems to me very difficult to answer.

Punishment under God's government (as is generally admitted now) is the natural consequences of Sin working out in the soul,—remorse, the "gnawings-back" of passions indulged, the pain, the agony from a mind diseased, perverted, out of harmony with itself. Outward torments may be added, but these must be the main sufferings. Now tell me how a man who truly sorrows for the past, and has firmly in him the principle, the desire of doing right, how *can* he suffer any such punishment as I have mentioned above? He may indeed regret the widespread evils of his life. But so must every Christian who ever entered heaven. He may feel unworthy of God's presence. But so should every being who has ever sinned. He may feel this, but remorse he cannot feel. The pain of a nature, all perverted to sin, he cannot feel. He may indeed have misused the beautiful instrument God has given him for happiness, it may yield him but feebly the pleasure it was intended to yield, yet it is not now an instrument of torture. Passion and selfishness are restrained, though they may struggle yet. It may be possible to torment him, but the worst of all torments is not there,—a bad conscience. I see but one answer to this, which *you* surely will not agree to: that no one who does not hold to the precise orthodox theoretical view of the atonement can

possibly repent,—an argument I think but few will maintain at this day. Many more objections occur to me, to the orthodox theory of the atonement, but I fear to weary you by this abstract discussion, and these are enough to show how my thoughts were set working towards the other view.

I would hasten, too, to what must be the guide and rule for all our theorizing,—the Bible. And here, the more I investigate, the more I am surprised how much the moral view (if I may so call it) of Christ's sufferings is dwelt upon, and how little, even apparently, the *penal view*. We—at any rate I—have been so accustomed to read the Bible under the influence of our theology, that I scarcely dreamt a different meaning could be attached to certain passages, than was by our sect. I need not say that to understand the Bible we must know of the origin and formation of the language used. We are to remember, for instance, that the New Testament writers thought in Hebrew and spoke in Greek. Of course, the meaning of much of the language is to be determined from the old Hebrew usage. When Christ is said to "bear our sins," "to be our Atonement," "our Sacrifice," these, of course, are to be explained from the Old Testament use of the language. I suppose most interpreters would agree in this thus far.

The main question now comes up, "How those expressions were used among the Jews in the early periods of their history." I maintain that it cannot be shown that the rites, from which those expressions were formed, did strictly convey the sense now attached. In the ceremonies of sacrifice I can see no

appearance of substitution of penalty. Nothing is made of the pain of the animal, which there would be if substituted suffering were the meaning intended. The goat, in one of the most important sacrifices, is sent away into the wilderness,—most plainly merely as an expressive figure,—and yet there “atonement” is said to have been made. In other places atonements are made by killing pigeons, where no one can suppose any substitution intended. The word (atonement) itself in the Hebrew conveys no necessary idea of substitution, for a polluted place was frequently “atoned for” (*i.e.* purified) by a sacrifice, and a disqualified Jewish citizen could be admitted to his rights by an “atonement.” All agree that, on condition of the sacrifices, forgiveness was granted. Now what more natural, in a language remarkable for its boldness and personifications, than to speak of the sacrifice as “taking away” their sin, or “bearing it”? And I can produce an exact analogy which is of great weight on my side. The “blood” shed in the sacrifice of purification was said to “purify” or “cleanse” the worshipper. Of course the blood did not; it was merely the ceremony on condition of which the impure was considered pure.

Now, why not apply the same reasoning precisely to this? The animal’s sacrifice is merely the condition on which the unrighteous were considered righteous, and not that it “bears,” in any exact sense, the penalty of sin. It may be asked what the objects of having a sacrifice were. I certainly can think of many on a rude, animal people. But if it is shown that substitution was not intended

among them, the others need not come under this argument.

I leave the argument here, feeling I have sent quite enough for one reading. I see I have reached nothing of my own views, by which I hoped to justify myself with you. I know not that I could express them in any degree in language. But to me, they have seemed to bring Him who is not only the *Eternal*, but the "*Manifest in flesh*," nearer to my heart than ever before. And I should be very sorry if any one whose opinion I really value should think I was injuring His cause on earth, when I am but abandoning a philosophical theory which to me obscures Him. I might apologize, Miss Blake, for writing such a letter to a lady, but I cannot but think you will not expect it. Indeed, it would not be honest in me to do so, and you know my theory. If you will allow me, I will trouble you with the conclusion of this "argument" at some time.

Later.

You will naturally, if you ever get through such a long, dry argument, ask what my precise view of the atonement is. I acknowledge that I do not feel at all confident of my conclusions. I know there must be depths of mysteries about such an act we can never reach. What I reject, I reject with trembling, as held by so many I respect; not knowing but God may call me to account for errors of the intellect, as well as of the heart. Still I do feel—and it seems to me I could meet that Being with the assurance—I have searched honestly for the truth. To me the

idea of vicarious sufferings obscures the beauty of Christ's life, inasmuch as I can see no reason for them, while the view I take, though not probably covering the whole truth (and what view could?), yet casts a glory about Him and His sufferings which no other aspect can. I view Him as the "God manifest in flesh"; fulfilling no penal satisfaction, honoring no abstract law by obedience, but simply showing forth God to men, His love, compassion, sympathy, bringing Himself before them to win their hearts, "*reconciling men to Himself.*" I wish I could express in language, in the slightest degree, the value of this Truth to me. I freely confess that the God of the Old Testament or of Nature I should never love. That was my God once. An awful mysterious Being, the very thought of whom was crushing to the soul. I could bow before His Eternity and Power. I lived in awe under His shadow, but my heart never went out towards Him. But here I find Him showing Himself through humanity, presenting to us feelings as kind and delicate and sympathizing as we have ever seen in the loveliest of human characters. Yes, how much more! No imagination of philosophers has ever framed a character so imbued with kindly, tender sympathies, so filled with what we call "Human Love" as this simple manifestation of "Him who filleth Eternity."

Infinite, yet the same who said, "Henceforth ye are my *friends!*!" What *can* add to this? How can an obscure theory of substitution increase the moral influence of such a Manifestation as this? At least allow that this aspect of Christ's life can do no

“injury,” even if it does not embrace all the truth. And may we not suppose, as we peer into the mysteries of this subject, that such a manifestation of Deity could not be made without humiliation, and thus suffering? The very “taking on Himself the form of a servant” may have been necessarily pain, and perhaps the highest reach of His love was seen in His consenting to undergo this agony to bring men to Himself, and the highest expression of this agony perhaps in the *Cross*. Still these pains — and those of the Garden more so — are mysteries not entirely explainable under any theory. And, after all, may we not all, with whatever philosophy of Christ’s life and sufferings, clasp hands on one great truth, that the moral influence of that life is in what it expresses of the mercy of God? One may consider that mercy best expressed in dreadful sufferings to uphold a mysterious justice. Another, simply in the revelation given of the character of God. Which one in his narrow view has taken in the most of truth, God only knows. May He help us to reach all truth!

The correspondence on more general topics is taken up again in the following extracts from letters to Mr. Kingsbury written from New Haven during this winter and spring:

“What do you think of the news from Europe? Doesn’t it look as if some great convulsion was near? Perhaps Europe splitting into the Liberal and the Despotic? May it be in my day! Hurrah for re-

form! *Free Trade* almost established in every article in English ports — an approach towards it in ours! Mutual commerce uniting nations more than a hundred treaties! Human selfishness at length doing what benevolence has never done, ‘making wars to cease on the face of the earth!’”

“. . . On the whole I am satisfied I know but precious little on political economy subjects, though I think I have studied them more than the majority of young men. I mean some day to give a good deal of attention to it, when I have got a good stock of sermons on hand and the young Braces are well disposed of. I think the ‘Edinburgh Review’ contains more on that subject — at least more in advance — than almost anything I have seen.

“But in the study line, I become more and more interested every year in historical studies. I find myself no longer so much pleased with the imaginary pictures of certain periods, nor even the ideas of historians, but I want to look right into them myself. I gained that privilege particularly in ‘Cromwell’s Letters,’ etc., and I know of no period in English history on which I was more glad to be enlightened. I fear all the while that my views of certain periods are too much colored by Scott’s (for instance) imagination. It seems as if I wanted the naked truth more and more. There certainly is nothing to give one such a vivid picture of any times as the way the characters of those periods think and talk about them. I am commencing on the political history of this country, in which I am particularly deficient, and

I have begun it in the same way, in reading memoirs and biographies.

"Do you read news much? And if you do, don't you think poor Ireland is a-catching it? It seems to me the hardest problem going on just now in this world is how that country is to be saved. Isn't it one of the queerest things an angelic philosopher could look upon, a human being starving in the midst of plenty, nothing to keep him from death but the shadowy protection of law. A human soul shoved into eternity, all for want of a mouthful of grain, when there's many a waving field of it open to all. It doesn't seem as if we could be brethren."

"April 7, 1848. New Haven. . . . It's beginning on spring, you know, and with the sunlight and grass and those buds on the elms which excite Miss Livy so, it is very hard to stay indoors. I think of you in our walks and in our contemplated East Rock trips and Pavilion bowling with the 'dames'! Would not you enjoy it, and wouldn't it melt out a little of the legal stiffness, which, alas! is beginning to settle over our once social friend.

"I have never passed through such a quantity of oratory in my life as during the last month. Quite luckily the Whigs took it into their heads to be alarmed about our little State. So we had Tom Corwin with his irresistible face, and a speech which most of us thought we had never heard equalled on such topics. Then came another great stump speaker, Thompson of Iowa, and Greeley and Cassius Clay and Sam Houston. Since then Gough has

been holding forth in the chapel and in the city. And still more, in our churches we have had some most eloquent preaching from Mr. Storrs and H. W. Beecher of Brooklyn; quite a crowd of those men, you see, who can use that strange power of eloquence. You may imagine we and the ladies have cultivated our opportunities."

"June 23, 1848. New Haven. . . . There's one thing I observe in all the fiction I have ever read: how much the writers exalt the spirit of generosity or self-sacrifice. I suppose that's a trait of romance from Charlemagne downwards. Isn't it one of the highest tributes which men give spontaneously, to the beauty of the character religion would form, to self-denial? There's nothing, in my view, that shows man's fitness for immortality like his models, his wants.

"I have just been reading a beautiful article in the (April) 'Edinburgh Review,' on Plato. Do get it if possible, and if you don't want to sit down and study that glorious mind, and if you don't almost swear at being such a blockhead, when the treasures were around you, then you are not like me. It comes over me most gratefully, now and then, how every clodhopper *now* has before him, in living form, that 'perfect loveliness of virtue,' after whose mere ideal Plato bent with such longing all his splendid imagination. Doesn't it seem almost impossible such a noble, pure mind as Plato's, should be tortured through Eternity with some we know of?

“ . . . As I understand your position in politics, I like it. But, Fred, why won’t you follow your reason in the Negro Suffrage question? You must have felt the weakness of your arguments, even as shown by your humble opponent last vacation. Still you are one of those that ‘wouldn’t serve God if the devil bade you!’ I do most devoutly hope for a knocking to pieces of the old parties, and as Bushnell says, ‘I’ll swing my hat over the ruins.’ But if once a grand free-state party can be formed, I shall feel like being a politician. I could fight then. If I can do something to lessen on American soil that curse of slavery, I shall be satisfied. I feel the inconsistency, the injustice of it, the longer I live. . . . I think God is helping me, and if I am once in some post of active usefulness, I shall be happy. In fact, I am not unhappy now, for the world of intellect is a great one, though it don’t compare with the snug garden of feeling. . . . We have all stood by one another in the Play of Life, in the little annoyances and weaknesses of youth; perhaps we shall not desert each other when we stand in the front rank of labor, with our characters more worthy of hearty love than ever before. I feel very grateful sometimes when I think of your influence over me in former years. You started me almost in thought, and strange as it may seem, even in senior year smokes, your religious influence over me was capital. A sincere man always does much, one way or the other. I feel often that you and Dr. Bushnell, and even Stewart’s despised ‘Mental Philosophy’ were my teachers,—more than all the profs. and pedagogues I ever saw. . . . ”

CHAPTER III

From New Haven to New York — William Colt's Death — Life in New York — Staten Island — Speculation and Discussion carried on there and in New York — Wendell Phillips — Letters — Studies, and Blackwell's Island — Emma's Illness, and Visit to Cambridge — Emma's Death — Charles's Agony of Grief

In September, 1848, Charles went to New York. It had all along been his intention to divide his theological course between New Haven and New York, and to support himself in the latter place by teaching. He was not leaving all his friends in New England, for Mr. Frederick L. Olmsted, a Hartford boy, and one of his intimates in college, had bought a farm on Staten Island, and his brother, John Olmsted, was studying medicine with Dr. Willard Parker. His first impressions of New York and of the farm on Staten Island, are described in the following letters to Mr. Kingsbury:—

"I think I should enjoy studying in New York for a year," he says in a letter of Sept. 30, 1848, "but not much more. The novelty must wear away then. But now it is the greatest possible relief after study, to take a walk down Broadway and look at the perfect *flood* of humanity as it sweeps along. Faces

and coats of all patterns, bright eyes, whiskers, spectacles, hats, bonnets, caps, all hurrying along in the most apparently inextricable confusion. One would think it a grand gala-day. And it's rather overpowering to think of that rush and whirl being their regular every-day life."

And from New Milford he writes:—

" . . . My visit¹ was one of the pleasantest 'of any age,' and left a very satisfactory impression on my mind of what enjoyment might be yet. Just wear your feet out, Fred, in tramping over the hot pavements of New York for a day, and become thoroughly stunned by the unceasing din; then let a kind hobgoblin transplant you to a cool piazza into a comfortable armchair and slippers, with a quiet country scene before you of meadows and cattle and grain-fields, and beyond, the blue waves and the white sails, and, 'some more peaches in that basket yet, Charley,' and you will get a faint idea of my feelings on the evening of Thursday, Aug. 29, 1848."

In October we find him plunged in grief at the death of William Colt. William Colt was one of the Hartford boys who had been the companion of Charles and the Olmsteds in boyhood, their constant associate in out-door sports during their school-days, one of the set at college, and later principal of the small school at Ellington where Charles taught. It was the first sorrow that had come

¹ To Mr. Olmsted's farm on Staten Island.

into that little cirele, and stirred them profoundly. He writes to Mr. Kingsbury:—

"This death of William's affects me very curiously. I find it so difficult to realize it, and I am constantly calling up remembrances of him which are so peculiarly earthy. Not unpleasant memories, still most unconnected with another life, and yet not, in my mind, unsuited to the most real view of this world or of the next. It was all *so* sudden! . . . The more I think of his character, the more I put confidence in that piety of his — so almost spontaneous — hidden by his humility even from himself, and the sentimental part of it mightily concealed from every one else by his most comical humor. Yet if Christian character is to be tested by the qualities it shows and not by what it *says*, by the loveliest traits and not by times of extreme fervor, or by religious diaries, why, I think we may hope much for Bill, and may love him all the more that he was such a Christian. Yet, Fred, I have not, and cannot, free myself entirely from the sadness it has cast over everything. He has gained infinitely,—but does that affect my loss? Still I begin to feel the pleasant influences around it all, and I hope I shall more. I never had anything so loosen the foundations under my feet. It seemed as if life, we build such pleasant structures on for the future, was gliding away from under me. In fact, things look uncertain now — perhaps they always will. Yet we may all hope for bright days yet, I suppose. I should like much to see you again. May God spare

us to meet. . . . I would let you know something of my condition just now. My room isn't just the best, being a basement, and a somewhat fashionable resort for up-town mosquitoes. Still it is as good as most here. My boarding-place has a curious mixture of Theologs. who are 'Brothers,' and eat fast, and music teachers who are indignant at the prevailing want of taste in music, and bland teachers who enunciate with grating distinctness as 'ri-t-ee-us-ness-ss,' etc. I see John [Olmsted], of course, often, and we walk, and spend a Sunday at Staten Island now and then. . . . I believe I haven't told you that I am teaching in Rutger's Institute — in Latin four and one-half hours a week, and paid about six dollars per week. Very good, you see; little interruption and good pay.

" . . . Since I wrote the first part of this I have been to Staten Island and spent the Sabbath. A wild, stormy day, and we spent it at home. A sea-beach in a storm is no unfit place for worship, is it? But the amount of talking done upon that visit! One steady stream from six o'clock Saturday night till twelve, beginning next day, and going on till about twelve the next night, interrupted only by meals and some insane walks on the beach! And this not like ours together, easy, discursive, varied, but a torrent of fierce argument, mixed with divers oaths on Fred's part, and abuse on both! However, I must say Fred is getting to argue with the utmost keenness,—a regular Dr. Taylor mind in its analytic power! But what is queerest, never able to exercise that power except in discussion! He is another Taylorite in his virtue theory. I

shouldn't be surprised if he turned out something rather remarkable among men yet.

“ . . . I begin this year here with fresh hopes. I *must* do and be better. My position is in some respects unfortunate. I should like a less easy life, where there is more of responsibility and strong influence. For I think the firm Christian character is made best in hard duties. Still I am here, and I do pray God to help me in being more earnest and unworldly. Why can I never for a moment approach the ideal which is before me, and which ought to be real to me? What visions one does have sometimes of being a character, which shall leave its influence on all human history, for every true, pure-minded man must have some such power. How one does stand with angels in his theory and imaginations; but the moment practical life comes, drop right down again with the brutes and the sinners! . . . Will you please *keep thinking?* ”

Of one of his Sunday visits to Staten Island, and the keen enjoyment and inspiration he derived from it, he writes again in 1849.

To his Sister Emma.

My dear Emma: Sunday again at the Island, about nine o'clock in the evening, and such a beautiful day! Since I have learned to look more on beauty as an expression of God to us, I have explained many of the peculiar feelings I have always had about it. That strange sadness — dreaminess — the

pure effect it always had on me,— for I believe in the strongest sense of the Infinite, or of some of God's qualities, in the lines and colors of nature. I took a long walk alone on the beach this afternoon,— the old golden light on everything, with the blue, dreamy highlands, and the gray sky in the east, against which everything stood out so beautifully, the sea sparkling and deep blue, with the same unceasing whisper on the beach — hush! hush! I did enjoy that walk. And could not but think of Him who was over it all, and who looked through all upon me. You, too, came in, and my own foolish, imperfect life, and all I might be and the little I was. So you see I had some meditations. Did you ever hear that description of the sea by a Greek writer — or rather allusion to it — “The countless smile of the waves”? You know that innumerable sparkling, like smiling, — only it seems all one smile.

It was not only during those animated Sunday visits that speculation was absorbing him. We hear of great discussions carried on in the small literary *coterie* with which he was becoming familiar, “where speculation ran rampant and nothing was regarded as settled, and if so regarded, there was all the more reason why it should be unsettled at once.”¹

The following series of letters to Mr. Kingsbury, running through the spring and early summer of 1849, are inserted together here (while letters writ-

¹ Extract from a recent letter from Mr. Kingsbury.

ten earlier in the spring follow them), in order to place before his readers at one time the more subjective side of his correspondence:—

To F. J. Kingsbury.

Dear Fred: The religious "problem" you spoke of, rather oddly has been occupying our thoughts lately too, and we have all felt it one of the most difficult. I'll say more about it by and by. But, Fred, do not you feel afraid besides of this crowding of life's business, in wearing off some of our best *human* feelings too, as well as our love for God? Just look around and see how few men keep any of the warm or noble sentiments which they had once. I am inclined to think it is peculiarly so in this country. Perhaps money-making is more entirely absorbing. Who ever sees two men of any years true friends? I don't believe we have any idea how long devotion to some inferior object or how the wear and rubbing of poverty may rub away the best and noblest impulses we have. Can a man be an earnest, enthusiastic worshipper of principle when he finds it doesn't bring him in eighteen pence a day? Shall we *love* and clasp men to us when we don't get five minutes out of the twenty-four to kiss our wives? I don't know. God thus far has given me nothing better than my friends. Can't I keep them? Men have done such things. We have read of men who were not cold and heartless and selfish because they were old. Shall there be no Tim Linkinwaters or Dr. Arnolds among *us?* Men that

value hearts and principles rather more than dollars and offices? I speak of *love*. How little I have known of it when put near the visions which float over me. We dream of some things which are very like heaven. Yet there is a love to friends, to men, which I have in some degree, and am having more and more, a confidence which cannot *think* of being shaken, earnest desire for their happiness, and a sympathy which possibly is the noblest that exists, for it contains so little of pity or dependence in it. I can see that this friendship I am speaking of must be founded alone on “the good and true.” We must love God more, and our friends will love us. Mere kindness or common pursuits or intellectual sympathy cannot build up such a friendship though they may all help. It must be from each seeing the other, striving after and becoming like what is most pure and good. And I half believe that the love of two manly hearts to one another, who are struggling hard with evil, may be even a higher type of Love than man’s to woman. What do you think?

John and I, you know, are together,—a pleasant boarding-house. . . . There’s one very pleasant, intelligent fellow amongst them. . . . We have great talks and chesses, and an occasional smoke together. He’s a full-blooded *Puseyite*, and does support his position most beautifully. I argued with him about four hours and a half last Sunday. You have no idea what a probable and pleasing system he makes of it. In fact, I am inclined to think we both occupy the only two logical extremes: firm, almost infallible “authority,” and pure, untrammelled *Reason*.

May 25, 1849. I have just been listening, F., to a touch of the anti-slavery proceedings, and amongst the rest, to a speech from Wendell Phillips. Did you ever hear him? He is really an eloquent man. I had no idea they had such polished and yet earnest speakers among those ranters. He began so simply, and in just the way to win an American audience. He asked them whether it was probable men would come together for such a cause as that, year after year, injure their prospects in life, cut themselves off from sympathy, merely for the sake of speech-making; whether it might not be possible that the confusing effect of local circumstances, passion, and popular prejudice, had colored *their* view of duty and right, and whether it might not be that the still voice of posterity would be with the opposers rather than the supporters of slavery. I half thought of writing you some of the speech, for it was most thrilling, some of it; but I find while the splendid ideas float through my mind, the elegant language, and those tones which seem to go to the heart, are gone far away. The impression on my mind is of a man philosophical, theoretic, and coloring his most abstract theories with a rich imagination, with a high, noble devotion to what is true and right, and with it all, the not unpleasant addition of an agreeable wit. His intellectual fault, I should say, would be too diffuse an imagination for strength. However, you may know him already; if so, let me know whether your view agrees with mine. You'll think me a fool, but I must confess when he told us, in those low, earnest tones, of some man who had given up property, reputation, and almost life, for a

poor, hunted slave,— when he pictured out the humble, unwavering worship of that abstract Justice, unawed by threats or pains, uninfluenced by the opinion of all one respects,— and as the unanimous shout went up as if from the very heart of that multitude,— I tell you I could not keep the tears from filling my eyes. There is moral grandeur in such feelings as he represented, even if false. Grant him his one premise, “Slavery is a *sin per se*,” and his speech was logical as Butler. Down with the church, down with the Constitution, with all which upholds it! That was his drift. I hope to hear him again. F., I like to hear these Radicals, not because they affect my intellectual opinions, for they do not a straw, not because I want to be excited, either, but because they present one aspect of the human mind we cannot dwell on too much. No matter whether their views are true or false, whether they themselves on the whole are honest or not, it does show for the time real “*devotion* (worship) to principle.” It seems to dispel for the time the clouds of interest and passion and circumstances which gather around it in every man’s mind. You set an idea of simple following of *It*—of truth—goodness — through all changes and troubles and persecution.

But what a lecture I am reading you! Still my letter is most like myself. You can almost imagine yourself in cigar-cloud, with feet on table under one of my metaphysical dissections, intently regarding the bottom of your ale-tumbler, and wondering “What the deuce he *does* mean?”

June 25, 1849. It is *Sunday*, on Staten Island, and I have no reason to think it otherwise with you. But Sunday here must mean considerably different from one at Waterbury. It does *not* mean, I am almost sorry to say, much going to church, yet perhaps something better. We do not sweat all day in a hot building, criticising dishonest or stupid essays, but we look out on the peaceful sea and the solemn stretch of its waves, way on to the misty horizon, and perhaps nothing could so remind us of Him, its Maker. We ramble in the wood paths and listen to the happy hum of insect life, and gaze up through the graceful tracery on that almost fathomless blue you see these beautiful summer days, and perhaps no church is so solemn as those old oak arches. In fact, do you not think summer is a solemn season? The very abundance of life, the skies, and the beauties seem to carry one's mind away to the Infinite, and the being who is the source, or I might say the substance, of this beauty and life. Then perhaps no day in the year is more intellectual than this Sunday of ours. There is earnest talk all day long on the great problems of life and eternity; not flippant discussion, or prize matches between intellects, but, as I do believe, a serious and rational investigation. Perhaps there is less of a pleasing Christian sympathy—an almost tender union of feeling on the great Truths of Religion—than we might desire. It is possible no true man has that often, or can. But there certainly is a sympathy, way down in, perhaps all the more effective that it is earnest and repellent and not to be expressed by sentimentalizing. And I do hope we all of us have

that, in our earnestness for what is good and true, even if we never show it otherwise than by the hardest discussion.

I am grateful for the good I get from such as you and the rest. And yet I sometimes think it might be better for me to be entirely separated from you all for a while. We all — every human being — are prone to be *one-sided*, and we never think of it at the time. I fear I am getting in the habit of looking on others as interested in and influenced by the same truths as we are. I may deal with humanity as intellect-creatures too much; I may be flying or descending too far from them. And then, too, unpleasant fears come over me, that my piety, as it frees itself from common supports, may be sinking down. Perhaps as I take such free flights, it may be the intellect that is soaring, and the simple, loving heart may be grovelling still. And altogether I might ask — though I do not — Charles Lamb's question to Coleridge, "Whether an immortal and amenable spirit may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?" No, it would be dishonest to say I felt that. I do know God will be merciful. My doubts, if any, are whether He may not be more merciful than we anticipate. But I do have gloomy moments when I consider my influence. And yet I know that though in great weakness and against the habits of years, I am striving after perfect truth more and more. I can be true in thought possibly easier than many, and I believe even against much reproach and want of sympathy. But truth in slight things, and all the while, is far harder, I suppose, for all; at any rate, for me. I

think, too, I love human happiness more than I ever did before, and yet my efforts to increase it must be different (from my natural constitution) from those of many. However, may God help me. "Talking" on ecstatic emotions can never make us what we would be. As Carlyle says, "Know thyself" should be changed to "Know thy work!" and I have less inclination than ever to talk of those things, though I like occasionally to analyze them from my own mind. Still, telling them to one who knows us well may do both good, always remembering that *expression* conveys too much or too little of whatever it would represent.

In the spring of 1849, Charles's father decided to give up school-teaching, and subsequently took the editorship of the Hartford "Courant." Of this and other matters Charles writes the following letters:—

To his Father.

My dear Father: . . . I am very glad you are to have change of occupation, and are to see your old friends. It will do you good. But oh, father! do be careful about getting in among the mere politicians as a mere party-instrument. It would be a heavier blow to me than the beggary or death of friends to think of a life of usefulness and honor such as yours has been, closing off in hunting for office. We had better, all of us, for our own self-respect and God's respect, too, be digging potatoes for a living than hanging on the skirts of a party for an office!

Do write me often, and tell me all your prospects and plans. You know that I cannot speak of my love towards you or my feelings for your situation; — language does not represent them. God will yet make us all happy. It may not be in this world perhaps, but Eternity! Is it not near us? May God grant you means of being useful again soon!

April 11, 1849. . . . I am right glad to hear of your having recruited health and spirits so well, and on the whole, perhaps this unsettledness for a time may be a capital thing for you. I shall not regret it, if it lead you around among the men your education and position fit you more to associate with. I myself am pleasantly situated and am working well. My teaching is delightful, classes bright, and the books interesting, and some opportunities opening, I hope, for the influence to which all my teaching must only be a means. My plans urge towards the pulpit more and more. I only wait to see where I shall certainly be most useful, and to carry on well my training. I must give my life to make men happy — in weakness and worldliness perhaps — but still, such as I am. Wherever I shall be, teacher or preacher, the brightest of all visions before me is a humble, self-controlled life, all devoted, given up, to working for human happiness. But it is very easy to *dream*. May God help me to *do*!

I see you are rather whipped in Connecticut. I do not sympathize in the least with the miserable coalition. Still I do know that the Whigs have never taken the high “principle-stand” on slavery

which Massachusetts, for instance, has, and I think the punishment may be this, though the devil do inflict it. I am glad, from my soul, to see the tendency of the country so towards freedom. I do not wish to rant. But it is the deepest feeling of my heart, that no darker stain rests on this country than this slavery. Men *must* see it sometime. Do you remember Sydney Smith's indignant passage on the "boasts of that land, of its freedom, where every *fifth* man is a slave"? But here I am running off into a political letter the first thing.

. . . I am working on much as usual, enjoying my teaching and my study. . . . I find myself, as I notice the growth of my pupils' characters, going back a great deal and calling up my own early education. I think in some respects my power must have been very early developed, and your historical teaching probably started me quicker. How much you must have labored with me! If gratitude could be talked about, I might express myself. But it is very singular, considering how much I was under your influence, how very different our minds are! I do not think two more different minds could be found, taking men generally anywhere, of anything like the same education. You like arrangement; you remember facts; you can have a very thorough knowledge of scientific facts; you enjoy particularizing. You have a vast manifold memory; you have the faculty of rhythms; you can explain with great ease; method, order, systematizing, please you. To all this, in every particular, I am almost the con-

trary, as you well know. I am not sure, however, but a different education or set of circumstances would have made you very different. For you have a taste in some things for generalizing. But I am certain no education would have made me love order or particularizing, though I might have become very orderly. I should not wonder if my early sickness gave a reflective, serious cast to my mind which it certainly seems to me to possess. I never should make a scientific man, as they are generally understood to be. And it would be rather difficult, with all my constant training on that, to make a *scholar* of me. However, I could be that, but I mean my taste wouldn't be most for it. . . . But in one thing, with all our mental differences, our family are very much alike, in those hidden influences which seem to come from bodily constitution, in the emotions, etc., which perhaps come from temperament; the same peculiar sensitiveness,—suspicion almost,—keen sensibilities on certain subjects, and perhaps a sort of want of self-confidence.

I see you still consider me rather foolhardy. It isn't so much from a reckless desire of exposing myself that I am apt to act so, as from a want of feeling that they are dangers. I have to use my reason almost always, to convince me I ought to flee from danger. I am not naturally susceptible to fear. Now, that night, I did not once think of danger from the riot. However, I shall not risk my life ever from mere bravado, you may be assured. But perhaps my best excuse will be that this same insensi-

bility stands by me when I can be of real service to others by exposing myself. For instance, since I wrote the first part of this, I have watched over the death-struggles of a man in the cholera. I had been ill; I was weak, too. But—and I am conscious of not saying it merely from vanity—I went over without a thought of danger, and was glad to soften in any degree the last agonies of a fellow-being. And I would do it again, even when I feared contagion more than in this disease. Well, enough of this self-defense! . . .

But I was very glad to do my little to relieve his pain, and I felt it was the first of those poor efforts I should be glad to lay at the feet of Christ for a life—yes, for an Eternity. To make others happy—is not that the highest religion? And not by such special efforts nearly as much as through poor, unknown, every-day life.

The following letter from his father is in answer to his analysis of the difference in their characters:—

"I think your remarks respecting our characters is just," Mr. Brace says. "There is undoubtedly some difference in our temperaments, but the great difference you stated is more owing to education than any other cause. One of the great sources of the want of fear or the realization of danger is the early knowledge of the possession of physical strength. You had this quite early, and I was always laboring under the knowledge of comparative weakness, and

knew that in all contests with my companions I should come off defeated; hence I avoided quarrels, and produced a propensity to peace. Knowing likewise the defects in my early education, that made me timid under physical danger, I took a different course with you. Very early I exposed you to danger, urged you to climb, to swim, to do many things that many parents thought wrong and dangerous, for the very purpose of so familiarizing you to danger that you should be superior to fear. Do you remember in Litchfield my keeping you near the cannon when firing on review day, until you nearly fainted, and I had to take you into Mr. Deming's house? Your early sickness made you reflective. It likewise produced a physical effect upon your stomach, which has again operated on your character. I hope I have done my duty by all my children, and that, in after life, my memory will be pleasant to them."

The winter of 1849-50 opens for Charles with fresh enthusiasm and new interests, as he begins the life for which his longing has been growing increasingly strong,— that amongst the unfortunate in the great city. This in the form of visits to Blackwell's Island, occupied many of his Sundays. We have a few letters which tell of the closing months of 1849.

To his Father.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1849.

Dear Father: I had one of the most exciting and interesting days I ever spent, last Sunday, on Black-

well's Island. I preached without notes in the Alms-House Chapel to the paupers in the morning, and talked, etc., with the prisoners and hospital patients in the afternoon, besides seeing a little of the insane. I never had my whole nature so stirred up within me, as at what met my eyes in those hospital wards. Standing in a long room, with beds on each side, and speaking to the poor creatures as they lay there. They are nearly all, you know, diseased prostitutes, brought there mostly to die. Though some do recover. If a man could ever speak of the realities he believed, or of the love of Jesus to the guilty, 'twould be there. Ghastly faces peering from bandages around you, and others all festering with disease, or worn and seamed with passion, and some where pure, kind expressions must have dwelt once. You felt you were standing among the wrecks of the Soul; creatures cast out from everything but God's mercy. Oh! 'twas the saddest, most hopeless sight. Some were young and delicate looking, seduced and deserted. God help them! I had a long day's work.

But, after all, the inefficiency of religion doesn't strike me so much in such places as in what I see every day, and what I realize constantly of our New England religion. It's affecting so sadly little any of our practical business relations; so seldom making a merchant exactly honest, so seldom inspiring men with genial kindness and charity towards one another; no, never, hardly, entering the least in a politician's duties, or influencing his operations. There's so much of the dogma,—Calvin piety,—and so little which makes men better men. I am

almost hopeless sometimes, and I fully believe that New England piety, if it doesn't change very considerably soon, will, in the course of two or three generations, run out. This may sound extravagant. But do think of it. No man trusts here a church member, any sooner than any other. Religion is never in the least connected with political measures.

We have such a formal idea of Christianity,—that missionary-giving and prayer-meeting and Bible-reading and revivals are religion. See how utterly selfish our best churchmen are. I certainly can see very little in which piety affects social relations in New England or here, except in keeping from the worst crimes; which isn't much. Roman Law did that. But this'll do. I should like your views.

And in describing a similar experience he writes Mr. Kingsbury:—

“. . . There was a beautiful face amongst them, voluptuous, but really with a very fine expression. She had seen better days, I suspect, than most of them, and seemed to look on almost proudly as we spoke. But as we — no, I — alluded to old friends, and the home and the love which they had once, and the kind hearts which had been around them in old days, and then told them in the simplest, most untechnical words I could use, of the Friendship they might have in Jesus, and His love to them, she could not refrain her tears, as I hardly could mine. Oh, what a gleam they gave for a moment on that life of pain and sin and remorse she had had! God

help her! It's as near hopeless as can be for the prostitute to reform. This has called my notice to the way Christ generally treated the prostitutes, and you will be surprised at seeing how many he associated with, taking the brief narrative into view. Do you remember that one who came when he was dining at the rich orthodox moral deacon's, and in her agony of shame and sorrow wept over his feet, and the comparison he draws between her and the deacon, much to the disadvantage of the latter? Isn't that *Divine* mercy, 'Behold all her sins are forgiven her, for she loved much!'"

To the Same.

Monday Eve, November, 1849.

My dear Fred: . . . For myself, I feel but little confidence I shall awake new life in any other way, than by slow influence of myself. Perhaps I cannot reach it the least by talking. Talking isn't much. But if I can have what I struggle always after,—a life imbued with truth and independence,—I cannot help doing something. I am more and more determined to be true to myself. It's a most complicated chain around you, this of custom and "what-we-always-have-been-educated-to-believe." Who ever is honest? Well, I will try hard, and leave it to God where I come out. It certainly will not be, I think, among what have been "our Creed." There's a niche anyhow in this country for almost every man who has any stuff in him. And if I can once start, freed from every possible taint of hum-

bug, cant, bigotry, mere custom, true in myself as well as my opinions, and if I can feel to my very heart the love for humanity, of which I see a faint spark now within me, why! cannot I do something? But if not, if circumstances gag me utterly, and men drop me on one side as an excited young man who sha'n't have "our subscriptions," well, I believe I can serve God by suffering. For I am assured truth cannot be laughed or starved down.

But a shadow had been hanging over his life for some months before the period to which we have come in his correspondence, and we must go back and tell of the failing health of his beloved sister. In the spring of 1849, during her life in the South, which promised so well, she exposed herself in some way, and took a serious cold which almost immediately developed into a threatening of consumption. She came back and went direct to the home of the kind old aunts in Litchfield, who cared for her most devotedly. Charles was there to welcome her, and in two letters of which extracts are given, tells of his hopes and forebodings.

To his Father.

[LITCHFIELD], Wed., July 18th.

My dear Father: Emma came to-day. She is much better than she was at the South. . . . I think this air will benefit her, and Aunt Mary's kind care. If

she will only be prudent, and I think she will. She is cheerful, yet looking at things as they are. We may have hope, and yet we must be ready for the worst. Let us leave her in God's hands. My heart is almost crushed sometimes as I think of her, and yet I see that God is never more truly kind than in such trials. May it make us more truly earnest for duty. On the whole, there is reason to hope yet strongly, I think, in her vigorous constitution. May God prepare us all for our sorrows here and for serving Him. . . . Aunt Mary watches over Emma with the most unwearied care, and pure air and exercise may recruit her. The week I passed with her was inexpressibly sad to me. And yet I will not let it now make me at all gloomy. I struggle for more confidence in God—more resignation. It isn't that I look to other friends, that I can bear her situation cheerfully, but I look to labors for human happiness, for *God*. My future, as I draw it, has not for some time been one of happiness. I do intensely long to give every effort and thought to the good of men, to truth.

Throughout the autumn his sister Emma grew rapidly worse. It was thought that a visit to her kind and devoted cousins, Dr. Asa and Mrs. Gray in Cambridge, might benefit her, so in January, 1850, she went to them and stayed until her death. The following letter written by Charles to his father foreshadows the end which was to follow a month later:—

To his Father.

Jan. 18, 1850, NEW YORK.

My dear Father: . . . I had a letter this morning from Jane [Mrs. Gray], which I enclose. Bad news. If tubercles are really formed, she is very low, and we can have but few hopes. If not, she may be but little worse than when she left Hartford. Still, why do I write? I have no hope scarcely, and have not had for some time. I do not dare look at my own feelings. It has come. I must look at it as God's doing. I believe I can. I do from my soul acknowledge His infinite kindness. He is kind here. This, with all the other heavy blows which fall upon us here, I know are fitting us for something far better; and it will do us good. It will make us more earnest in life. The "outside" and the passion and the selfishness shall not reach us so much after this. We shall be nearer Him. Of course it is something I can never recover from. But yet I am willing to meet it; yes, I can leave myself with Him, if it will only make me live more for Eternity. It is hardest on you, and there are many things hard upon you, but why can it not also bring you nearer God? I needn't say how I feel for you — God help you! We will bow under it, and then, with simple love for Him, we will go again into the stern duties around us. And we shall do them more thoroughly then, more in the sight of the Eternal One. Your editorials will be more in view of truth and right, more earnest for what is really good, whether it is in politics or anything else. I shall live better, and under

the long shadows over me, I think I can still trust in Him throughout.

These words do not express me. Why should I talk? May God help me, and bless you! I wrote to her this morning, and think I did not let my feelings carry me away so as to pain her. Write lovingly, father, and with what trust in Him you have; but I would not show her too much your sorrow.

Two days before his sister's death, Charles writes to her as follows:—

To his Sister Emma.

NEW YORK, Winter, 1850. [Feb. 15th.]

My dear Emma: Isn't this a wonderful winter? We have hardly had any here, it is so mild and clear. And then when it is cold you would hardly know it, the sun is so bright. I think, after all, there is a great deal of beauty in winter, especially when there's snow over everything. The sky is uncommonly beautiful this season with us, and we have towards night a peculiar cold gray tint which I have not often seen described. Have you ever noticed the effect produced this season of the year by the afternoon sunlight tingeing a cloud of steam, the most delicate, fading away, not-to-be-looked-at purple color, you ever could see. Try it. New York is whirling on as usual. You can have no idea, Emma, what an immense vat of misery and crime and filth much of this great city is! I realize it more and more. Think of *ten thousand children* growing up almost

sure to be prostitutes and rogues! I have been very busy all this winter studying and writing, for I am beginning on sermons. . . . I rec'd your letter yesterday. 'Twas a day I shall not soon forget,—St. Valentine's,—yet rather different from some I have had. A wild storm beating outside, chimneys hardly visible through the driving rain; not a dull kind of day to me. . . . I found your letter in the afternoon; inexpressibly sad to me, and yet I felt you never showed your love to me better than in bringing out before me your struggles and sorrows. The announcement of John's¹ engagement was all new to me. . . . I felt very happy at that, though the contrast came so sadly over me how he was gaining a friend for life, while perhaps I was losing the one I loved best, and I couldn't but put myself years on in life, when his memories would go back so pleasantly to this sunniest spot of his days, while, maybe, mine would rest on it so painfully and sadly. What a compound mixture is making up here, all the while, of tears and laughs, marrying and sorrowing. But God bless them both! . . . Emma, I say first and strongest to you, *Pray! pray!* Pray from the heart to God for a better spirit. I do not doubt for a moment His answer. Pray as if your life depended on it. The truth is, I have a very great confidence indeed in the kindness of God toward us. I do believe if we shall find ourselves mistaken on either side in Eternity, it will be in finding God more merciful than we expected. . . . I think your past life, imperfect as it has been, showed you were

¹ John Olmsted.

actuated by real love of God. But whether you were or not, you can be now. Leave all technical phrases, and doctrines; bring before your inmost soul the awful unspeakable Being, into whose close knowledge you may soon enter. Then when you feel like sinking and fainting in awe, call to mind how He is in Christ; that He has a boundless Heart as well as Power; that mother never loved a tithe as much as He does now. But if your weak body prevents all this, just in your weakness and insensibility throw yourself back on His forbearance, and leave it quietly all with Him. May God help you, Emma!

She died on the 17th February, 1850, full of patience and courage, saying that at one time she had dreaded dying very much, but that now she thought God was particularly with us at that hour, and that some people wanted to die at one time and some at another, at sunset or sunrise, etc., but that her only wish was that God's will should be done. Mrs. Gray wrote Charles after all was over: "She had been particularly sweet and lovely during this last sickness — so gentle and loving — and seeming to like to be caressed. . . . And to soften the recollection of those days of suffering come the pleasant memories of the sweetness and patience and fortitude and cheerfulness and gentle submissiveness which made her sick chamber a place of blessed remembrance, and make it a privilege to have been there."

For three days and nights Charles shut himself up, refusing to see any one, and he never spoke of her in all the long years after, except in moments of closest confidence with an intimate friend.

He writes of his feelings at the time as follows:—

To F. J. Kingsbury.

STATEN ISLAND, March 17, 1850.

My dear Fred: . . . I do not think I shall often forget on a Sunday evening, that one on which she died; one of those quiet, mild, clear days we have sometimes in winter, with a purple light over the hills — very peaceful. Yes, she died very much as she would have wished. It may seem sad to others that she had no one of her own family with her in her last hours, but I know her well enough to be almost sure she would rather die as she did, provided it was no burden to those who were around her. She opposed telegraphing to me on Sunday morning. Probably her last thoughts were on us friends, but she would rather pass away without being disturbed by our pain, cheerful and manly as she was all through her sickness. I have been reading to-day her journal written about a fortnight before her death. It is most solemn. She gives her thoughts of death, and her imagination of the feelings she would have probably, the "strange consciousness of one's powers failing and there being no help, and the realizing that one's fate was in a few moments to be sealed for Eternity," and then her thoughts on the first feelings after death. "It puzzles me," she says; "I feel my

heart beat faster, as I think how near I myself may be to those moments." How it does come over me that she is in that other world! I know her so well, and to think that she, with all her weakness, her fun, her pleasant feelings to others, her self-reproaches, her feeble hopes, her faults, her peculiarities, all those memories and thoughts, so exactly like ours, is now knowing God, and beginning in feebleness her eternal course. I look up, and almost realize her in a strange, new, unspeakable state of happiness, too perfect to be believed true for a time, just resting herself, as it were, without a fear or a pain, on that Friend she now for the first time really knows. I can almost imagine that unutterable love she pours out on Him as she comes to know Him, and the feeble — almost doubting — happiness, as she finds all she had ever dreamed of sympathy and purity and peace, beginning to be enjoyed by her. How her thoughts must run back to you and me! But, Fred, I do every now and then believe more than that. Why may she not be here, as I write these words, looking in almost sadness at me? I hardly dare believe it, and yet it's possible. But no, I would rather believe her far away, in different associations, beginning in trembling, but trust, her new life of purity and more active goodness. Still she cannot forget us, and if she does know of us, how she must sigh that we know Him so little. How she must long that we could only love that Noble and Kind One as she does!

Oh, the boundlessness of our joy, our rapture, when we first truly know Him! We do dream sometimes, in rare moments, of an ideal of goodness and noble-

ness, which would almost ravish us, were we to meet it. We sometimes believe God is so. We do occasionally have gleams cross our souls, of a light which we certainly never see on earth, glimpses of sympathy most heart-filling, most perfect, such as, if it were to come to us, would almost deprive us of reason from its intense delight. Do you believe we ever dreamed of anything God may not give to us in another Life? Can our ideal be beyond His heaven?

To J. H. Olmsted.

[Undated.]

Dear John: How strange it seems to me that I shall make new friends and shall speak to them of her, and she will seem to them like some one who never existed, or a character in novels or history. The most warm, living character which will ever be in my memory! And after a great many years I shall look back and think with the same load on my heart as now, of a loving, generous nature who began with me and went a little way out in life and then disappeared. I shall speak of what she "might have been," and not of what she *is*, and they will hear me vaguely, as we do the description of a character in a drama. The bright days used to be pleasanter as I thought of their helping her, and I almost wondered at my own indifference to it afterwards. I do not see how those can bear such losses who have no religious hopes. It must be such a dead, cold, clear loss, and nothing else. But the thought of a good Being who is perhaps most showing His affection by this very pang He sends, and the hope for our friend does change the whole thing much.

I am certainly stronger and more trusting than I was. My first feelings were, for the only time in my life, a strong desire for heaven, some place where these pains and heartaches would be all over forever; but now I am ready to act. I do not, and it seems as if I could not, doubt His care any more. But oh! how stiflingly in odd places memories do come over me. The thought of the old home, and how it's all broken up, and how we can't meet again, and if the rest of us do, it will not be the same, and some flash of memory, as a cheerful look of hers comes up, or one of her generous actions to me. I find myself going over painful partings with her in dreams. Yet, on the whole, I am not gloomy. I look on it as a stern discipline. I dread not to meet sorrow. Only may He help me to become purified by it.

I do exceedingly fear any blinding of reason by the feelings at such times, and I have no disposition to make a saint of a friend because he is dead. But I look back with sad pleasure on many traits of Emma's. I do not think you knew her well, or saw her best side; but there was a certain nobleness and warm-heartedness in her since a child, such as I have seldom seen. To me that genial sympathy of hers was one of the best evidences of her love to God; yet it was not a saint-like geniality; it was warm, earthly,—such as I do in any one love from my soul. I cannot meet a warmer heart. She will not forget me, and she knows that I must remember her.

CHAPTER IV

Journey Abroad — Walking Trip in Ireland — Letter on the German Sunday — The Rhine and Edinburgh — Letter on Socialism — Decision to remain in Germany — German Experiences and Study — Olmsted Letters — Miscellaneous Letters, and Opinions on the Fugitive Slave Law — Desire for a Deeper Life — Tired of Travelling

A PROPOSITION was made to Charles early in this spring to break away from familiar scenes for a few months, and start on a walking trip in England, Ireland, and the Rhine country with his friends, John and Frederick Olmsted. He entered into the plan with his usual enthusiasm, and they sailed in May. There are no letters that tell of his pleasure in England, and we can only picture to ourselves what the experience to three eager, enthusiastic young men, devoted friends, would be, as with knapsacks on backs they wandered through charming English country scenes. He never lost the vivid memory of that first enjoyment of England, and through all his life kept a peculiar sentiment for the land of his introduction to the delights of travel.

Before going to the continent, the three companions went to Ireland, to continue the walking trip

which had been so great a pleasure to them all. They were supplied with letters of introduction to the family of Mr. Robert Neill of Belfast, who had always welcomed Americans with peculiar friendliness. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and numbered amongst his American friends, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, and Frederick Douglass, who had all been his guests. The young men were heartily welcomed with true Irish hospitality, and warm friendships were soon formed. Writing during the coming winter to Miss Letitia Neill, who afterwards became his wife, Charles said: "How much have you all done for me! I know I much needed softening and changing. Such friendliness and kindness has been very delightful to me. And you, dear, trustful friend, how much I hope for a happy and useful future to you. Not, either, happy, but one which shall best fit you for the progress in the life beyond. God aid you, and may we both become more spiritual and nearer Him in our lives. You *can* have a noble future. It is to be seen whether you will."

The following bit of description of one of his walking trips is interesting for the glimpse it gives at the condition of Ireland in 1850:—

" . . . Fields and foliage gave an appearance to the whole country which was very much like that

of ours in the latter part of August. Yet the small whitewashed cottages and handsome park gates were not at all American. Nor was the scenery English either. One missed the long lines of beautifully trimmed hedges, and the soft, rich greensward, and the general aspect of high cultivation, which characterize an English landscape. It was apparent for some time we were passing the estates of wealthy landholders, and the cottages of peasantry by no means extremely depressed in their condition. There was nothing of the Irish beggary we had expected. Slouchiness appeared, it is true, quite often enough; artistic cottages with pigs rooting in the hall; grand park walls with immense fractures, and very handsome gates joined to very poor hedges, but there was very little suffering to be seen. This general appearance of the country continued during our first day's walk. We stopped at night in a vile little inn near the 'Glen of the Downs,' and the next day began to penetrate more the interior. And here, as we went on, a great change could be seen gradually in the aspect of the country. There were more fields filled with weeds or entirely neglected; the crops raised were of the kind which required least labor and forethought, such as potatoes and oats; the mud cottages were less often whitewashed, or even well thatched. What the Bible speaks of as the last evidence of desolation, that 'the grass shall grow on the housetops,' was here fulfilled of almost every house, for a very fine crop of oats might have been reaped from the cottage roofs."

After describing, in a letter to his father from Frankfort-on-the-Main, the holiday character of the German Sunday, he continues:—

“What is the practical result of all this? you ask, and that, I believe, is the great test of such questions. In regard to the Sabbath, I am not prepared to say. The true religious spirit in a people may be shown in various ways. Ours appears in grand efforts for the good of distant people, or in solemn and simple public worship. Theirs may appear in the beautiful love and truth which mark so much of German private life, and may inspire their Sunday sociality. But I, for my part, much fear the contrary. I fear that the religious element is much more deficient than is commonly supposed. In regard to wine-drinking, I am inclined to think the Germans right. Their wines are light and healthy, their beer is not at all strong, and I think both may be put among the pleasant productions of art, which man may use moderately with some advantage to his body and spirits. I am confirmed in this from the fact that you see so little, so very little, of intemperance. In one day in New York I have seen more drunken men than I have seen since I have been in Germany. An American who dislikes the Germans exceedingly told me he was a year in the country before seeing a single drunken man. Then you can’t but observe that, as a general thing, the people are a more robust-looking, healthy people than ours, without any more exercise at all. I do not say such a state of things would be best in America, for our

Anglo-Saxons have a most irrepressible tendency to excess in such things, but I do think it may be not a bad one for Germany."

In September the friends returned to Scotland, whence he writes:—

To his Father.

EDINBURGH, Sunday, Sept. 29, 1850.

My dear Father: . . . I said I was disappointed in them.¹ Perhaps it was in part because I seemed to myself, with my peculiar objects, losing time a little in seeing scenery. I wanted to see Scotchmen. However, I have been gratified in this considerably in Edinburgh, and have made very pleasant acquaintances. They treat me here, as everywhere, very kindly. In fact, I believe mankind have done much more for me than I have for them. I may change the balance some day, however. Despite the most unexpected kindness we have received everywhere, I am obliged to say my opinion of human nature has not improved during my travels. My old distrust is rather strengthened, yet I am determined all the more to labor for men, though most sadly conscious of their weakness and my own. I hope all this falling in with men of all sorts may do me some good, with reference to my minister's life. And I think it will. I think I am more ready for strange situations, and shall get along better with men different from me than I used to.

¹ Scotch scenes.

By the way, I noticed something in your last "Courant," which I wanted to say a word upon. It was a paragraph in which you echoed the popular language about "Socialistic tendencies." I think a great many good people have come, from reading religious newspapers, quite to identify Socialism with infidelity and everything bad. And your mode of expression there, possibly, might lead them to think you countenanced this impression of Socialism. Without in the least upholding *Socialism* as a whole, I think as developed in our country it has shown scarcely any of the bad qualities people charge it with. One of the principal ideas in it I, for one, am disposed to think a good one, and at least worth trying,—and one which is being already tested in many of the Massachusetts manufactories, I believe,—that of associated labor. That is, the workmen are "associated" with the capital, own a share of the stock, and their wages depend on the success of the establishment. You can see how much more thorough and cheerful labor would be where the workmen owned a share in the concern. Every one would have a responsibility then. Or carrying out "associated labor" farther, suppose an establishment where there were no masters, except as elected by the rest, and here again the stock was owned by the laborers, and wages proportioned to labor and talent, with the additional proviso that in case of the worker's illness or death or misfortune, his family are to be taken care of by the association. In this you have the Paris "Socialistic" workshops — nothing so very terrible in all this! Though I grant it may be a bad principle. Perhaps it makes men too little

self-reliant. Yet in these old countries, where it is so hard to get along, such help seems more rational. Then you know in Paris the "associated workmen" deal with one another first, and thus get things by exchange or wholesale prices. Their other great idea of "each man's right to land," I think, has arisen from the terrible evils arising in countries where each man could not own land, and as they generally propose to carry it out here contains nothing very bad, it seems to me. It is the true "agrarian policy," though not, I suspect, as you understand that word. You know modern researches have changed the meaning and the odium of that term, and Niebuhr and Dr. Arnold have quite recovered the good fame of the Marii and others who proposed the agrarian bills. Their policy was simply to give every "Burgher" (or *plebs*) a share in the public lands conquered from the enemy. The Socialists here have much the same idea, though perhaps often they would wish to change the laws of property here. Yet I have never seen that idea much advanced. Their plans for united families and all that seem foolish, but should not prevent us seeing what good there is in them. I wish much you would go into a thorough examination of Socialism, and compare it with Roman agrarianism and Bible agrarianism, which was ten times more socialistic than the modern plan, inasmuch as rural property was all subdivided equally again every fifty years. I think, too, the agrarian policy of the Peruvian Empire and that of Lacedaemon might be brought in with much interest. Don't try without going very thoroughly, and reading even Fourier, because it is a good sub-

ject, and I wish to try it if you haven't time for it.

I long very much to get back to study once more, and to be getting at the real work of life. I am enjoying Edinburgh very much,—a beautiful city, with strange contrasts of elegance and misery.

Charles had been considering the project of remaining in Germany after the departure of his companions, with the object of studying theology and of obtaining a thorough knowledge of German home-life, intending to return home in December. Accordingly, John and Frederick Olmsted left him, and their love and helpfulness, shown both in practical matters and in their youthful ideals, brightened many a day to come, and were constantly expressed in letters of which we shall quote passages as they connect themselves with Charles's own. John Olmsted writes, "Well, good-bye to you. If it is our last good-bye, why I only add, Keep on truth-seeking and men-helping. We have lived a life which has been intercogged one with another, and I hope we have not given one another the last jog yet. I shall be almost as glad to see you in December, I feel, as I am now to leave you,—I mean as I am now to be hurrying home. You and I are of different fibre, I believe, but have lived long in the same soil, and the same sap has run through us, so that I hope we shall both bear indistinguish-

able, indubitable, and indestructible fruit. I shall try to be spontaneously strong, and not need the rough winds that have torn you to make me take deep root. God spare me!"

Life began at once for Charles as he had planned it, in visits among the people and intimate relations in large home-circles, where he seems to have been treated from the first with friendliest consideration, as the letters written all through this winter plainly reveal.

To J. H. Olmsted.

KIEL, Oct. 22, 1850.

My dear John: I take it that to-day the black hull of the *City of Glasgow* is looming up on the horizon off South-side, and by this evening you will be before the bright grate in the little parlor, fighting your battles over again. I call up these visions with no feeling of discontent, for the pleasantest part of my European travel, almost, has been this Hamburg visit. I have had the pleasantest run of visiting and that kind of thing, and whether this homeless kind of a life is making me a little susceptible, or whether the melody of these German ladies' voices has reached me, I don't know, but certainly I have come uncommonly near falling in love with some of them. This visiting is the most unselfish, affectionate form of human life, "the mine and thine" is so laid aside, and I should think it would play the mischief with some people's hearts. Besides, I think

I "intercog" (as you say) with the Germans very well. Only yesterday Lieutenant (I believe) Ficius, son of Ohmstein Ficius, of Eutin, in the Duchy of Oldenburgh, did himself the honor to call upon me just to tell me that I was a good fellow, that I had the "*echtes deutsches Angesicht*" and the true "*deutsche Gutmuthigkeit.*" I have been ten days in Hamburg, and during that time have dined out eight times, besides always supping and sometimes breakfasting; and dining with these Hamburgers is a rather different affair from what it is in some places, including an unlimited quantity of courses and all sorts of good things. My German grows fast, and there is some need of it, for I have perpetrated some most daring things on the strength of it; for instance, penetrating into that pleasant family in Lyndau near the Plöner See, where no one knew a word of English, and calling upon divers people in Eutin, where I was left *Englishlos* and *hülflos*. I am here now in Kiel, going to Rendsburgh to-night to see if I can see the camps. My good fortune here has enabled me to see what I wanted to much,—the home-life of the upper classes.

To F. J. Kingsbury.

BERLIN, Nov. 3, 1850.

Dear Fred: I find myself more and more disposed to look all around a question, and less and less apt to feel either very strong admiration or contempt at things. I half dread this sort of state, yet I am irresistibly drawn to it, and though it seems for the

time a loss of earnestness, I do not believe it will be in the long run. I grow sick of *ex parte* enthusiasm and eloquence, and tired of these violent likes and dislikes, which seem to depend on the "latitude" and nothing else. I settle every day more solidly and comfortably on the conclusion that I am going to be "*ganz und gar*," utterly and entirely, true to myself; and if "myself" forces me to believe that neither the devil is altogether black, nor "Henry Martin" altogether white, I am going to say so. My opinion is that each man's own particular and greatest bent shows his best course for doing good. Some one told me, not long ago, that they should like to see one "unmitigated tirade" from my pen, "against anything, no matter what, so that it had no 'but' in it." It's these unmitigated tirades, I believe, which have delayed the progress of truth so, especially among the clerical gentry. I am going to do my best, to see if I can't be that most difficult thing,—an honest, candid clergyman. If I am, I do not think I shall win much honor or comfort in my generation, but I shall do more for mankind than if I did.

I am here in Berlin, as I suppose I have said. Such an economical, simple-living, cultivated people I never saw! No hospitality, still good feeling. I should like 'em well if I knew more of them. I do like them now. I get along well with Germans. We are something alike, except that I am far more practical (!). I cog in with most men now better, but there is a certain class which I find the hardest to work with, and with whom it is rather harder now for me than ever,—I mean the literary class,

who rather affect the *dilettante*. If they were really so, one could get along with them as inferior creatures; but to find really earnest men, or at least men able to be so, assuming this, takes one all aback. And it's very common in the student-class the world over. Give me the men who mean something, if they are not half so cultivated. Give me the men who look on life as having some solidity and stuff in it, and not as a sort of vapor with shadows on it. How can a man who sees this miserable, discontented, misfortune-worried race of ours, look on their folly and wretchedness as a thing for a joke?

November 29th. . . . I have seen a great deal of Germany since I have been here, perhaps more than I have of any people, unless, possibly, England. They have passed me from one to another most beautifully, and I number a host of acquaintances now, many corresponding, and all very friendly. I have been thrown in, too, quite fortunately, in the upper set in talent and position, so that my opportunities for seeing North-Germany have been remarkably good. I think I am a much better man for this German visit. It makes one love humanity better to meet so many kind-hearted people, and to receive so many entirely unselfish favors and kindness. And there is something so heart-opening in this universal way of the Germans. . . .

I have a kind of feeling growing on me that my only and great business in the world is men-helping, and as a lawyer, as a matter of course, does many sorts of law business which are not profit-

ble, merely because it is his profession, so I will help men everywhere, in all sorts of things, without any especial emotion always, but under the consciousness I am only doing my business, and that it's all in the profession, not of a minister, but Christian. Still I never lose sight now that religion is innumerable-sided.

December came all too soon, and Charles decided that it would be wiser to stay in Berlin and study throughout the winter. The first of the following letters gives his reason, and then we have a series of pictures of his daily life.

"... You know I have decided," he writes to his father, "to stay in Berlin this winter. This decision was made doubtfully, but my friends, the Olmsteds and Dr. Bushnell, advised, and I heard you were not averse, and I believe now I am here I should make the most of it. I shall acquire the German very well, and shall see the rest of Europe next spring. It is not probable I can ever travel again, and now I have the chance, should I not use it? My plan is to stay in Berlin this winter, where I can live for fifty cents a day, and in March to start for Hungary through Austria, see that country thoroughly, and from there go to Venice and Italy and Switzerland. I shall walk as much as possible. My great object is to know Hungary and Austria. It's rather daring, considering my means, to do all this, but I think the plan will secure me correspond-

ence enough to pay my way. In Berlin I can study theology and politics very well. I wish I could get more letters here to Berlin, and especially for next year in Vienna and Hungary. But there's time. It seems a long time not to see you all again, and I am sometimes very doubtful of the reasonableness of all my plans, but I find all the while so much benefit from this incessant mingling with men, and this contrivance and use of my practical energies, and I am getting so many ideas, that I do not believe I shall in the end regret it. It's strange that Providence and friends have thrown the abstract 'Theolog,' around so among people. How essentially it will change my destiny — with what result? God knows. All that I can do, and all that I gain, shall be and is, His. But who can see his own future?

" . . . I am quite desirous of hearing what position you have taken about that slave-law. Though I know I shall not agree with you. I regard it as one of the most abominable instruments ever framed, and I would rather be sent to Sing Sing for life than in any way help to execute it."

To F. J. Kingsbury.

HAMBURG, Dec. 8, 1850.

Dear Fred: . . . I have been looking on the political movements of Germany pretty closely the last two months, and I feel sick at heart as I think of what things are done yet under the sun. *There is a God*, and I believe yet that mean deceiver and

elegant tyrant in Berlin will meet his due. And that Austrian government! I come across, occasionally, these Hungarians, men of noble spirit, of keen sense, who knew what they fought for, and what they should lose. They have little hope, they tell me, in this generation. They *themselves* can win nothing. But in another they have not a doubt Hungary will be what she strove to be. They say the people are showing now their old national endurance and stubborn resistance where it is possible to resist. They themselves, perhaps, can help it on by suffering a little more (if that is possible), and they can die. They are here in Germany (men often of the highest rank) in poverty and disgrace, but I know no inducements would tempt them for a moment into submitting to the Austrian government. And if there is a general war, and Prussia will admit it, there will be a corps in her army whose blows will strike home! And oh, to think what might have been! The best effort for freedom this century! And all trampled and scourged down. "How long?" These things come home to me now as I am here, and meet the sufferers, and see the gallant, noble hearts who are groaning under it all. I find myself praying to God with tears that the day for all this to cease may come — this crushing injustice and tyranny and oppression. Oh, that I could do something! And then to think of that damnable thing going on at home, and that black injustice and wrong crying for vengeance, and this outrageous, inhuman Law, which would fasten that tyranny on our shoulders! Oh, how much yet before humanity even begins to be what we have dreamed it!

To J. H. Olmsted.

BERLIN, Dec. 13, 1850.

My dear John: My campaign began last night in Berlin by my carrying all my luggage by hand up to my old boarding-place, and settling down there till I find another. . . . I went to some of the Americans whom I know studying here. I was not at all prepared for the contrast. The truth is, I have been in Hamburg as in a home, and the last night my friends looked quite as blue as I did, at my leaving. Then to come right down among these men, all of them with a kind of indifference to things in general, and a sort of roughness, which I begin almost to think American; it was like jumping into a cold bath. It weighed on me, and I was glad to get to bed and forget it. This *humanity* of the Germans becomes almost a necessity of life for me. To be able to meet men as if you had an interest in them and they in you, as if it wasn't poetry that you were "brothers," and it was no impudence to talk freely of their affairs, or intrusion or impropriety to speak of your own, to have the abiding, understanding idea of your intercourse all the while, a kind of open-hearted, social respect,—this is what I like so in them, and what I didn't find in those fellows, and what will cool me off so, I know, when I get home.

I think I can succeed in keeping within forty or fifty cents per day. But I must have society, and must be respectable, so that there will be some difficulties.

I am inclined to think, John, that the true view of human life would bring in *eating* as an important element. Not eating as a mere means of animal pleasure, but just as the embrace and the kiss are at once the expressions and the aid of affection, so is eating an expression of joy, and an aid of sociality. We might wish to have sociality and the higher intercourse freed entirely from the bodily influence, and purely spiritual. But they never are, and for some wise reason there is no lofty emotion which is entirely separate from bodily states.

I am disposed — not like Jane Eyre, and perhaps Emerson — to believe that the true course is to sanctify eating. Not to look down upon it, but to make it a means of the higher influences. This seems to me the idea of the Bible. As was natural in an early age, eating in the Old Testament was always the expression of happiness and sociality. In the New, is it not remarkable how much Christ is spoken of at meals. His noblest thoughts, his greatest outpourings of real feeling, are at the table, where good cheer has been. His best speeches and teachings are often at dinner. The peculiar rites — yes, the only rites — which he transmits, are the changing the convivial meal into a remembrance of Him. His appearance after the crucifixion is at the breakfast-table, and His last appearance on earth is at a dinner in the open air. Is not this the idea of the *Grace*? As Charles Lamb has said, “He could not see why he should thank God more for a dinner than for a new pair of boots!” and I have felt this so, that I have often asked God to bless us in this, even the smallest act of our lives. But is not the real idea

that the meal is one of the best aids of sociality and best expressions of happiness, and that in that time of friendly, pleasant intercourse, we especially want the aid of God and His company to make it all noble and good? Is not this the healthy, natural idea of eating of a man who had not been a glutton and was now reacting,—a man reasonable, with good appetite and social affections?

I fear this almost sounds irreverent in some parts, but it shouldn't. Consider it a question. Don't think that my lips are smacking now, with the remembrance of the Hamburg dinners. If I could have now a tip-top Senator Meyer German dinner, with eighteen courses and wines, all by myself, I should hardly prefer it to my bouillon and Gänseklein for seven and a quarter cents; but give me a company or family dinner, when thought and kind feeling and language are waked up by the good cheer, if it be only tea and bread and butter, and I acknowledge I should prefer it. Is not every meal a Lord's supper, and should not every Lord's supper be a social meal?

I still figure in the old brown coat and opera hat, no kid gloves (lost three pair of woollen and kid since I've been in Germany). I've joined an admirable reading-room. Curtius will help me get books from the Library. I have a capital circle of acquaintances. It increases, too, among the first intellectual people of Germany. Curtius is a friend of Humboldt, and I find is really considered a very remarkable man. I can't understand, though, why he and his wife live in so simple a way,—third story, and works all the while.

To his Father.

BERLIN, Dec. 21, 1850.

My dear Father: . . . I have started with the Royal Library — Strauss's "Life of Christ," and Schleiermacher's "Sermons," and de Wette; so you see I am furnished theologically. . . . I think if John's efforts should fail to get me another correspondence in Hungary, etc., you might possibly make another effort with one of the Washington papers, though I don't believe they are at all rich.

At about this time J. H. Olmsted writes:—

"In general I like your letters now very much, and I think they must satisfy you much better than the English efforts.¹ Us they make want to see you very much, and are real aggravations that we can't know more about it,— just that more that you would tell us if we could meet once a week, as when we used to separate for a few days in England. I quite agree with you in what you say of your future — that you feel no anxiety about the mere making a living. Livings will follow a person of your power anywhere. I have not the slightest doubt as teacher, preacher, or wanderer you will compel salaries forever. . . . To us it would be just the summit-pleasure of the winter to have you come back. We idealize you more than ever now you are so long away, and when you come back you will find a model of yourself that will be no easy matter to live up to. We do want

¹ Allusion to letters in *The Christian Union* and other papers.

your influence very much, but content ourselves with waiting for it with higher development and greater power."

" . . . I really envy you the most delightful winter you are spending; so intellectually high and morally, humanely high a life in its relations will never come again. Make the most of it. Crowd your time still more than you do with meetings, contacts with souls. I have almost forgotten you, and almost worship you when I hear you say how easily and constantly you win intimacy with 'beautiful souls.' Beautiful, you being judge, who I know have no lower idea of beauty than of old. It is a life worth living. Here, to me now, in New York, it seems there are no beautiful souls; and if there are any few here, — of course I can't doubt it, — the thought of winning intimacy with them is like your theory of universal salvation, so distant and dubious.

" . . . You were quite right in saying your present life is fitting you for a more thorough and varied influence. It is a noble view to take of it, and a true one, I think. Keep this in view though, quite distinctly, that your field of influence is going to be America — not Europe. I have very rarely seen a person who spent more than a year or two in Europe, who didn't turn out unfitted, when he returned, for a real practical life in America, and who didn't have ever after longings more or less indefinite after Europe, and more soul-satisfying trips there. I don't think so of you. You know the danger, and have a more real earnestness than most. So I don't

fear, but recommend pushing on and staying as long as you can. ‘If you find American life so dull, you might as well cut stick from the world; for, let me tell you, nowhere is there such a real movement in the world as in our good land,’ do you say? But, Charley, you know better. Compare the number of moving men we met in London — you have met and told us of in Germany — with the number you know in America.

. . . Haven’t you seen more of life abroad that satisfies you intellectually than you would here in ten years? . . . We want ten thousand such apostles of ideas as you to come and work, and work against the material tendency that is swamping us. That will be your exact post when you return, to direct the fierce energies here, to lead towards divine things, to join Emerson in his work, in a different way, to speak a word, and never cease speaking a word, for ideas. As for the bundles of rags that lean over the velvet pulpits about here to-day, they might as well be dipped in turpentine and set fire to at once. If you don’t come home a practical man, a man who can lead Yankees in invention and activity, you might as well stay where you are. . . . I don’t quite like your remarks about the Fugitive Slave Law. You seem to assume that I am less abhorrent, less willing to lay down anything, more blinded by contiguity, than you. That I should totally deny. You say it makes us at last personally responsible before God for slavery. How? How, in any degree more than the law which you swore to support when you gave your first vote (if it was in Connecticut)? The responsibility rests entirely on those who made the law, and those who voted for those who made

the law, and who did not to their utmost attempt to dissuade men from voting so. Wherein I do confess guilt, but no!"

F. L. Olmsted writes: "I am thinking that it's all the better for you that you have this German experience alone. You will be more apt to take large and wholesome views that you have not to oppose our stand-pointed-ness. More apt even to act and think out of yourself, beyond your ancient self, progress, improve. I was brought to this by thinking that your letters seemed very satisfactory, and not provocative of questioning and explanations. Give us all the real life, the manifestation, the 'gospel' you can. It's worth, after all, more than your epistles, though they are invaluable. Tell us what you do, and what people do to you, and in what way your impulses are moved, as much as you can. It's worth more than your thoughts to us who know you. Hurrah for 'unconscious influence' all the world over! It really seems to me you get just the views I should, which is singular. I wish you would see and tell us more of the proper 'Pedestrian Correspondent's' subjects. Do walk out and talk with the farm servants and the waiters and the soldiers and the beggars. What is their life? What their character? What their wants, and what do they think? . . . You ought to go and spend a week or two with some country parson. 'Twould be worth more than theologic study. Ask among your friends for an introduction that will permit a request for this. It would be reasonable."

To F. L. Olmsted.

February, [1851].

You talk, Fred, in despair, as if the "saints" were a dead species in America, or had all just been martyred. In my belief, there is no country in the world where there are so many, at least among the young people. What nation is there where you could find a set of young persons growing up with the plans and theories and *aims* (I say not practice) of ours? You tell me to go to Bingen and London to find them. But you've only to ferry to Brooklyn, and you have one of the best of 'em — H. W. B. — or to Hartford, and there are plenty. . . .

Is it not melancholy, F., how one gets gradually forced into giving it up to old common-sense! I am submitting every day to the old woman, confound it! I am getting to believe, as I see the world, that a wife cannot be a heroine, or an authoress raise children; that there's a distinction between goodness and religion; that one mustn't speak the whole truth always; that the true man must have relaxation; in short, a good number of the dogmas I have always bitterly opposed. I defy thee, oh Common Sense, and yet I know I am terribly afraid of thee! And somehow, thou always lickest a poor fellow in his own generation, and thou drivest him to the dogs, thou laughest so over him. *But thou had'st a grin and a joke over Cromwell, and the steam-engine was hooted by thee, and the Pilgrims so laughed at, and even Christ complacently sneered at. So here's at thee!!!

To J. H. Olmsted.

[Undated.]

Dear John: One of you said you were glad I had come at length among the concrete instead of the abstract. The great thing I wanted from this travelling was a greater mixture in me of the said concrete. Occasionally, after a whirl of life and excitement a few weeks here, I turn back to my old self, and try to see whether I can detect any difference. It's strange! I believe very few men ever travelled where they more constantly mingled with men of every class and character, and where there was such a continued, absorbing, practical influence. But upon my word, there is not, as far as I can see, the slightest effect whatever. I am just exactly the same abstract, straight-to-the-mark, simple-minded, coffee-loving individual which I ever was, and I have not a doubt that if you and I, just one hundred million years from now, should meet in some distant planet, you would find me just the same copy of a man then, with some slight improvements in the stereotyping. It's almost melancholy, isn't it?

. . . After reading your letter of January 15th on Slave Law, I don't understand it. I can't understand it. Does Fred think so? Do all good men there think so? Is America going to the devil? I am not disposed, much more than you, to the instinctive philosophy. I usually ride a metaphysical idea to the death. But here I can't. I can't see anything in the metaphysical view. Your analogies seem remote, possible, metaphysical things, and not

to determine this. If I swore to the Constitution in New Haven, I did wrong. I don't remember what I did do, except hallo and smoke. However, the law in the Constitution was a null affair, and wasn't at all like this, any way. . . . You say "responsibility rests with those who make the law." Oh, John, where *are* your better—not feelings, or sympathies, or practice, for they would be like mine, but *thoughts*? I do not understand it. . . . I have no doubt either that we do not understand one another, or that one of us is morally perverted; we *could* not disagree so. It never happened before. "What would I do?" I would talk and write, subscribe hard-earned money, and take the "Independent," and help the "Tribune," and wait and pray! . . .

But pray and struggle, you and M., and God help me also, for what more and more rises before me, as the all-important—genial love and sympathy for men. Oh, may your home and mine be something different from—I must say—the majority in our country! May there be a warmth and light about it, such as cheers at once even the stranger who enters. May we deny ourselves, for years, sensuality and display, rather than that there ever should be a want of time and of means to make our home hours happy and cheerful. May even our love within it be so little selfish, that no one can leave our company without a happier heart. Why should the everlasting coldness and selfishness stare out from our thresholds? But I am looking far ahead, and, alas, young men always criticise with great success!

Feb. 6, 1851. . . . It's very evident to me there's something wrong in you fellows, though I cannot exactly show how. Human nature is never so outrageously good or bad as you paint it, and it can't have essentially changed in New York since 1849. You shut yourself in your shell, and then swear because it's cold. I know that New York is the *materialist* place in our country, and it is certainly unfortunate that none of us ever gained the position in society there that we had in New Haven or Hartford. All these things are against us. Still, I think you are in a spiritually dyspeptic condition, or you have had so much of the coffee of sympathy in Europe that you can't stand your present milk and water diet. . . . You are making too much of a card of me. I shall not be so much changed, apparently. My life is no more a "flying progress" than yours. You need, for your development, a regular settled study; I, more of this sort, though, after all, I look on yours as the more solid, and I long for it, steady and settled. Though I have an immense tendency to this kind of life, too, as every one. My life has its peculiar evils, as yours, and on the whole, there's everywhere, I suspect, a pretty fair balance — only work! Don't introspect. Give it up; quit the *Selbst-belauschen*, as they say here (self-listening). You don't need it. Throw yourself in real God's work, if it's dissecting, and let self-improvement go for a while! Queer advice, but good, I believe, for you. When we ended our trip in October, it struck me you, of us all, came out much (practically) the best. Are you different now?

By the way, speaking of "separating," I hold my-

self more fit for friendship than ever before, even with the unworthy. How much more with those far more than worthy. It seems to me I shall have friends innumerable in America hereafter, and yet, yet, to find a friend going the whole hog for the Slave Law. There are enough such, aren't there? Well, perhaps God has sent some of us here to fight. No, John, I have "had a higher moral, intellectual, religious intercourse" with people in America than ever in Germany or England. Though the principal reason is that my means of expression are so much greater in English. For, after all, a foreign language always shuts one out from a large range.

Mr. Brace's cousin, Mrs. Gray, wrote to him during this winter, expressing a fear that he was living too much among the abstract, unpractical, German thinkers, and begging him to remember the practical life which lay before him in America. To this he replies:—

To Mrs. Asa Gray.

BERLIN, Feb. 6, 1851.

*My dear J—: . . . I see you have a somewhat wrong idea of my enjoyments here in Germany. I assure you, J—, if anything would ever make one sick of German abstraction, it is the miserable, unhappy, utterly unpractical condition of things here. Nobody seems to know what liberty is, or how to hold it when he has it. No one has any clear, strong power of managing. What I liked in the Germans was other qualities, *home* traits. And as to abstrac-*

tion among them now, there is little of it; they are altogether too much absorbed in their first essays in the practical. What you say of American practicality I agree with. But you must remember you haven't seen the tremendously material side of American life,—the New York. That endless whirl of money-getting. However, I go in for the practical, and I may say no year of my life has been more truly practical than this last. What you say of the "introspective" tendencies of American young men and women may be true, though it is not considered so generally. And yet I have met no circle of young people in any land, where more was being done for the good of men, practically and steadily and often with much trouble, than by some of those very "introspective" circles in the States.

. . . My ecstasies over your father¹ appear to have been rather premature, though what he did do was more than many a man at the North would. Perhaps you and I, Jane, agree in this, but I rather fear not. I would not oppose the law, but I would never obey it while God preserves my reason. I consider it as one of the most unjust, wrong laws ever passed in the history of nations. Of course, I consider conscience above all human laws. You say it is "a dangerous doctrine that every man's conscience can decide on the law." It is dangerous; but it is a danger which every government must be exposed to while it governs moral beings. And the principle I state is the one on which our nation was founded, and our Revolution entered on. I cannot

¹ Mr. Charles G. Loring.

understand how there can be a doubt about it. It is as much worse than holding a slave as can be imagined, and even, in my mind, worse than capturing him on the Guinea coast. For by his running away he has shown himself more fit for freedom, and many difficulties a slave-owner would have in freeing him are removed. I should fear to die with such a sin on my soul as sending a free, innocent fugitive into slavery. And all the Congress laws of a century could not make me innocent.

Before, this slavery has rested with the South. Now, it is brought home on our free Northern shoulders. We become personally responsible for the slavery of a fellow-being. And I had rather see a dozen Unions broken than do such a wrong.

His last letters from Berlin read as follows:—

To F. J. Kingsbury.

BERLIN, March 2, 1851.

My dear Fred: . . . In reference to that point you spoke of, of church-going, I hardly know what to say. It seems to me I should hardly want to *fasten* myself anywhere. In a few years there may be great reform movements in our sect, which you would like to help on, and which you could not so easily if you had decidedly left that church. Could you not attend, as you have done, the Episcopal, for the most part, but without really engaging yourself, or making any stir about it? For myself, I think, on the whole, I like the Episcopal form of worship the best; but I consider our church constitution and

tone of thought as much more adapted for "progress" and to the character of our country, and I should dislike very much to cut myself off from connection with this sect in their forward movements. You seem to have given me unlimited *carte blanche* to write about my "abstract self," so I shall do it. It's a curious thing, but one considerable change has come over me. Having so much outward, and being continually occupied, I have half designedly "cut" self-examination. I hardly know myself. I do not dream, I do not "meditate" (in saintly sense), I am hardly conscious what my faults are until they make some outrageous inroad into my practice. Not that I am more practical, but less introspective. The strange imaginings which really once almost inspired my life, and on which I could truly almost be an ideal, dyspeptical, biographical saint, I have let for a while pass by. Still, to a degree they are real, they are imaginings founded on what we know, and the man without them is imperfect; but they are only part, and a weak part. How I should like to meet you again — to see a real sharp, keen, dry man again; to hear a joke; to be with a "complex character" once more; to get sharpened and filed once more; to laugh! I have become unwieldy and rusty, and infinitely "simplex." These ideas have been rather forced on me by seeing a good deal lately of a wonderfully witty fellow from Harvard College, who is studying for a professorship in Göttingen, who assimilates perfectly wherever he is, swears and jokes now in German, wears boots up to his thighs and dances German student hornpipe, drinks punch, and sings German songs to

perfection. . . . This fellow — his name is Child¹ — is visiting two friends of mine, one of them a Sanskrit student. "My dear Rig-Veda," he says, "if you can notice anything less than two thousand years old, won't you, etc.?" . . . My winter here in Berlin is drawing to its close — in fact, it's over in everything but the cold and snow. We had our first snow March 3d. I am convinced I did the wisest in coming here. I have studied Prussian manners very thoroughly, and have had unexampled advantages. Probably no diplomat in the city has had more. I have had art also to study, and almost everything which I wished for the intellect. I regret two losses, that of the theatre and the magnificent concerts; but I thought if I could not afford postage, there were very few things I could afford, and except a "coffee-party" or two I have given to strange friends, I have had no luxuries. I am bound to say, however, Berlin hasn't been as satisfactory in the matter of the heart as otherwise. That is, I have made no home friends, as I did in Hamburg, though I have more and better friends than I have in New York now. Perhaps there is something in a large city, perhaps it is merely accident, but there are so many blocks to sympathy. For instance, one family where I eat dinners, and talk and enjoy myself very much, does not believe in the immortality of the soul! Another, very cultivated indeed, thinks Republicanism a humbug! In another, extremely polite to me, and where I enjoy myself much, I cannot get over the impression of selfishness connected with them.

¹ Professor Francis J. Child of Harvard University.

Perhaps it has all been quite as well for me; for lively, intelligent intercourse will almost take the place of friendship, especially when one has such as I have over the waters. I have been infinitely instructed anyhow, and I have often thought this winter there were very few things in the world I really wanted or would pray for, unless, perhaps, to get rather more from you all in America.

To J. H. Olmsted.

BERLIN, April 1, 1851.

. . . I myself am decidedly changing, I think, growing stronger. However, time will show. With the bright, warm, spring days, come old dreams and feelings again. It is positively singular how never do such beautiful thoughts visit me as when walking in the spring sunlight. The sweet, inexpressible sensation as I look at the blue sky, of a sympathy, a purity, a friendship coming to us after a few years, such as the heart almost bursts to imagine; the thought changing with it, of the depth and awfulness of life; the vague imaginings of acts of heroism and self-conquest and nobleness, the press of memories, and that solemn lesson of the past which never leaves me, of the sorrow God has given me; the quick, never-to-be recalled idea of a boundlessly noble and loving *God*. . . . I am tired, in one view, of travelling, this tasting and sipping of friendships, and then never seeing either liquor or bottle again. I look for deeper pursuits and deeper friendships. I long for a higher progress in my own

language, and for beginning more lasting work. But I am convinced I am doing wisely. I shall strike better, for the exercise now. I *am* now more vigorous, I know. Less than ever before do I look forward to honor or comfort, and more constantly do I rest on the deep idea of life. . . . To-morrow, my last Sunday, I dine with Curtius and his hot-headed wife; we part with real respect on both sides, I think.

CHAPTER V

Plan of going to Hungary — Prague — Vienna Letters — Starts for Hungary down the Danube — Sentiment for Hungary — Journey to Gross Wardein — Imprisonment — Letters from Prison — Release — Olmsted Letters — Feeling of Austrian Injustice — Trieste — Liverpool — Return and Lectures — Book on Hungary — Book on Germany — Episode with “C.”

IN Mr. Brace’s letter to Mrs. Gray he tells of his plan of going into Hungary in the spring,—a plan which greatly attracted him, and was made possible by the help of his friend, John Olmsted, who obtained for him the position of correspondent on another paper. He had originally written for the “Independent” and the “Christian Union.” At this time he added the “Philadelphia Bulletin” and a little later the “New York Tribune.” His friend writes, “. . . So, Charley, I don’t see but your die is cast, and that you are fairly in for it, and that the problematic Utopian idea of Dr. Bushnell is to be literally fulfilled, ‘Tell him to travel as far and as long as he can, to go to Russia and Siberia if his legs and his purse will carry him there.’” And F. L. Olmsted had written in January, 1851: “If you could get to Hungary and really know the people, take an

unprejudiced view of their condition and character, learn what really is their revolutionary impulse, it would be most interesting and valuable. For my part, I really am anxious to get some advice about that people, from a man that really knows something about them, and I think others must be.” So Charles’s much-talked-of tour began, the first point on the journey being Prague, which had ever an immense fascination for him. “It was a beautiful sunny spring afternoon,” he writes, “as we rushed over the railroad bridge at Prague, and the first sight of that crowd of towers and Moorish domes and turrets, as they rose one above the other on the hillside, crowned by what seemed a mosque on the summit, or stretched away on the other bank of the river among the multitude of houses, was very striking. I had at length reached the antique Bohemian capital, once the Paris of an old civilization, and now filled with monuments which make it, perhaps, the most interesting city of Europe,—an interest which is increased by the strange movements of which it has been the centre during the last few years.”

Several days later, as he approaches Vienna, he writes: “In the afternoon, at an angle of the road, we came suddenly in view of a line of massive blue mountains in the distance. Why did my pulse throb quick at the sight? They were the hills where a nation had made its last gallant, unflinching strug-

gle for life. The first glimpse of a land which had always seemed too heroic and dream-like to me, that I should ever see it,—

" 'The Carpathians! Hungary!'"

To J. H. Olmsted.

First night in Vienna, April, 1851.

My dear John: . . . Isn't it exciting? Such a feeling of utter independence, and such a crowd of new objects to see! I appear to be in a broad, handsome street, like the Boulevards, with large, splendid cafés and billiard-rooms and beautiful tables in open air, where gentlemen and ladies are eating ices, and in one some handsome fellows with red caps, who must be Greeks, are sitting, and I have met a live *Turk*, too, loafing along in a cool manner; and then I went up and leaned over the bridge and watched for long the lights on the shores and the current of the old river. The Danube at last, the boundary of everything to the Romans, the famous old Father of Waters. In Vienna! And last night talking so fast with those two dear hearts, two hundred and fifty miles away in Prague. Such glorious days as I have had in Prague! . . . The guide-book sights, as well as a curious experience with a Catholic, you'll hear of through the papers. They were most interesting. But after all, I must confess it, more than the old bridge with its marvellous statues, more than Huss's pulpit, or Nepomuk's statue, or

Wallenstein's horse, was a certain pretty woman in that city of Prague.¹

April 20, 1851. I think travelling with me is done up in its best forms. I have little of the anxiety and fuss. And I now get right down at once under the surface, and not only see guide-book sights, but the why and the feelings of the people. Such an unceasing contact with interesting people. . . . You have only a few minutes with them. You can't talk trifles — don't know the language well enough. You are fresh; they are kindled by an intelligent foreigner. You see only their best side. They are won by (American?) frankness. Everything adds,— old associations around, imagination, sympathy, reality,— and you have an explanation of the way I feel sometimes. Been to-day with a curious, dark-browed merchant, who talks most savagely about Austrian oppression, and revolution, and Hungary. Suspect he must have played the deuce here in the last revolution — seems like it — a sort of Parisian revolutionist. Been with keen, intelligent professor, who unfolded Austrian new education system. Talked with a genuine Vienna merchant who evidently couldn't make anything of me. "Lives in lodging! Don't take an interest in theatre! Going into Hungary! Evidently a gentleman! What the deuce can he be? "

¹ Professor Curtius, who, with Madame Curtius, had been the kindest of friends to Mr. Brace in Berlin, gave him a letter to his brother and his wife in Prague. They received Mr. Brace with the utmost friendliness.

. . . . “Tribune!” I would rather write for it for five dollars than “Courier” for ten dollars, and won’t I have a noble audience too! How thankful I am to you! My friends all congratulated me much here. But I am very anxious to begin in Vienna. Could you not inquire of Dana whether it would be consistent with his arrangement for me to commence letters in *Vienna?* (*Who* is Dana, by the way, and how came he there?) . . . My prospects are capital. Making just *the* acquaintances in Wien, I should think; however, we’ll see. Magyar noblemen and Irish revolutionists who speak German, and will put me through, if necessary, with a hand to hand row with the custom officers. However, I can’t tell. I *must* get in.

. . . These Hungarians here are very modest, (all students and revolutionists, and rich) gentlemanly, intelligent fellows, the best specimens I have seen of the nation; promise me several letters of their own accord. Everybody here thinks me cracked to travel in Hungary, and I begin to be afraid I sha’n’t see much. Hungary here is like a wild part of Maine with us, or Ireland. By the way, I mean to have my last days in Europe at Belfast — hey? . . . All looks well for me. Am promised some particular introductions to prominent, out and out, educated Catholics, as a young man who wishes to see something of the influence of that religion on the educated classes! So look out! You’ll have a German paper soon with “*Die merkwürdige, plötzliche Bekehrung eines jungen Protestantischen Geistlichen!*”

I am a little dissatisfied about my apparent relig-

ious condition. However, I don't know. But oh, to be purified and made spiritual more! It is a curious fact, however, that my faith increases as I see humanity and the people without religion and the Rationalists. I become more and more certain, more pressed through, with the belief, the confidence, that Christianity is from God. Which is very delightful to me, for a man of very great strength is usually inevitably weakened in his belief of a matter, when all the sensible, kind, intellectual, distinguished people he knows deny it. Yes, Christianity has floated everything else in history — governments, philosophies, Rationalisms — like straws on its stream thus far. It shall sweep broader and deeper. And we may let it surely, without indulging too much in the dream, pass like a beautiful vision before us; an eternity of sympathy and benevolence and purity with Him and others. *True.*

Does spring bring up old memories to you? There is an appropriateness which "can't" will never destroy, in a new religious life (Revival) in spring. Is spring solemn to all as to me, I wonder? I don't mean solemn, but serious. However, little can be spoken thereof. I have been thinking, this Sunday, of how utterly my life and my Immortality were probably changed by your (dream-like) plan, proposed on a dyspeptic morning, of walking through England. Such are our plans for life! My hopes of steadily working for men are much more cheery. If I cannot preach, I have now a pulpit, I hope, through the "Independent," and I can throw myself into any or all movements for the poor or the miserable. But that which is the hardest and vital thing, can I

throw the infinite influence into human life, of a life pure, simple, inspired by love, self-forgetting? Can you? We must pray for it, in words, in trust, in efforts. My prayers are each day, with much trust, for you all. Oh, God give us *Trust.*"

The visit in Vienna was very satisfactory, and his strong sense of Austrian oppression and cruelty did not prevent his finding much to study and admire in the great reforms in educational matters lately begun. Early in May he obtained his passport, and started down the Danube. Nothing in his life had so touched his imagination as the prospect of observing this Hungarian people. Their half-Oriental character, the remains of feudal institutions among them, side by side with their modern tastes and development, attracted him strongly. But strongest of all, even more than the interest in seeing the effect of manumission from serfdom upon the peasants, was his half-romantic but wholly real sympathy with the Hungarians in their then late struggle for freedom, the Revolution of 1848. He sees a fitness, as he sails down the river, in the "cold storm of rain beating across the steamboat, through which one could dimly see the long line of monotonous willow bushes on the banks, or the melancholy pine forests on the hills. . . . The whole had a most dreary, desolate look, in unison, one could not but think, with the sorrowful and gloomy fortunes which had settled

upon the unfortunate nation.”¹ The journey, from the moment of delivering his first letter of introduction in Pesth, was delightful. To J. H. Olmsted he writes from Zolnok, on May 12th: “‘*Eljen Pedestris! Eljen dyspepticia plānae!*’ Here I am in the heart of Hungary, in Zolnok, going to-morrow to visit a *Gutbesitzer* on the Theiss, and then to Debreczin and Gross Wardein and Szegedin; innumerable letters; never saw such a people. ‘Must dine with me,’ all the while in Pesth. Talked infinitely; such real friendly folk. Spent four days in Pesth, crowded full of thoughts and feelings; did nothing but talk and see. My brain burns yet, but I cannot say anything here — you know why — amiable Austrian habits. Met an American in Wien, like me, in business, from Williams College, who had been imprisoned two weeks in Bohemia, so you understand. . . . It has been a market-day here (Sunday), tall *Bauer* in sheepskins, with fierce mustachios, and Indian-like dignity. Women in sailors’ jackets and red boots. . . . All my good expectations of Hungarians are more than realized.”

In a lecture delivered in later years at home, he tells something of the feeling these people aroused in him. “. . . It was my fortune to visit Hungary just after the revolution. It is an interesting though mournful experience, never to be forgotten, to stand

¹ “Hungary in 1851.”

by the death-bed of a nation. Here was a people, educated by a thousand years of constitutional liberty, having risen gradually above feudalism, until, in 1848, the last vestige of serfdom and caste was swept away, accustomed to such freedom as no country in Europe but England has enjoyed, a noble, gallant, generous race, suddenly trodden down under absolute despotism. Liberty of speech, liberty of the press gone; . . . national schools, national churches, broken up; the old language even forbidden in public documents, and the dear old colors of the kingdom outlawed; the favorite songs of Hungary sung — as were the songs of Zion — by stealth ‘in a strange land,’ under fear of the law; the fields wasted, and homesteads burned; the prisons filled with suffering patriots, and scaffolds red with their blood. Such was the sad picture that then met my eye.”

He did not write much, not expecting that his letters would be permitted to pass the frontier. We must smile, as did his good friends in America, at the very evident attempts not to commit himself in the one letter we have until he reaches Gross Wardein. One would like to give the graphic scenes from the journal, afterwards appearing, with notes enlarged, as “Hungary in 1851,” which tells of long conversations with disaffected *Bauer*, drives behind mad horses with country gentlemen, peasant homes

and stately castles, all enjoyed with such a freshness of interest and sympathy. But we must go on to the chief incident of his Hungarian journey, his imprisonment, interesting as an experience, but doubly full of interest when we realize that through that long, lonely period of homesickness and hunger for all that made life beautiful to him, he was coming to know, as never before, what suffering and sorrow and sin meant. Nothing more is needed than his letters after he left prison to show how deeply the experience sank into his nature. It is interesting that the letter telling of some of his brightest hours should be dated from Gross Wardein itself.

To J. H. Olmsted.

GROSS WARDEIN, May 23, 1851.

My dear John: After a ride of four hours, with a *Vorspann* of four horses abreast (furnished *gratis* as everywhere) from Debreczin over the Puszta, I came upon this little island in the flat prairie. The old gentleman had come here thirty-two years ago, when this was as flat and treeless as the rest, and with incredible patience had planted and enriched and hillocked and laid out, until it is a true English country hall, with a park around. A bastion runs around on the outside, and there you look off on the endless prairie as on the sea, except that on one side are a range of dirty houses for the workmen, not well screened. Within, however, it is an arbor. The

house is one story, with an immense range of handsome rooms. I am in the furthermost room, where, as in all, the sofa is made up into a bed. Everything very comfortable; servant for me brings me coffee in the morning, while I write; ladies do not appear till eleven; then we walk out in the walks; they with the most dashing gypsy bonnets and very neatly dressed, smoking as unconcernedly as F. K. would. Oh, if you could once see such passionate, eloquent, winning creatures! My nerves are trembling yet with those stormy words, as they speak of their country, and the brave and the noble who are gone, and that, be it remembered, in a foreign language which they detest. The father toasted me at dinner, and asked God's blessing on the land which had so nobly sheltered the exiles, and told me to tell the Americans that the Hungarian who would refuse to admit an American to hearth and home and everything he had was not worthy of the name. As he spoke of the exiles, the tears came to every eye. . . . My first coming was trying, right into that great family, but in one and a half days I made immense progress, visited *Bauer* houses with the tutor and ladies, showed the father what he must do to come to America. Poor man, old, and in the place he has made a garden from the desert, but he cannot live in an enslaved Hungary. I smoked with the daughters, and left with really a tremulousness at the cordial regions, rather remarkable. The like of such creatures do not exist out of Hungary! This is one picture from my life now, but not the most valuable; those I dare not give.

I travelled from Roff on the Theiss to Debreczin

through the genuine specimens of Hungarians, where the Honveds come from. I never knew what human beauty was before. Such tall, strong, handsome men as one sees here. The *manliest people* I ever saw! I have been entertained like a brother everywhere, not a penny since Roff for carriage or lodging or anything but my own presents to servants. Now in Gross Wardein, learning much all the while, infinitely well treated, my best ideas realized of the Hungarians. God help 'em! God bless you, and may we do something for poor humanity!

P.S. In every place I have stayed longer than I intended. One can't get away. They threaten to use the good old Hungarian custom, to take the wheels from the carriage. The Hungarians are amazingly good livers, and have the most delicious light wines. You should taste Tokay! There's nothing like it, yet they drink very little,—not a third as much as the usual English,—but smoke! The first thing one sees in the morning and the last at night is the puff from the cigar or pipe. It's a singular nation! I didn't suppose existed in this age—so of the Orient and the Patriarchs. I have become so used to kissing *men*, that I shall hardly know how to kiss a woman. I am here in Gross Wardein with a professor. The boundless enthusiasm and love towards Kossuth is wonderful in *Bauer* and noble alike. More anon. The police of Hungary is inexpressibly stupid. Providence blinds her.

“The police of Hungary is inexpressibly stupid. Providence blinds her.” This, scratched over in

order that it might not be read if the letter fell into unfriendly hands, must have been written on May 23d, while the gendarme was searching every hotel and lodging-house in the city of Gross Wardein for him ! As he was visiting, it was not easy to find him, but finally, in the midst of a pleasant dinner at a *café*, the gendarme appeared, and though he politely waited while Mr. Brace ate two plates of Hungarian pudding and finished his cigar, they left together, and went to the house where he was visiting for his books and writings. He says he could not but smile to himself at the idea of his papers being faithfully examined for dangerous political sentiments, as they were either affectionate letters from friends or sentimental and religious effusions of his own, written in a very bad hand, and very dull to any one but the author. From there he was taken to the old castle outside the city, for temporary arrest, on the charge of having revolutionary matter in his possession, and of being a friend of Uyhazy, a Hungarian exile. "As we rode through the heavy old arched gateway into the court within," he says in Hungary in 1851, "I looked around curiously at the grim walls, and could not but feel a momentary heart-sinking when I remembered how far I was from friend or aid, and how many a hopeful man had entered such a prison in the Austrian states never to come forth again." At

first he was put with the common prisoners, but even here he contrived to learn something. Every nationality was there,—a Pole and an Italian, a Jewish rabbi, and a Frenchman who made speeches on Democracy and the rights of man. Self-opinionated and rude as they were,—many mere soldiers,—they all met on the ground of devotion to freedom. “When they spoke of that,” he says in his book, “their thoughts were grand, and I make no doubt—though some of them had been living there for years—that there was not a man among them who would have bought his freedom on the best estate in Hungary for a betrayal of their cause.” He wrote to Vienna to an influential man he had met there, reminding him how ready to study the Hungarian question from both sides he had been, how he had borrowed books of Conservative sympathies, and ending, “In the name of Christ, our Redeemer, I ask your aid for a stranger in distress. . . . Do hasten, for it is sad work rotting here in prison these beautiful days.” His prison letters read as follows, and are given in journal form:—

To his Father.

In prison. June 8th, Sunday.

Here I am in a room with six others, in the old castle, after two weeks’ imprisonment. The Hungarian major, of French origin, is delivering a historical lecture to the other prisoners, to show that demo-

cratic principles will conquer, and France stand at the summit of Europe. A strange Sunday! The prisoners are not bad fellows, but they quarrel fearfully, and discuss even more. From morning till this evening has been a continuous din. First, we get up at eight, and are allowed to walk out in the covered alley and to see the other prisoners for an hour or two. I take my coffee and bread, and then walk till ten. Then read my Testament, which luckily has been given me, and talk and study a little Hungarian till twelve; then we all eat together. I had my dinner at first from a tavern, but this is much cheaper, only costing about four cents,—with which I have a half-bottle of wine (three cents),—and is really healthy and good. In afternoon we loaf, talk, sleep till six. Then our great enjoyment in the day—a walk of an hour in the open air, in the court, between two soldiers with fixed bayonets. Every change is a delight,—a new prisoner, a strange gendarme, a look out of a window where there are no board barricades. Sometimes we stand up on the window-seat to get an outlook on the green fields and vine-covered hills near us. I never began to know how sweet, how beautiful, is the breath of free air. How I shall enjoy freedom again when out. Oh, to be able to stir when I wish! To have no more of these petty officials over me! To range the fields, to live by myself or with those I love and respect, and not such a coarse, quarrelling set! To meet you again, and my friends in America! Shall it be that I lie here rotting for months, or am I near my freedom? The worst here is the night. I am tormented with fleas, and my body

looks as if I had a terrible cutaneous disorder. On the whole, I find it is not so bad as it might be, though miserable enough. However, I am tolerably hardened to bodily inconvenience; the worst is the monotony, a protracted sea-voyage, and the sense of villainous injustice in me, without cause, and when I cannot help myself. There is much very interesting about the people from all possible nations,— Hungarians, Wallachs, Poles, Jews, Italians, French. They all have their good traits, and I get along well with them. The major is a cultivated and interesting man. The others are the most one-sided, ungetalongable set I ever saw. Self-opinionated to the verge of monomania, quarrelsome, though not decidedly bad-hearted, rough, coarse, and forever contradicting. In the other rooms are Catholic priests, Protestant clergymen, *Bauer*, country squires, noblemen,—all for revolutionary misdeeds. Under us is a young, fair *Gräfin* (countess) imprisoned on a similar accusation with me; *i.e.* being in correspondence with emigrants in England for a plot.

You know, perhaps, how I have been imprisoned with an absurd accusation of being an emissary of Uyhazy and Czetz to spread revolutionary movements. Uyhazy I never spoke to, and saw but once in the streets of New York. From Czetz I have four lines of introduction to a friend in Pesth. Not a word of proof was found in my writings or effects. But in them a revolutionary (printed) pamphlet, and a "History of the War" on the Hungarian side, with a portrait of Kossuth. This told against me, though it is, of course, no proof of my being an emissary. The examination was throughout unfair and one-

sided, evidently in the design and hope of convicting me. I know well my offence is that I am an American travelling in Hungary. My only hope is in the exertions of our embassy at Vienna. Mr. McCurdy knows well I am no emissary, and he must work. Of course I have heard from no one for a long time. My trust in God fails me not. I know He is with me here, as elsewhere, and all this is testing and proving me. I feel His presence always, and I am not unhappy, and pray for a greater purification, and that all this may fit me for a better life among men. God be with you, and may we meet here, for my heart longs to see you. May He purify us all.

June 11. Things look better. I have been put in a better room with two or three very agreeable gentlemen, one a clergyman who was sentenced to the gallows at first, but will probably only have a life's imprisonment. He had roused the people against the Austrian government in the war. Of the others, one is a landholder who is just come, arrested because he said "all the office-holders were rascals"! I am told privately I shall be out in a day or two, that something has come from Vienna. Probably McCurdy has appealed at once to the Ministry. When once I am out, I will never let the matter rest while I can push it. I will have satisfaction, justice, from the Austrian government, if the thing is possible. If McC. does not press the matter with the home government, I will. Such an outrageous act of oppression shall not be left unnoticed, if I can do anything. Think! now eighteen

days in a miserable prison, on such an accusation, and such proofs! Confined like the worst Hungarian offenders, "*traitors*," as the Austrians would call them, against the government. . . .

Saturday, June 21, 1851. I little thought that my twenty-fifth birthday would be in an Austrian prison. But so it is. To-day is four weeks. Such imprisonment and such treatment on such proofs! I have been treated like a criminal, like a dog, and even now, after all the examinations of my acquaintances from every part of Hungary have come in, always strong for me, after McCurdy's most spirited and patriotic appeal for me, and the command of the Ministry for my immediate release, I am still held here in prison. I have heard hints that violence might be used against me in secret, but I do not fear, and do not believe them. The General had said, decidedly, I would be freed to-day. But it does not come. The matter looks more and more serious every day.

Mr. Brace had found, soon after entering prison, that a priest was to be immediately released. The latter consented to carry in the lining of his boots any letters Mr. Brace might wish to send. But communication was not permitted except in the public hall under the eye of the soldiers. How could they exchange the necessary words! The ingenious priest surmounted the difficulty by mingling questions with his "Ora pro nobis" in a most amusing

way. As they passed and repassed in their walk, "What did you say is his name?" (In louder tones from his prayer-book) "O! Maria beatissime!" Then as he passed again, "Ora pro nobis! *Mac-Curdy*, did you say? O holdseligste! Segnet uns! O sanctissime!" Thus his letters were taken to Mr. McCurdy, American Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna. As the weeks went by, Mr. McCurdy did everything in his power to assist Mr. Brace, going or writing every day to the Foreign Office, and considerately writing also, every day, to his father.

At length, after thirteen trials by court-martial, came the welcome release, and he went forth from the dreary castle, though even then not as a free man, for he had to bear the company of a gendarme to Pesth. But no presence of gendarme could lessen his first delight in breathing the free air again, and the following touching account of his sensations makes one realize afresh what his distress of mind had been:—

"Of all the feelings of my life, if I live a hundred years, I shall never forget that exhilaration of delight, as I rode out for the first time into the mild, soft air of that beautiful June night. The breath of free air again, the sight of stars and clouds, the rapid movement, the new hopes, and the memory of past suffering, the stern looking forward to justice on wrong, the thankfulness infinite for my deliver-

ance, all worked upon my mind so, that I was in a fever of excitement. It was like new life to me. It seemed to me I could swim in that delicious atmosphere. In their zeal to please me, they had let me travel as I pleased, and I told my companions to drive on all night. I had no desire to sleep or rest. Thoughts and feelings pressed through my breast, as I have never even imagined before. . . . To be whirling along in the free air, to be treated in some degree as an honorable man again, to know that I was hastening on towards those who trusted and loved me, and that I was getting nearer the great routes of travel, where sudden deeds of dark injustice could not so easily be done,—all this filled me with such exhilarating feelings as one can never have a second time in his life. But I did not feel entirely secure. I had not the least shadow of confidence in the honor or the justice of the Austrian authorities. The prison had revealed too many an iniquitous deed.”¹

The distress of his friends at home may be imagined as time went on without bringing his release, which at first they had expected in a day or two. Mr. Frederick L. Olmsted writes:—

“We have heard of your arrest, but no particulars, and are in a considerably excited state of commiseration, anxiety, and indignation. I shall write a little on the supposition that you are not hung, the possibility of which has kept me awake some o’ nights.

¹ “Hungary in 1851.”

If you do get off whole, you will be well paid for any privation and anxiety you have had by the honor of the thing. As far as mere formal honors go, I don't know many that would be so prepossessing to me as to have it said of me that I had been a prisoner of the Austrians—a military prisoner—to be tried by a court-martial. He is pretty certainly a true, brave, and good man. . . . I anticipate your most interesting letters now, describing Austrian prison discipline—size of your cell, weight of your chain, etc.; your conversations with your keeper; how you were fed; the visits of the chaplain, and the theological student amateurs *à la* Blackwell's Island, etc., etc."

John Olmsted writes:—

"I wish, for various reasons, I knew whether you were in or out of confinement. One doesn't like to adopt the same style towards a friend who has been for two months in a damp dungeon on bread and water, beating his head in vain against the walls, and cursing his fate, and ignorant whether he has friends or not, as to an individual kicking up his heels in sunny Italy, eating grapes and figs, and thinking what a pleasant adventure it was to be shown the inside arrangements of an Austrian guard-house for a couple of nights a month or two ago."

And again, on July 8th:—

"So our sympathy is with at least three weeks' imprisonment, and a military trial, with dreary enough forebodings. Oh, that we could *do* some-

thing for you! This impotence, and your silence, and the vagueness of the whole information is most painful. I can't but trust that long before this you are free. Yet, good God! look at the possibilities! If!! I should rather look upon you as one who had been lost at sea, merely vanished, forever silent. But it would light up a sympathy with the oppressed by despotism that would lead to deeds, to anything that Providence and reason allowed. Life would be real dreary with you never again by me, and no looking forward to you, Charley; with no exaggeration or affected feeling. In prison or out, my hearty prayer is that God will use you for His own purposes, in furthering the kingdom of heaven upon earth. . . . We do long to see you! Be firm, true, unabashed as innocent, and a martyr if necessary. God be with you — with *us!* That it may please Thee to succor, help, and comfort, and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives. We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord. Amen."

Mr. Brace returned to Vienna, but his next letter to his father shows his growing indignation at the only partial freedom he is permitted to enjoy.

To his Father.

VIENNA, July 5, 1851.

Dear Father: Free, thank God! I send you prison thoughts written in that cursed place. As soon as I reached here, I was ordered, by police, to leave

Austria in three days!!! I asked him [the officer] if he would take the responsibility of such an order after I was adjudged innocent. "No, he was so commanded," etc. I laid the matter before McCurdy, and he to the Ministry, in a well-put note, inquiring "if anything new had occurred?" and driving them into a dilemma. No answer; and police withdrawn the order! Mr. McC. has acted nobly and man-like, worthy of the representative of a great nation. I owe him many, many thanks. Without him I might have been lying there yet. These prison notes were brought out *in my boots*. Don't publish them, as I wish to. I hope the government will never leave such an abominable injustice. It cries for punishment. Write soon. God bless you! Tell John I cannot write for some time. Justice first. All well in health, etc., etc.

But there were also happy moments, and one picture of a peaceful afternoon at Pesth, in the midst of this time of burning indignation is well worth inserting from his book.

"As soon as I could, with several of my friends in company, I walked out to the house of an English missionary, Mr. W.,¹ living without the town; a gentleman who had been most active in his efforts for my liberation. They tried to disguise me, in order to prepare a surprise for him, but he recognized me at once from a distance, and hailed me as 'the emissary,' and hastening to meet me, forgetting his

¹One of the missionaries banished by the Austrian government.

English coldness, he threw his arms around my neck as if I had been his son. At the house, on the balcony, we found a real English tea-table, spread with bread and butter and tea, in home style, and a lady was there to welcome us in English. How shall I ever forget that evening, so rich in deep, happy feelings! The scene was one never to be forgotten. The sun was just setting, and the rich rays poured down into the whole valley of the Danube, which lay at our feet, gilding with glowing light the fine buildings of Pesth, and the summit of the old fortress of Ofen, while it left the side towards us in dark shadow. The colors changed each instant on the clouds above, becoming more and more gorgeous. And as the sun went down behind the Ofener mountains, there seemed to be almost endless vistas of splendid coloring opening beyond. We all felt the scene with an awe and happiness not to be spoken in words. And as the old missionary called us to the table, and uncovering his gray locks thanked Him who had made all this for His goodness, and that He had brought their friend back again from danger and suffering, I joined with a thankfulness not to be described. And as he prayed for ‘the unhappy land,’ and that ‘the ends of justice might everywhere be furthered,’ I resolved inwardly that, God willing, my efforts should never fail, while I had strength to give them, for the oppressed in any land.”¹

He was not freed from the espionage of the gendarme until he reached Trieste, whence he travelled

¹ “Hungary in 1851.”

to Rome, and then back to England, where he was hospitably entertained in Liverpool by his friends, Mr. William Neill and Miss Letitia.

"William Neill here heard of my stress," he writes, on October 17th, to his friend, John Olmsted, "and like a trump sent me a ten-pound note which gave me a new coat (one pound, one shilling, and three pence) and vest (twenty-four shillings), and sent me here at once. . . . I live at the Neills', and board in a delightful coffee-house, and appear like a gentleman once more. All the while with Miss Letitia (no danger), delightful sisterly friendship, and walks and talks. My trials in London with the greasy, worn, seedy coat, in society, would make you laugh your eyes out. People *would* see it, and *would* make me play chess where all could look down and inspect. I had to dine and toast and be sketched and talk in a dress like that Irish doctor on our ship.

"I shall sail on November 1st, and go to Belfast to-morrow, live in the family, write, etc., and enjoy, and wait for money."

His European correspondence comes to a fitting close in the following letter to Miss Baldwin:—

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1851.

My dear Miss Baldwin: I suppose many of my friends were almost surprised at such a quiet man as myself making such a noise about the affair.

If it had been a mere matter of personal pique and inconvenience, I should have dropped it, as I have

the cheating of Italian waiters or anything else of the kind. In fact, to my personal feelings, that would have been pleasanter. But it seemed a question of universal justice, and it seemed an especially good opportunity of revealing the Austrian system in an open wrong. The oppression they were exercising on a nation happened to be shown on *me*. And I had hoped our government would rebuke it, perhaps chastise it. I hope you and other old friends have understood me well enough to know there was no petty, private resentment in my motives. It is curious to me to find that in England and through our Diplomatic Corps in Europe, the affair has found more sympathy and caused more indignation than in America. I suppose international rights are very little understood in the States, and the importance of our position as a Power ready to protect its citizens, not so much appreciated at home as here. I do very much hope I can do something yet, for the cause of the oppressed in Europe, and strike another blow at Austria.

All talk of "oppression" and "tyranny" sounds, I suppose, to you, Miss B., a little Fourth-of-July-like. But if you could once be under it—which may Providence prevent—or mingle with those who are suffering from it, you would not be surprised at my expressions. I cannot speak or write one-tenth of what I feel. People would think me crazy. But I do, I must, till I die, feel for the oppressed, like one who has shared their dungeons with them. "When I forget them," I say to myself, — though I do not need to say it,— "may God forget me!" Upon my word, I turn over a paper and read of a new de-

feat of the "Liberals" of Europe, as you would a list of misfortunes among your friends, or your father a series of disasters among the Whigs.

Well, what a sober, political document I am writing to you! But, after all, could I show my confidence and friendship better than by writing of what most is interesting me?

Immediately upon Mr. Brace's return to New York, the "Kossuth fever," as he calls it, took complete possession of him. He lectured on Hungary, and wrote daily on the book which was to tell of his experiences there, and would, he hoped, arouse public sympathy with the oppressed. How absorbed he was we learn from the following paragraph in a letter to Mr. Kingsbury:—

"Sorry, but cannot help it. I am a patent writing machine now, have forgotten my friends, my country, my dinner, for a few weeks, till *The book* is finished. Work from 8 A.M. to 12 P.M., with interludes of lager beer and theological discussions. Shall do it up by the end of next week, perhaps before."

In July he writes to his father:—

". . . I had a long confidential interview with Kossuth two weeks ago. He said my book, etc., had done more for him than any other thing; unfolded his plans, etc., etc., and left with me every favorable impression deeply strengthened — of genius, patriot-

ism, sincerity, and of a loving and ideal nature. Thanked me again at close of interview, and shook hands warmly. . . . What do you say to my ‘Tribune’ letters on Vagrant Schools?”

His book on Hungary was published in April, 1852, the first edition of two thousand volumes selling easily, and favorable reviews appeared in the London “Athenæum,” “Spectator,” and “Economist.” Although tired of travel-writing, he followed it the next year, with an account of his German experiences, published under the title “Home Life in Germany,” of which he says in the preface:—

“I have tried to give a true picture of German home life, and all will, of course, draw their own conclusions. But I do not hesitate to confess that a definite purpose has been before me. It has seemed to me that in this universal greed for money, in this clangor and whirl of American life, in the wasteful habits everywhere growing up, and in the little heed given to quiet home enjoyment, or to the pleasures from art and beauty, a voice from those calm, genial old German homes might be of good to us; telling of a more simple, economical habit, of sunny and friendly hospitalities, of quiet, cultured tastes, and of a home life whose affection and cheerfulness make the outside world as nothing in the comparison.”

Another episode in Mr. Brace's life, interesting because drawing a good deal of attention and criticism on him, but, happily, ending quite satisfactorily, even to the extent of making good friends of Mr. Brace and him whom we shall call C., the name he went by in the correspondence,— belongs to the period of his first return to New York. The young reformer came home, fired with the desire to impart something of German geniality into the severe New England homes he knew, feeling that the "home life" he loved in Germany was needed here, that the New England habit of silent, hurried meals, and extreme gravity upon the Sunday were far from the true Christian ideal. This he wrote, with much more upon the subject, when, to his utter amazement, it called forth a vituperative letter in the "*Independent*" (the paper for which he wrote), saying, among other things, that this young man with German ideas was never so happy as when under the table with his boon companions, drunk! Showers of letters, intensely for or against his views, came to "C. L.," and one to the "*Independent*," saying that it was the beginning of a "holy warfare."

One cannot wonder that the orthodox, in a community which believed so firmly in the efficacy of "revivals," were startled by a statement like the following: "More to me than a revival of religion

would be a revival of the home life." But long letters to the "Independent," from which we shall quote a few sentences, reveal that his views were not so dangerous as they at first appeared:—

"On returning home from abroad, I was struck with the want exhibited throughout family life here of healthy cheerfulness, of sociality, geniality, and the more tender and kindly expressions of affection. It seemed to me that in the German and Irish homes I had visited, the religious principle expressed itself more in these kindly, pleasant, social ways; more in the petty self-sacrifices and attentions of everyday life, than, as with us, in the grander efforts. . . . The great sacrifice of self—one which, in my view, demands far more real moral power—is in the common affairs of everyday life. To yield our own comforts and habits, that we may welcome or cheer a friend, to restrain moroseness and unsociality that we may join in others' pleasure, to forget our own selfish plans, in order to share a stranger's feelings . . . in these ways, more truly than in occasional acts of heroism, or in the formal duties of religious life, is manifested the great principle of Christ's self-sacrificing love. This is the 'new piety' which many among us would see more developed in Christian men. It is not new; it is the piety of Arnold and Melancthon and John; it is old as Christ. With this manifested through the whole Christian community, as it has been in a few in all ages, many of the old 'stumbling-blocks' of religion would be taken away."

The tempest subsided, and his father wrote: "I see, by to-day's 'Independent,' that C. had his backers as well as C. L. It is well that the controversy has stopped, otherwise it might have divided the church, and been a test for orthodoxy and heterodoxy."

CHAPTER VI

Decision to enter Philanthropic Work — Efforts among Adults — Boys' Meetings — Insufficiency of These Efforts — Organization of Children's Aid Society — First Circular — Immediate Response of Children — Workshops — Letters in Children's Aid Society — Failure of First Effort — Workshops — Industrial Schools — Need of Outside Help in starting Schools — Objection to Raffles, etc. — Organization of Fourth Ward Schools — Homeless Boys — Lodging House — What to do with the Homeless — Emigration versus Asylums — Difficulties — Immediate Success of Effort — Miscellaneous Letters

MR. BRACE returned to New York with the intention of beginning immediately upon some course of work for the unfortunate in our great city, but the form it was to take was not clearly defined. He still had thoughts of preaching, but was growing more and more to feel that it was not in the direction of a pastor's work, but rather in that of a city missionary, that his usefulness would lie. He joined the Rev. Mr. Pease in the Five Points in his devoted labors among those grown old in sin, and he made an occasional visit to Blackwell's Island, feeling his way into a more thorough understanding of the conditions he wished to ameliorate. In the spring of 1852, he says to his father: "If I am only a city

missionary with two hundred dollars a year, or anything else mean, but really doing good, you should be contented. I don't care a straw for a city pastor's place. I want to raise up the outcast and homeless, to go down among those who have no friend or helper, and do something for them of what Christ has done for me. I want to be *true*—true always. Not orthodox, or according to any one school or sect, but to follow my own convictions of truth. So did Christ." And in support of this position he says elsewhere in the same letter: "I bear in mind that there was never, apparently, a greater failure than Christ's own life."

But a few months' experience convinced him that the effort to reform adults was well-nigh hopeless, and he next turned his attention, with a few other public-spirited men, to the boys. They organized "Boys' meetings," as they were called, to be held on Sunday evenings, and designed to draw the roughest class of loafers from about the docks, and to reach and influence them by stories and allegories.

It is an old story now, the attempts to reach those wild hearts through eloquence and preaching, but then it was all new ground. It could not long be satisfactory to those who were aiming at a moral reformation which should affect the whole lives of the boys, but it had its small fruits, and even after some stormy opening of a meeting, there would come

moments when the speaker knew he was not speaking in vain. Mr. Brace, in his book “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” says: “Whenever the speaker could, for a moment only, open the hearts of the little street-rovers to this voice, there was in the wild audience a silence almost painful, and every one instinctively felt, with awe, a mysterious Presence in the humble room, which blessed both those who spake and those who heard.”

The knowledge gained at “Boys’ meetings,” as well as through efforts among adults, was leading Mr. Brace to a conviction that nothing could avail with the little vagrants of New York except a thorough reformation of character, brought about by and under changed conditions. He says:—

“The ‘Boys’ meetings,’ however, were not, and could not in the nature of things, be a permanent success. They were the pioneer work for more profound labors for this class. They cleared the way, and showed the character of the materials.” In speaking of the efforts to reform adults, he says in his book. “It was a Sisyphus-like work, and soon discouraged all engaged in it. . . . What soon struck all engaged in these labors was the immense number of boys and girls floating and drifting about our streets, with hardly any assignable home or occupation, who continually swelled the multitude of criminals, prostitutes, and vagrants. . . . It was

clear that whatever was done, must be done in the sourcee and origin of the evil — in prevention, not cure. The impression deepened both with those engaged in these benevolent labors and with the community, that a general organization should be formed which should deal alone with the evils and dangers threatened from the class of deserted youth then first coming plainly into public view."

With the intention of organizing some more comprehensive effort than had been before attempted, a number of influential men, Messrs. William C. Russell, B. J. Howland, William C. Gilman, William L. King, C. L. Brace, and Judge Mason and others, who had all been working separately in different districts of the city, met to discuss the formation of an association, and a letter shows us that on Jan. 9, 1853, Mr. Brace was asked, to his great surprise, to take the head of what they called "a mission to the children," with a salary of one thousand dollars a year. In accepting the call, he says that he "never dreamed of making a life pursuit of it in the beginning, or during a number of years," and the following, from a letter to his father, written ten days after the offer was made, gives a glimpse of the uncertainty in which the decision was made: —

"I have just about decided," he says, "on an important step for me; that is, to be city missionary for vagrant boys during the year, with office and

salary (\$1000). I have hesitated a good deal, as it interrupts my regular study and training, but this is a new and very important enterprise. The duties are to organize a system of boys' meetings, vagrant schools, etc., which shall reach the whole city; to communicate with press and clergy; to draw in boys, find them places in country, get them to schools, help them to help themselves; to write and preach, etc., etc. A new and rather expanded thing at present, but to become clearer as we go on. Mornings in office, afternoons in visiting. It suits my sympathies, has variety, and is or can be of infinite use. Still it will keep me here, even in hottest weather, and it binds me down for a year. What do you say? Is it the best field for my talents? Can I do more elsewhere for humanity?"

In a circular issued as soon as the plans of this new association calling itself "The Children's Aid Society" were made (which may be found in the appendix), Mr. Brace speaks with deepest feeling of the gradual degradation which is sure to result to both boys and girls from the uncontrolled life of the streets. He says that it is not possible for him and those about him, as Christian men, to look upon this great multitude of unhappy, deserted, and degraded boys and girls, without feeling responsibility to God for them. He proposes, without in any way conflicting with existing asylums and institutions, to take care of the vagrant children by means of industrial

schools and lodging-houses, and "especially to be the means of draining the city of this class by communicating with farmers, manufacturers, or families in the country who may have need of such employment." The circular closes with the words: "We call upon all who recognize that these are the little ones of Christ, all who believe that crime is best averted by sowing good influences in childhood, all who are the friends of the helpless, to aid us in our enterprise. We confidently hope this wide and practical movement will have its share of Christian liberality." It is worthy of remark that all the distinctive features of the society as it developed later,—Sunday meetings and industrial schools, lodging-houses and reading-rooms, arrangements with manufacturers for providing employment, and the placing of children on farms and in country homes,—are found in outline in this the society's first circular.

No sooner was the office of the Children's Aid Society opened at 683 Broadway, than there was an immediate response of the children to this effort for them. Crowds of wandering little ones found their way there. Ragged young girls who had nowhere to lay their heads, children driven from drunkards' homes, pickpockets and child beggars and flower-sellers, all came. Mr. Brace says in "*The Dangerous Classes of New York*":—

"All this motley throng of infantile misery and childish guilt passed through our doors, telling their simple stories of suffering and loneliness and temptation, until our hearts became sick; and the present writer, certainly, if he had not been able to stir up the fortunate classes to aid in assuaging these fearful miseries, would have abandoned the post in discouragement and disgust!"

On March 7th, he writes to one of the trustees, Mr. W. L. King:—

"Everything goes on well. . . . We have opened one room for a workshop in Wooster Street, where we expect to have forty or fifty boys. The work is shoemaking. The boys jump at the chance gladly. . . . Public attention is arousing everywhere to this matter, and the first two or three days after our appeal was published, we had some four hundred dollars sent in, part in cash, without the trouble of collecting. We shall begin collecting this week. I pray with you, dear sir, for God's blessing on our young enterprise. It is a grand one; but without Him I see how useless it will be. If we succeed even faintly, I shall feel that we have not lived in vain. Surely Christ will be with us in these feeble efforts for His poor creatures."

And in a letter to his father a week or two earlier:

" . . . We are beginning well with our society, and I shall send you soon the circular. We incorporate it, and on the first of May enter our office in the new Bible House. At present the office is at corner

of Amity Street. I always knew my sins would find me out, and now I see what I have got to learn, to be a business man. But my discipline stands me in good stead, and I work to be methodical, when you would do it naturally. In the morning between nine and twelve I am in the office writing and keeping books. In afternoon ranging city, seeing boys, talking with pastors, doing any business we may have till five; then return to my lodgings, my own again, except when I make a night excursion. I shall not write much for press, except as our business requires, and to keep up my connection with it, but in evenings study and read and see friends. The business tires me much more than writing and studying during the day, harasses and wears. It will keep me close, too, all the year, I fear. But the enterprise is a great one, and for a year I can stand it. Then on some wider and more intellectual field!"

To his cousin, Mrs. Gray, he writes of the satisfactory character of his work, as follows:—

To Mrs. Asa Gray.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, April 23, 1853.

My dear J—: I am overwhelmed with business, and therefore have not written as I should. This is only an apology. I will write again at length in a few days. You must not think of me as tending delicate, fatherless children, or anything of that sort. I have to do mostly with rough, hearty, poor boys, and with friendless children who have learned

how to take care of themselves — such as I do love or like. I think there is nothing in the world so interesting as a healthful, manly boy, and the attempt to help these fellows to help themselves is the most pleasant to me possible. The worst of it is the stupidity and ignorance of the parents, who can't be talked or driven into saving their own children.

The first special effort, the workshop in Wooster Street, was not successful. Other attempts, made from time to time, to teach boys other trades, such as box-making, bag-making, and carpentering, also failed. It had been hoped that the boys might be taught trades, and at the same time the workshops be self-supporting, but this was not found feasible. The workers were too irregular, work was spoiled, and it was found to be an axiom that "Benevolence cannot compete with selfishness in business." "We soon discovered that if we could train the children of the streets to habits of industry and self-control and neatness, and give them the rudiments of moral and mental education, we need not trouble ourselves about anything more. A child in any degree educated and disciplined can easily make an honest living in this country."¹

In planning the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society, Mr. Brace felt that he had hit upon one of the surest and most practical measures to save

¹ "The Dangerous Classes of New York," p. 95.

from vice the children, and especially the daughters, of the poor. A more intimate relation between teacher and pupil, a stronger moral influence on the part of the former, can thus be attained, than is possible in the public school. Children will come, too, who are ashamed, owing to their rags, to be seen in the public schools, or who cannot attend regularly because of their occupations at home, or because of the need of eking out the family income in some street employment. Mr. Brace was alive, from the first, to the necessity of going after the children, seeking the parents in their homes, and persuading them to send their children to the school. To do this it was necessary to convince them of the absolutely unsectarian character of the instruction offered; also, to offer help in the way of food and clothing to those who excelled in learning, punctuality, and good deportment. Paid agents, therefore, were to go about gathering in the children, and these agents, in establishing friendly relations wherever they went, would be in a position to recruit pupils for the public schools, as well as to discover and make provision for the homeless. In the school itself, Mr. Brace was clear as to what should be offered. First of all, direct moral instruction, arising often from the close relation between teacher and pupil; and secondly, instruction in industry and mental training by means of the "object" system. The

danger of falling into routine was as much as possible to be avoided. The training was to be in the exercise of the senses — touch, weight, color, and harmony, now recognized as of basic importance in the development of the intellect. “The principle most insisted on,” he says,¹ “. . . is that the child should teach himself, so far as possible; that his faculties should do the work, and not the teacher’s; and the dull and slow pupil is especially to be led on and encouraged.” The little girls were to spend a portion of their time in sewing; the boys were to be taught a new conception of order and regularity of employment. When the work had had time to grow ripe, “Mothers’ meetings” might be organized, and the connection between the school and the home might be made a more binding and vital one. As time went on and the schools had justified their existence in the community, some of these meetings were held, but it was found that better agents than the society’s teachers and visitors were the children themselves. The habits they learned at school were carried by them into their homes, and thus in the natural, unconscious manner that seems most analogous to the methods of nature in the physical universe, the influence of the school was extended through the neighborhood in which it was situated.

¹ In a chapter on inventive teaching, in “The Dangerous Classes of New York.”

The Society, with its very small means, was not able, in its infancy, to undertake the expense of schools, and Mr. Brace conceived the idea of organizing an association, of the simplest nature, of a few women who should feel the responsibility of raising money, while the society was to bring together the children and suitable teachers. It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that from the very beginning, many of the usual methods of raising money for a charity, such as "raffles," "pathetic exhibitions of abandoned children," or even the "legitimate benefit of a fair," had been resolutely renounced by the new society. Once, Mr. Brace writes, he was led into arranging for a concert for the benefit of a school, "but that experience was enough. Our effort at musical benevolence became a series of most inharmonious squabbles," and he was glad to retire with a few hundred dollars gained at the cost of "superhuman exertions." For some months he had been attempting to prepare the public mind for the new departure, by incessant writing for the daily papers, by lectures, and by sermons in various pulpits. He had also investigated closely the different parts of the city, with reference to future movements for their benefit, and so had grown to know the centres of crime and misery, of filth and wretchedness and vice, in the midst of which the children lived and grew up rough and untamed. He says:

"Near each one of these fever-nests and centres of ignorance, crime, and poverty, it was our hope and aim eventually to place some agency which should be a moral and physical disinfectant, a seed of reform and improvement amid the wilderness of vice and degradation."¹

With one of the worst of these localities, that in which lie Cherry, Water, and Roosevelt Streets, Mr. Brace had become especially familiar, and had grown to feel that nothing but a great effort could save the children there from hopeless degradation. Little girls wandered the streets, begging and stealing, gathering rags, and doing errands for the dance-saloons, exposed to every species of temptation. Occasionally their offences grew too flagrant, and then the police arrested them, but only to let them go again in response to the pleading of their mothers, and their assurances that the children should be cared for. It seemed to Mr. Brace that if he could prevail upon the women of New York who were awakening to a sense of their great responsibilities towards this class, to meet face to face the evils of which he was daily giving accounts in his addresses and writings,—if he could get the refinement, education, and Christian enthusiasm of the better classes fairly to work among these little girls, the terrible evils threatening them might be averted. An espe-

¹ "The Dangerous Classes of New York," p. 95.

cial blessing attended this effort of his to bring together these two extremes of society, and as the department of industrial schools widened its sphere of usefulness, devoted women from the more fortunate classes freely gave their time, in some cases daily, to this work, and nothing throughout the years spent in building up the Society helped and cheered Mr. Brace more than the efforts of these self-sacrificing women.

Accordingly a meeting was held at the home of one of the most earnest of the volunteers, and he made an address, telling them what they were to expect, that it was not a plan for "holiday work, or gush of sentiment"; that it must be carried on day by day, and month by month; that "unpleasant sights were to be met with, coarse people encountered, and rude children managed." A constitution was then presented, of the simplest nature, and an association organized, and officers appointed by the ladies present. This was the foundation of the first school of the Children's Aid Society, the Fourth Ward Industrial School.

At the same time, Mr. Brace went through the slums of this ward, publishing the fact that such a school was to be opened, explaining that work was to be taught, food to be given to all, and clothes for good behavior. "Never," he says in an account of this enterprise, ". . . did I experience the slight-

est annoyance in my visits, nor did any of the ladies who subsequently ransacked every den and hole where a child could shelter itself." A room was taken in the basement of a church in Roosevelt Street. "Hither gathered, on a morning of December, 1853, our ladies and a flock of the most ill-clad and wild-est little street girls that could be collected anywhere in New York. They flew over the benches, they swore and fought with one another, they bandied vile language, and could hardly be tamed down sufficiently to allow the school to be opened." The pages that follow this statement in "The Dangerous Classes of New York," describing in touching detail the gradual taming of these wild little ones in the first school of the Children's Aid Society, may be taken as a fair sample of what took place in a dozen of the worst dark places of the city.

In his book Mr. Brace tells us that the spectacle which earliest and most painfully arrested his attention in this work was the houseless boys in various portions of the city. He tells us how he had often seen a dozen of these small members of the community piled together to keep warm under the stairs of printing-offices, and speaks in an early appeal of two little boys having been known to sleep one winter in the iron tube of the Harlem Bridge. He says: "Their life was, of course, a painfully hard one. To sleep in boxes, or under stairways, or in hay-

barges on the coldest winter nights, for a mere child, was hard enough; but often to have no food, to be kicked and cuffed by the older russians, and shoved about by the police, standing barefooted and in rags under doorways as the winter storm raged, and to know that in all the great city there was not a single door open with welcome to the little rover — this was harder.” Mr. Brace’s close acquaintance with this class had shown him that their life of hardship, while it necessarily made them sharp and reckless, had developed a certain code of honor in their relations with one another. The newsboy, as a rule, will not get drunk; he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonorable to sell papers on their beats; while his generosity and kindness to another in scrapes is a credit to human nature.

The idea of a lodging-house for this class of wanderers was a new one. Already, in Boston, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and others had begun a model lodging-house, but nothing of this kind, simply for boys, had been attempted. It seemed to Mr. Brace that if these boys could have a place to which they felt at liberty to go when they chose, with no restrictions beyond a small charge and the necessity for decent behavior, if, in short, — he could institute a sort of “hotel for boys,” — this convenience might become an agency for immense good. It was to be expected that in a place where so great freedom was

to be allowed, there would be many cases where no touch of the influence Mr. Brace wished to see exerted would reach the boys, and many would go forth into their hard life again unaided by the lessons in religion and morality. But Mr. Brace was firm from the beginning in his conviction that no effort for them was desirable which should weaken "the best quality of this class — their sturdy independence. The first thing to be aimed at in the plan was to treat the lads as independent little dealers, and give them nothing without payment, but at the same time to offer them much more for their money than they could get anywhere else. Moral, educational, and religious influences were to come in afterward."¹

Constant efforts, in letters to the press, interviews with influential individuals, addresses in churches and public meetings, were made by Mr. Brace during this first winter of the work, to obtain the means necessary to carry out his aims, but it was not until March of the following year that the first Newsboys' Lodging-House was established in New York.

Another problem for which Mr. Brace had sought a solution was that expressed in the question, "What to do with the homeless?" In a paper written in 1859 he appeals to the public not to consider this subject as in any way abstruse or removed from the

¹ "The Dangerous Classes of New York," p. 138.

experience of common life. There is no difference in the needs of the poor child from those of the rich. They require sympathy and hope, steady occupation, and the prospect of success, just as all children do. Indifference is as chilling to the one class as to the other. Each poor, deserted, unfortunate little creature in the streets is an *individual*, like no other being whom God has created; and this grand fact of his individuality must be considered in any methods of reform for his vices, or of education for his faculties. He says:¹ "The child must have sympathy, individual management, encouragement for good conduct, pain for bad, instruction for his doubts, tenderness for his weakness, care for his habits, religious counsel and impulse for his peculiar wants. He needs, too, something of the robust and healthy discipline of every-day life. He ought to be tried; he ought to labor with a motive; he also should have something of the boundless hope which stimulates so wonderfully the American youth. How can all this be got in an asylum or refuge?"

In "The Dangerous Classes of New York," he says: "Now, asylums are a bequest of monastic days. They breed a species of character which is monastic, indolent, unused to struggle; subordinate, indeed, but with little independence and manly vigor. If the subjects of the modern monas-

¹ In the paper referred to above.

teries be unfortunates,—especially if they be already somewhat tainted with vice and crime,—the effect is a weakening of true masculine vigor, an increase of apparent virtues, and a hidden growth of secret and contagious vices. Moreover, the life under the machinery of an ‘institution’ does not prepare for the thousand petty hand-labors of a poor man’s cottage.” He says in the paper to which reference has already been made: “As a poor boy, who must live in a small house, he ought to learn to draw his own water, and to split his wood, kindle his fires, and light his candle. As an ‘institutional child,’ he is lighted, warmed, and watered by machinery.” He goes on to say that the family is God’s reformatory, and that it is in accord with a great natural principle that the Children’s Aid Society is aiming at the removal of the children from the city streets to farmers’ homes in the West. This solution seems doubly natural, owing to the unusual advantages of the United States in having a vast area of arable land in the cultivation of which the farmers need help. “With this fortunate state of things, it was but a natural inference that the important movement now inaugurating for the benefit of the unfortunate classes of New York, should at once strike upon a plan of *emigration.*”¹

His friend, Miss Schuyler, in speaking after his

¹ “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” p. 226.

death, of the distinctive character of his work, wrote: "His genius solved the problem which had baffled the philanthropists of preceding centuries. He saw that home life, and not institution life, was needed for children, and so he set himself to finding homes for homeless children. It seems so simple to us now, now that we know all about it; but it required his penetration, his genius, to reveal to us what is self-evident when once our eyes are opened."

That the solution of the problem before him was not simple in its beginning, is strikingly set forth in his book, as Mr. Brace enumerates the questions which were met by the society at his first suggestion of the plan. "Would the farmers really want these children for help? How were places to be found? How were the demand and supply for children's labor to be connected? How were the right employers to be selected? And, when the children were placed, how were their interests to be watched over, and acts of oppression or hard dealing prevented or punished? Were they to be indentured or not? If this was the right scheme, why had it not been tried long ago in our cities or in Europe?" These and many similar difficulties offered themselves, but the scheme had been well laid and long planned, and objections fell to the ground. The experiment could but be made, and practical experience justified none of the fears that the undertaking might be impracticable.

The readiness on the part of farmers to receive these children was at once evident. An announcement, by circulars through the city weeklies and rural papers, of the intention of supplying children, brought a speedy response in the form of hundreds of applications from farmers and mechanics. There are some amusing accounts of the efforts at first made to send a certain kind of child, "a perfect child," with characteristics to suit the would-be mother or father, but this was soon seen to be impracticable, and an organized system of sending little companies, made clean and properly dressed, under a competent agent, was adopted instead. Farming communities especially wished for the children, and on the arrival of one of the parties, immense interest was displayed by the whole town. Crowds generally waited at the station, and the children were quickly disposed of for the night. The next day a meeting of the people, irrespective of religious sympathies, was held in the town-hall, and the agent addressed the assembly, telling them of the benevolent objects of the society, and relating something of the history of the children. People who were childless came forward to adopt children. Others, who had not intended to take any into their families, were induced to apply for them; and many who really wanted the children's labor pressed forward to obtain it. Sometimes the adopted parents paid the fares of the children, or made some

gift to the society. "At length the business of charity is finished, and a little band of young wayfarers and homeless rovers in the world find themselves in comfortable and kind homes, with all the boundless advantages and opportunities of the Western farmer's life about them."¹

During these and the following busy years, Mr. Brace kept his mind fresh by determined exclusion, at certain times, of all thoughts of the pathetic and harrowing scenes of his work. He says: "The present writer confesses that he could not possibly have borne the harrowing and disagreeable scenes with which he has been long familiar, without making a strict rule never to think or speak of the poor when he was away from his work, and immediately absorbing himself in some entirely different subject. The spring of the mind would have been broken."² The following letters show us of his occupations and interests, outside of the line of his chief labors:—

¹ The reference above, quoted from "The Dangerous Classes of New York," is to the Western farmer's life, but during the first year of the society's existence the emigration was not so distant as to the West, owing to the greater expense. Parties in the early days went to Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and boys were placed in situations in New York and the vicinity. The first party to the West was taken in September, 1854. A description of it will be found in the appendix.

² "The Dangerous Classes of New York."

To Theodore Parker.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1853.

My dear Parker: I have been wanting for some time just to express the very great pleasure I had in my Boston visit. It did me good meeting you and your friends. I feel a new spring and impulse at seeing men so free and true. I wish you would say this from me to your friend, Wendell Phillips, if you happen to meet him soon. Every one, almost, in the churches here is so narrow and stunted. You seldom meet a man. And I incline to think that no one who has been brought up in New England ever gets again the full, spontaneous growth of his faculties as God made them. He may of his intellect, but not often of all. I want you should tell your wife, too, how much I enjoyed my few words with her, and how pleasantly I retain in memory my visit.

Have you noticed, lately, a controversy in the "Tribune," with reference to some remarks on the "Book of Daniel"? It has called out some vigorous, manly articles from Greeley, especially on suppressing facts which tell against the Bible. The inscriptions—as I understand it—discovered by Layard, described the same events pictured in Daniel, in a language or dialect anterior to its date. What is your impression of that book? I certainly never should imagine it a "political satire," as claimed by Layard. It reads in earnest.

I am reading your sermons with intense interest, and am surprised and happy to find that difference of view on historic questions has not in the least pro-

duced a different moral view, or a different conception of God. Your God is, after all, the Christ's God, and His ideals are yours. Manliness, generosity, truthfulness, universal love,—they are all there, are they not? There is only one exception (psychologically) which I can take. I believe, with you, that God never punishes, or, as Newman says, "Believe not, oh reader, though all the scribes and Pharisees affirm, that God keeps any spiritual scores against thee!" My idea of all suffering is that it is the effect, natural, of violated law, the pain of sickness, whether in soul or body. But I cannot from any analogy here, or anything which I see of the laws of the mind, affirm that every creature will hereafter be happy, or will ever be completely happy. I find a touch almost of infinity in the soul, and in these low creatures I meet I am amazed at the power and the desperation, and sometimes at the almost diabolic self-will, of which the mind is capable. Is it derogatory to God that He should have created "Sons of God," beings, whom even He could not heal, when voluntarily sick, except by destroying the laws of their being? I do not say that this is the case or that I believe it, but that there is nothing, to my mind, to indicate the contrary so indubitably as you express it. It has sometimes seemed to me not the least happy occupation of Eternity, that one should be engaged in righting the inevitable wrongs of the universe. The reason of your certitude, I suppose, is in your belief of the goodness of God. Yet He has made a world of sin. I sincerely hope your view will turn out true. . . . I wish, if you ever meet Emerson, you would express the exceeding

gratitude of myself and my friends here for what he has done for them. I can scarcely think of a teacher to whom I owe more. Next to Dr. Arnold, Emerson has given many of us here the strongest impulse we ever received; and though I have finished him utterly now, his thoughts come up continually anew in practical life. I do wish he would write more. He ought to.

To Mrs. Asa Gray.

SOUTH SIDE, June 11, 1853.

My dear J—: I have sent you, occasionally, a paper to show my operations here. I think our organization is going to do a good work — very. It is a rather wearying and straining life to the sympathies, but by variety of occupation, and care of myself, I hold it out well. . . . Except by our schools, we don't get hold of the poor girls much. It does seem as if everything in heaven and earth was against the improvement of the girls in our poor classes. The boys we are getting off into the country, and starting in various ways. Every two or three days we have an instance which would reward for months of labor; some homeless, friendless fellow sent off to a good home far in the country. Our industrial schools do well, though not enough yet to satisfy us. The Juvenile Asylum is working very hard now, too, so that our streets, in externals, begin to change some. The evil lies very deep, however, and will always more or less continue with this immense immigration. We are working at the right end, and I hope much for the results. We get letters

from various cities, asking advice in similar enterprises, so that the great religious community seems waking up to the matter.

I have been reading something which I want you to get hold of,—the greatest and freest work on religious history of the century,—Bunsen's "Hyppolitus." By the discovery of this work of Hyppolitus, and by his researches therein, he has been able to throw more light on early Christianity than any writer who has ever written. It develops precisely what I have been long believing, that in our church forms, our creeds and ceremonies, and especially our spirit of formalism, we are essentially different from the early Christians. I do think that Christianity now needs a reformation, as much as it did in Luther's time — from the same thing, too, formalism, only in a different direction. I do not think, J—, that the Christian faith has much hold on the best young minds of the country.

To F. J. Kingsbury.

SOUTH SIDE, June 16th.

Dear Fred: . . . I am much interested and busy among these schools for vagrant children now. Talk of heathen! All the pagans of Golconda would not hold a light to the ragged, cunning, forsaken, godless, keen, devilish boys of Leonard Street and the Five Points, and Mr. Matsell calculates them and the little vagrant girls (who are worse) of New York at over ten thousand! Our future voters, and President-makers, and citizens! Good Lord deliver us,

and help them! I grow solemn and weary as I look at the mountains of crime and misery and sin amongst us. It often seems to me that if I could begin to convey to men what Christ did to me, even as He did, I would so, gladly; for what is suffering or deprivation or death if one could only be sure we were raising the outcast and helpless? I always find a crowd of human faces an almost awful sight; but those in the vagrant schools! A child's face, with a long, black story of shame and suffering to come written on it, endless capacities, and pleasant, sunny gleams in it, and, you are so sure, a future like hell before it. Don't you think God will treat them better than man has? To start a human heart with passions like whirlwinds in it, and reason hardly acting, put it where everything bad would certainly grow and everything good dry up, and then to beat it and torture it and buffet and starve and so educate, and at last to send it out into Eternity, to be battered always there because it was so damned bad here, is *rather* hard, isn't it?

In response to an invitation to visit New York, Theodore Parker writes:—

“. . . I want to see all the work you and others are doing, to see if we in Boston can't do likewise next winter. If you are not to be in New York in August, let me know. God bless you for your true labor. It makes my heart bleed to read your papers in the ‘Times.’ A friend of mind heard a sad-looking man say to another in the street: ‘Well, after all, it is a pretty hard world to get along in!’

It has rung in my ears like a knell ever since. What a wicked people we are! What a story some humane man will one day have to tell of the Christians! Imagine one of the future Tholucks of the year MMDCCCCLIII writing a treatise on the morals of Christianity, and the effect of this form of religion on the unfortunate classes of society! Oh, dear, dear! But we will do something to make better times before we die."

Mr. Brace writes in reply:—

To Theodore Parker.

NEW YORK, July 26, 1853.

My dear Parker: I regret that I shall be out of town during all August. . . . I need a complete change of air and scene, after so much of sad and disgusting sights. . . . The fall would be a far better time for your purposes of seeing the operations among the poor. . . . The impression of which you speak in your note deepens on one here — that something is out of joint in modern society and in practical religion. People don't get a fair chance in life, and very few do anything to help them to it. We meet, occasionally, very bright intellects down in these classes, whom it is the greatest pleasure to help up to light, but the most show the traces of others' wrong-doing. It is a sad thing that there are so many friendless and degraded without any fault of their own. Our work is often very discouraging. The poor become so suspicious, and are naturally so narrow and pig-headed. Still it seems to me most

worthy of a man to consider it his peculiar part in life to bear up the weak and defend the wronged, even the more when they do not appreciate or when they turn against him. Still, now and then, we do see a smile on a weary face which rewards and makes one forget all manner of perversity. It does surprise me, as I look round in our city, to see the general aspect of men who profess to be especial ambassadors of Christ. There are not half a dozen of the whole number who ever have even traversed the poorest streets of the city. They know scarcely anything about the masses. They are in comfortable, honored positions, and live with and preach to the rich, or else live with books. This would not be so bad if they were really apostles of ideas. But the great object of their calling — apart from personal ministration — they fail in. They don't stand up for freedom, justice, intellectual honesty, and independence. They do not lead in a single great enterprise of humanity; and they do help the universal American mind to become swallowed up in its formalism. I doubt whether Christ, if suddenly appearing, could be licensed in any church, unless possibly two or three. Still they all have good and kind traits, and some are trying for better things. One thing is sure, the American mind is leaving the whole set of them. Minister-craft is passing away. Our papers are the pulpits. I have resolved on one thing: if I ever preach, not to join one of their organizations, but to speak as Christ and the good men of early times did, in an independent body of good men, who combine in order better to help others.

I wish you could come on, dear sir. There is a

class of men here very sceptical whom you, and you alone, could be of great use to. Your very heresies would help you with them, and I believe the very aspect of your conviction would unconsciously strengthen the instinct in them, in the belief that there is a God and an Immortality.

Mr. Parker paid his promised visit early in the autumn, and Mr. Brace writes him on the 18th of October:—

“ . . . Your visit left a delightful impression on us all, and was of real good, I think, to our friends on Staten Island. How I did work you! . . . Will you please see a leader from me in the ‘Times’ of to-morrow on ‘Theatres,’ and tell me whether you coincide or not. I am reading your ‘Sermons on Theism’ with great interest. I think much fault might be found by Atheists with your positions on the morality and virtue which does connect itself with a hereafter. Is it not the highest nobleness, which is utterly unconcerned with a future, which loves and sacrifices and suffers because, even if there be no God or Immortality, it is the happiest to do so, or because they in their present state of progression cannot help it? Would either of us (if Atheists) ever hesitate to suffer as Kossuth, or die as Jesus, for others, without the compensation? Are we not rewarded in the act? I have not read all the book. My orthodox friends here complain of its bitterness, which I do not perceive.”

During this autumn he writes his father of some of the friends he is making in New York:—

To his Father.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1853.

Dear Father: I spent yesterday with a gentleman whom you would have been interested in — Colonel James A. Hamilton, of Dobbs Ferry, son of Alexander Hamilton. I was first invited up by his son-in-law, Mr. G. L. Schuyler, grandson of old General S. of the Revolution, and dined and spent the night at his cottage. Mr. S.'s wife is a daughter of Colonel H. I was invited on the score of my Germany and the C. A. Society. Then, Saturday, I went up again and spent Sunday. It is a delightful family, and I think you will be interested to hear of them. The colonel is a thin, small old gentleman, with a large nose and deep-set, fiery eyes, very vivacious and agreeable. We enjoyed his conversation exceedingly. He has inexhaustible stories about those early times I used to hear so much of from you. You can imagine the pleasure of hearing directly from his son of those events I used to get from you and books. Then there are his wife and two very pleasant daughters,— altogether a most simple, interesting family, highly cultivated and free in thought. . . . The place is beautifully situated, commanding a long view up the Hudson, with a large house and old trees, and servants and horses in style. They are Episcopalians, but quite of my tone in thought. . . . Mrs. Schuyler is one of the most cultivated and lovely women I ever knew. I found that they and all their friends had read my book on Germany with much expressed interest, which was pleasant to a young author, and that they sympathized deeply in my labors.

To the Same.

Dec. 18, 1853.

Dear Father: Here I am spending Sunday at Colonel Hamilton's again. I came up on Friday evening to dine with Washington Irving yesterday. He had expressed a desire to see me, and invited me to dine with him. I was glad of a chance to see such a man once, though as a general thing I think meeting a great man doesn't pay. We spent a pleasant morning at the Hamiltons', walking and talking, and at two drove over to his house. He has a beautiful little cottage on the banks of the Hudson, quite draped with ivy,—a straggling, picturesque building. The plan I could not make out. After a few moments he came down and received me very cordially, mostly, I suppose, on the Hamiltons' account, who are very intimate with him. He is a stout, well-fed looking man, his face as fleshy and florid as yours, a large, somewhat aquiline, nose, eyes modest and genial, as of an affectionate, hearty man, like a first-rate, jovial English country gentleman. He talks with a thick voice. He was very chatty,—Miss H. said, more than usual. He did not talk *to* me much, but evidently for me; that is, to entertain me. His stories were very good, with much action. Mostly of men he had known, and he seems to have known all for the last half-century. Tom Moore, Mad. de. Genlis, Allston the painter, Wilkie, Spain, etc., etc., modest and genial, showing an excellent heart; still, with no more genius than most men would show. Never philosophic or

profound, rather artistic and humorous and kindly and pure. . . . We left at half past six o'clock. He spoke very kindly of Moore and Dickens, condemning, however, his treatment of America. He had resolved not to read “Uncle Tom,” but a few weeks before he happened to go into a theatre, and saw it played, and at once bought it and read it in the cars. . . . Was entranced. Raised his opinion of the authoress — thought it would do great good — showed masterly genius. On the whole, the interview was very interesting to me.

CHAPTER VII

Opening of First Lodging-House for Newsboys—Sunday Evening Meetings—One Year's Experience with Lodging-House—Personal Relations with the Poor—Notes of Lectures on Children's Aid Society—Miscellaneous Letters—Journey to Ireland, and Marriage—Aim of Society and Principles—Success of Emigration—Success of Schools—Volunteers—Letters to his Wife—Organization of Italian School—Miscellaneous Letters—Trip to England and Norway—Reflections on Loneliness of the Poor—Natural Results of Neglect of Poor Children—Kindness of Adopted Mothers in the West—Opposition to Emigration—Journey to the West—Letters to His Wife

THE early spring of 1854 saw the opening of the first "Newsboys' Lodging-House." After many efforts, the society finally obtained money enough to pay for a loft in the old "Sun" Building, and an excellent superintendent, Mr. C. C. Tracy, was procured. A well-ventilated dormitory was fitted up for ninety boys, with comfortable, single beds; there was a large schoolroom (serving also for chapel and playroom), with library, melodeon, and savings bank, besides bath and washrooms, and private lock-closets for clothes for each boy. The plan was to give them a bed for six cents, with a bath thrown in, and a supper for four cents (free if the boy be early). The boys, nothing loth to obtain the good things,

were much puzzled as to what it all meant. It did not occur to them that discipline was to be the order of the place, and they prepared for a grand frolic. But when it was suddenly discovered that the first boots flying about were a signal for the lively ones to be lifted quietly from bed, and left to shiver over their folly, they concluded that the part of discretion was to nestle in their warm beds.¹ "Little sleeping, however, was there among them that night. But ejaculations sounded out, such as, 'I say, Jim, this is rayther better 'an bummin'. My eyes! what soft beds these is!' 'Tom, it's 'most as good as a steam-gratin', and there ain't no M.P.'s to poke, neither. I'm glad I ain't a bummer to-night.' "

Thus a beginning was made, and the boys went forth next morning, after a good wash and a breakfast, happier and cleaner than when they came in.

The process by which the ingenious superintendent inspired the boys with a desire for a night school is worth recording. He quietly announced to them one morning that a gentleman had called the day before who wanted an office-boy at three dollars a week. Great excitement among the boys. "Let *me* go, sir," and, "Me, sir." "But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand." Disappointment is displayed on every face. "Well, now, suppose we have a night school, and learn to write.

¹ "The Dangerous Classes of New York," p. 102.

What do you say, boys?" They agree, and so begins the school. The Sunday evening meetings were begun one day when the boys had been impressed by a public funeral. The superintendent suggested a little reading in the Bible, and the boys consented. They listened, and were struck and much puzzled at what they heard. The Golden Rule struck them as an impossible precept for them to obey, especially when one was "stuck and short," and "had to live." The stories of miracles seemed to them natural enough, and that there should exist a Being able to cure disease and rule nature was not strange to them. "And it was a kind of comfort to these young vagabonds that the Son of God was so often homeless, and that he belonged humanly to the working classes. The petition for 'daily bread' (which a celebrated divine has declared 'unsuited to modern conditions of civilization') they always rolled out with a peculiar unction. I think that the conception of a Superior Being, who knew just the sort of privations and temptations that followed them, and who felt especially for the poorer classes, who was always near them, and pleased at true manhood in them, did keep afterward a considerable number of them from lying and stealing and cheating and vile pleasures. Their singing was generally prepared for by taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves, and was entered into with a gusto. The voices seemed sometimes to

come from a different part of their natures from what we saw with the bodily eyes. There was, now and then, a gentle and minor key, as if a glimpse of something purer and higher passed through these rough lads. A favorite song was, ‘There’s a Rest for the Weary,’ though more untiring youngsters than these never frisked over the earth. And ‘There’s a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother,’ always pleased them, as if they imagined themselves wandering alone through a great city at night, and at length a friendly light shone in the window for them.”¹

These meetings were under Mr. Brace’s personal supervision, were inspired by him, and were full of his spirit. His talks were so simple, the depth of his faith was so profoundly shown in the little parables which he drew from the every-day experiences of his youthful hearers, that each meeting was a deeply religious exercise to the friends who came to see the boys, as for the boys themselves. In later days others assisted him, but in this early time, when the claims upon him were not so constant, he conducted the whole service, and those who were there can never forget it.

After a year’s experience with the lodging-house, Mr. Brace was able to give a most encouraging account of this experiment. He stated in the

¹ “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” pp. 103, 104.

second annual report of the Children's Aid Society that there was certainly an improvement in the boys. They were cleaner, more respectful, and, at least in the rooms, more decent in language. In this report, he says: "They come regularly to our evening school, and the informal religious meeting on Sunday evening. They wear clean shirts and clean clothes. Gambling and drinking have been much left off by them." He found it cheering that his faith in the possibility of reaching these boys should be justified. There had been discouragement enough in many quarters, and the chief of police, when Mr. Brace first stated his plan to him, asserted that "he might as well try to tame the banditti of the desert"! There had been during the year 408 different boys who had taken advantage of the opportunity offered, and 6872 lodgers. At the first opening of the lodging-house it was made the condition of lodging that every boy should take a bath. To this there was great reluctance, but it came, after a year's time, to be prized as a privilege. A savings bank, an institution which delighted the boys, was very successful. It was found that boys who at first could hardly be induced to leave their money to accumulate for twenty-four hours together, learned the value of saving to such a degree, that at the end of sixteen months an average of sixteen boys per month had saved, with the liberal interest allowed,

an aggregate sum of six hundred and forty-five dollars and fifty-two cents.

The business of this growing organization, absorbing as it was, did not occupy Mr. Brace to the exclusion of what he considered of equal importance,—his continued personal relations with the poor. He says, in speaking of this side of his work: “Into this community of poor, ignorant, and drunken people I threw myself, and resolved, with God’s aid, to try to do something for them. Here, for years, I visited from cabin to cabin, or hunted out every cellar and attic of the neighboring tenement-houses, standing at death-beds and sick-beds, seeking to administer consolation and advice, and, aided by others, to render every species of assistance. In returning home from these rounds, amidst filth and poverty, I remember that I was frequently so depressed and exhausted as to throw myself flat upon the rug in front of the fire, scarcely able to move.”¹

It may be wondered whence the money came, in the early days of the society, to begin, however gradually, its many different branches. This was another part of Mr. Brace’s labors; he went about lecturing and preaching, sometimes spending every evening in the week and the Sunday in delivering sermons and addresses, both in New York City, and in other parts of the Eastern States. “No public duties of

¹ “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” p. 154.

mine were ever more agreeable than these," he says; "and the results proved afterwards most happy, in securing a large rural 'constituency,' who steadily supported our movements in good times and bad, so quietly devoted and in earnest, that death did not diminish their interest, some of our best bequests having come from the country." We insert the few touching and beautiful notes of addresses that have been found, and a selection from a sermon in behalf of poor children that seems to be a prophecy as well as an appeal. The notes, hastily written and in pencil, were found among Mr. Brace's papers with nothing to indicate where or when the addresses were delivered.

"It might be thought we should be sometimes discouraged by such a sea of evils. Individuals doing the work of the State, and a few heroic laborers attempting what legislation and the government have thus far failed to accomplish. So many cases of abject poverty, so many sad and lonely histories, so much bitterness and privation and crime in what should be the sweet years of childhood, that we might naturally despair. But I think I may say of many in this enterprise, that we have learnt to believe in One above this black poverty and suffering. We have faith in the promises He has given of a better time on the earth. This injustice of the strong over the weak, these sad sights of the streets, the wasted forces of penury, the hopeless child's

look, the young felon behind dungeon bars, the girl old in crime and suffering,—these oppressive inequalities shall not be always. There is — one can never *help* believing it, a bright unending day coming for all these moments of darkness. Then will be a time on earth when the tears of despair, the curse of crime, the moan of loneliness and want shall not be any more, but peace and love over all. We must labor to bring it on. . . .

"It is very pleasant to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick and the afflicted, but it is not that humane instinct alone which has impelled us to give up our best days, and the fruit of education and toil to this enterprise. It is very gratifying to the ladies who devote their time and toil so patiently and nobly to our industrial schools, to see the children better dressed, cleaner, and more respectable for their efforts. But it is not that which most urges them. No! With us all it is the belief that the little ragged outcast, the vagrant girl, the child of the thief, the vile street beggar, has that within her which shall live when the old world has passed by. In the distorted young face we see the soul undying looking forth. We know that the Son of God died for her, even as for us. We know that a solemn and awful destiny is for her as for our child or our sister. And more. I know I speak for many and many this winter, in their labors among the poor, when I say that the sustaining and encouraging thought with them, as they walked through the dens and hovels of poverty, is that a form like unto the Son of Man is with them, who always is where our poorest are. It is not philanthropy alone

which has upheld and encouraged, though that is beautiful. It is better—the love of God. . . .

"But with the mass of men, we are confident of the truth when we say they need personal labor among the poor. They need to give of their means for the poor. The constant and repeated affirmation by Christ of this affirms it. Every one's observation of men will assure him of it. No man can afford to keep himself apart from human suffering. He needs the society of the beggar as much as he needs that of the rich. His heart must be put near to the heart of the great masses of mankind, or he loses that which is the greatest gain of human life,—human sympathy. . . . And oh, how much might be done with all the wealth and ingenuity and energy of modern life for the great masses of unfortunate! How many ingenious experiments of goodness, how many laborious and costly methods of benefaction for those who are outcast and sinful, might be undertaken by our rich men and our business men! The sins of modern society have become so walled in by circumstances, that the most ingenious and persistent means are alone able to reach them. All the tact of a settled social life, all the ingenuity and enterprise of business, all the powers of wealth, all the graces of refinement and education, all the influences of the noblest character and most loving heart, can be applied now and with abundant demand beyond, to our social evils. Now, even as when Paul lived, they can all be laid at the feet of the Redeemer. . . . "

The two letters which follow show Mr. Brace's satisfaction in the work which the Children's Aid Society is doing, and his plans for the future:—

To Mrs. Asa Gray.

NEW YORK, March 20, 1854.

My dear J—: . . . Our enterprise here this winter has been pre-eminently successful, and if it is only permanent, will accomplish a good deal. A great amount of heroism and self-sacrifice has been shown by people whom I did not think capable of it. The labors are now so comprehensive and thorough, that fruits must appear some day. I suppose we may not see many, — though we do already a few, — but the next generation will, and those after us will be glad of our work. I have an undying faith in ideas and in labor which depends on the Divine Spirit, and if I never saw a result, I should not doubt. The magnitude of the evils seems sometimes immense, but there are also great means, — then we are all in such a hurry. God seems to work very slowly. It is very pleasant to go right to the worst sins and sufferings of society, and feel you are in some degree reaching them. Still I must confess I am not altogether satisfied. My life has become too practical, too much outward and executive, and my intellect is rusting. I do not get my old time as much for mental development. Is that right? I think not. What do you think?

To his Father.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1854.

My dear Father: How do you do this winter weather? It is fearfully cold, though now very pleasant with us. I am very hard at work, and our enterprise is remarkably successful. It has become the habit or mode with the better classes to work thus among the poor. The very success is dangerous to me, . . . and I run the danger of merely being a benevolent and praised young man. However, I shall work out of it. I am determined to do it, and to keep up my old study, etc. . . . We are going on well in our society, as you will judge. This Newsboys' lodging-house is *the* thing, I hope. I am house-hunting for the year; rents are enormous. We want a half-house or a suite of rooms for three hundred dollars, if possible. Do not mention about my going out to Europe. If I should bring L. back, I would try to land in Boston, so that we might be among our family first. You would meet us there. It will be close shaving for me to live here with a wife, but it can be done, and L. is used to moderate circumstances, though vastly better than mine.

I am a little distressed at the way my education is interrupted. I am giving up the completing of my talents and their highest use, for this labor among the poor. It certainly is right now, but is it for a permanency? I am doubtful. I read and study considerably, but then the strength of the day is used up in these thousand efforts and plans and

work. I keep up a little editorial writing and lecturing, so that I may preserve my practice. My tastes would lead me to preach, study, and write for the papers, especially to preach to the poor. The sin of intellectual men in New York is to sacrifice the future for the present.

To Theodore Parker he writes in June, 1854:—

"I have concluded to sail for England in the course of this month, with the especial object of seeing the ragged schools, charitable institutions, model lodging-houses, etc., etc., in London and Liverpool. Could you help me with letters? I want, too, to meet the refugees, Mazzini, Ronge, and others. Do you feel at liberty to introduce me to any? And so with Newman? Don't do it, unless you feel at perfect liberty."

Though Mr. Brace's words about the projected Irish visit are few, it was with the hope of bringing back Miss Letitia Neill with him, as his wife, that he started for Belfast. His suit with the young lady was successful, and after a short engagement, they were married on Aug. 21, 1854. The fact that this young man came from so very far away was stimulating to the imagination of the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and Mr. Brace used often to laugh over the infliction he had to bear, standing half an hour with his bride by his side during the ceremony, while he listened to an

enumeration of the merits of the young lady and her family, and warnings for them both, from the clergyman! However, it was over, and the young couple, after a trip to the Giant's Causeway, sailed, early in September, for Boston, where they were welcomed by his relatives, Mr. Charles G. Loring's family, and Dr. and Mrs. Asa Gray. Mrs. Gray had, in the meantime, furnished their home for them in New York. Mrs. Brace entered at once into the work of the Children's Aid Society, visiting one of the schools, and teaching. Her sympathy in all her husband's efforts to lessen the suffering in the great, growing city was assured, for she had thrown herself heart and soul into the Ragged School work in Belfast, and came to America with a deep sense of consecration to the work to which his life was already dedicated. The buoyant temperament she brought from the quiet life in the old country was a vast aid to him. Discouragement was not within the possibilities of her comprehension, and in her hopeful and trusting manner of taking whatever came, lay, in large degree, the secret of his courage during the years to come, as well as of her own. Her readiness to accept at once all the duties and interests in this new, full life, is shown in a very characteristic story. On the day of their arrival in New York, while her trunks were being unpacked, the husband came in, saying, "Well, dear, I think we had better

go now and see the Fourth Ward School." Perfectly ready, off she went, to the profound astonishment of his friends.

The letters written during the winter before reveal that he was undecided as to the best course to pursue in his own future career. He still longed for a life of study and of influence through the pulpit, although he was constantly more drawn to this great labor for the friendless and homeless in New York. At the time of his marriage, the two years to which he had pledged himself were drawing to a close, and Mrs. Brace's firm conviction that in the work of the society lay his largest field of usefulness, decided him upon remaining. The influences she cast upon this side, and his own convictions, must have thus early settled the question finally, for there is no word in later correspondence to indicate that the matter was ever farther considered.

In January, 1855, Mr. Brace writes to his sister-in-law in Ireland, Miss Eliza Neill, a short letter which allows us a glimpse of the happy little home in New York:—

"My home is very sweet and genial to me," he says, "and gives my restless life a thorough rest and peace. We give little entertainments to the best people without any pretence or expense, and are a good deal invited, and see as much society as

is best. I am trying each day to bring our life into more quiet and deep channels, at the same time that it is cheerful and social. I know that you would like best that I should speak of myself, so I will go on with my experiences. I find this quiet and life-at-home gives me more earnest thoughts, and strengthens the unceasing hopes I have of becoming something better, so that now the old vision and dream of a noble and elevated life attends me all the while some days, and though perhaps never uttered or talked or written of, goes on with the other everyday life of the world, like a glorious atmosphere. How wonderfully life seems contrived by the great Creator! Everything, almost, is solved, if you grasp the idea that all is for the education of character. These petty rubs and disappointments and tests of temper and joys and sudden occurrences and strange experiences and unaccountable reverses or good fortunes are all clear as noonday, if you think of that one purpose, and of the glorious Being they are to fit you to be like. And in no other way could I escape great doubts and sadness, and with that faith I seem ready for misfortune or joy, and not to be much shaken by either. Most men end life as children come out of years in a manufactory, with one part of the body very much developed, and the rest dwarfed or stunted. But life was meant to round us out, to try and test and invigorate every part,—affection, intellect, skill, energy, hope, love, truth, and all. All things must turn out well to one who loves God. The saddest is to see noble persons who never get the true lessons from their misfortunes or their successes, and to whom all things do not turn

out well. But what a Sunday evening lecture I am writing you!"

Mr. Brace's realization of the terrible fate of the street children with whom he came in contact deepened every day. He puts before us, in a few vivid words, the condition in which they live, with no home, or at best the corner of a garret or cellar, cold and drenched and hungry all day, and pushed and kicked and beaten, with no gratification of the child's eager craving for affection and with a conception of churches and religion as things only of the upper classes. He states his deep conviction that in spite of these things, childhood is never to be despaired of. He tells us, again and again, that the great aim of the society is to influence character, that its principle is not in giving, but in helping. The annual reports of these days are interesting reading, dwelling, as they do repeatedly, on the great principles of self-help and development of character, now, in these later days, accepted as the foundation principles of all worthy philanthropy. As the strongest influences, he puts religious motives, alluding to the "industrial and moral agencies as partial, the religious as more thorough and lasting." In pleading for the superiority of a home life in the West for the child, he says that it is often plain that no human power can save these street children if left in their own surroundings, and pictures the change to "pure

country air, instead of the gases of sewers, trees and fields and harvests in place of narrow alleys. . . . His first circumstances will favor his being an honest man." And, finally, he claims that, "it helps to solve, in the only feasible mode, the great economic problem of poverty in our cities, for it sends future laborers where they are in demand, and relieves the overcrowded market in the city." The patience and kindness shown the children by those who took them, in different parts of the country, was a source of great gratitude to the society. Mr. Brace believed fully that the system of not requiring indentures was a wise one. More spontaneous kindness on the one side, and a more natural relation between both parties, was what he expected as a result, and it was justified by experience. But while a relation of mutual affection was hoped for, it did not follow that because child and employer were legally free from responsibility, the child was therefore left without a natural protector. The assistant secretary in the office in New York was in constant communication with the children sent out by the society, and tried to keep himself informed of every change in the boys' careers, both through letters and through visits of the Western agents. The vast importance of *individual* influence was ever before Mr. Brace's mind, and he says: "The last thing we would lose, as our enterprise gradually expands, is this individ-

ual and personal concern in every poor, friendless creature who goes out from us to his new home and better life."

As the work among the children in the city by means of industrial schools progressed, Mr. Brace was brought into contact with natures whose depths of wickedness, and others whose heights of disinterestedness and courage, amazed him. They are not children emotionally or executively. The power of passion was appalling to him. But the daily, normal life of the schools was by degrees tempering their overwrought natures, and when the agents had won the confidence of parents and persuaded them that the children were to be supplied with clothes for good behavior, and otherwise cared for, the attendance was generally regular enough to effect gradually some change in the child. He claimed with justifiable satisfaction that schools which, like the Fourth Ward, began in fearful disorder, became like attentive, affectionate family schools. "They can read and sew; some can write. Sweet songs of purity and religion are learned, which are sung again in their squalid homes; a purer and kindlier expression has seated itself on many faces. Some have been sent away to homes in the country, some to the public schools." The agencies accomplishing these results, Mr. Brace ascribes both to the faithful employed teachers, and to the volunteers. The refine-

ment and intellectual culture of these women¹ gained over the poor children just the influence Mr. Brace had hoped they would. He says:—

“Nor is this all the fruit. This work has often blessed the giver as much as the receiver. It is the great evil of our city life that classes become so separated. Union Square or the Avenues know as little of Water Street or Cherry Street as if they were different cities. The poor and the rich are forming almost castes toward one another. These schools make one link between them. No lady can long attend these classes, hear the little story of the rag-picker or the beggar, become familiar with their petty joys and troubles, and afterwards pass one of them in rags and dust in the street, as indifferently as before. They are no longer parts of street scenery like the animals. They become human beings, with warm hearts, and souls formed for an immortal destiny. It is the true fruit of Christian labor for the needy. Nor is it too much given for the object gained. It is the very idea of Christianity that the highest acquisitions of the intellect and the heart—our refinement and culture and civilization—should be consecrated to the poorest and most degraded of our fellow-creatures. It is but a poor imitation of what Christ has done for men.”²

¹ It may be of interest to the people of our city to see how early names associated since with many a good work appeared in this society. Among the early directresses were Mrs. G. L. Schuyler, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Miss Livingston, the Misses Hamilton, Mrs. Willard Parker, Mrs. Moses H. Grinell, Mrs. W. Roosevelt, and a score of others.

² Second Annual Report, p. 11.

Mr. Brace took a much-needed rest from his arduous labors, in a trip to the Adirondack woods in the summer of 1855, and we have from there his first letter to his wife.

SCHROON, Tuesday eve., Aug. 21, 1855.

My dearest Wife: How I have thought of you and a year ago! It has been a transcendent day, more glorious even than the Irish twenty-first. I have looked into the infinite sky, and my soul has seemed to waft blessings to you. I have been in a continual prayer, as it were, for you and our union. Oh! how I hope the years may bring our souls into a more perfect oneness, and that I shall make you as happy as I wish! It is strange to think we shall be working on the rough way of life together, for thirty or forty years yet, and I may see you old and wrinkled, and you me decrepit. But the thought is delightful that we shall be together, and more ennobled and united than ever in our youth. I can almost see your sweet, peaceful, cheerful face lighting up the shaded path of old age, and making all things beautiful. God will perhaps grant us the mercy of a growing and purifying love, but it will be, of course, through much tribulation. I know you will bear it better than I. . . . Have we not, dearest, been happy at least? And under God, we shall hope to have even better and happier days. But I must grow more Christian, if it is so. . . . I wrote twice from Burlington on Monday to you. . . . I hope you will be reading.

To the Same.

[Summer, 1855. In the Adirondacks.]

My dearest Wife: How I have wished for you in this beautiful scenery and these fine mountain nights! As I contrast my feelings with former times on such trips, I find how much more at rest and happy I am. Such a sense of companionship and permanent interest in the world, as if I really had some connection with the soil of the world and this life. I think I was, in my heart of hearts, unsatisfied and weary, or sick. You seem so beautiful when I think of you in the midst of the mountains here — so delicate and noble and self-sacrificing.

P.S. — I have received an offer of a ticket to the excursion to Newfoundland from Cyrus Field (cost of a ticket one hundred dollars), to lay the first submarine telegraph. Can't go.

During the winter of 1855, one of the most far-reaching influences for good in the work of the industrial schools was begun among the Italians. Mr. Brace had for some time been exploring the Italian quarter of the Five Points, and had found there a most miserable condition of poverty and dirt. Being given up to wretched street trades of organ-grinding and statuette-selling, would have been bad enough for the children; but worse than this was a custom among the people far away in Italy, of allowing their little ones to be indentured to a bureau in

Paris, which sent them over the world at the mercy of a master, often cruel to a degree, called a "padrone." These masters used the children to work upon the hearts of a tender-hearted community, by playing musical instruments, and they were often to be seen carrying enormous harps, and playing them in the streets late into the night. For years, Mr. Brace worked to break up this traffic, and finally, in 1873, the Italian Parliament abolished it completely. That the government in Italy appreciated these labors for their little fellow-countrymen in New York, was testified by a medal, sent, in 1873, from King Humbert to Mr. Brace. The children of the Italian quarter were bright-eyed and intelligent-looking, and Mr. Brace was convinced that much might be done for them. To open a day school seemed at first impossible, for the parents and masters counted on the earnings of the children who blacked boots, sold flowers, swept crossings, and in one way and another added their mite to the family support by means, however, to which Mr. Brace was strongly opposed. Early in December, 1855, Mr. Cerqua, an Italian gentleman, a Protestant and patriot, went with Mr. Brace to visit among the homes of these people, to announce the fact that a night school was to be opened for the children living about the Five Points Square. It began with an attendance of thirty scholars, of whom but two

could read a little in Italian — not one in English. But this small number soon dwindled, and became so insignificant that it was deemed advisable in the spring to close the school. Mr. Brace determined to find out the cause of this falling-off in numbers, and by much visiting and cautious investigation discovered that a fear of efforts to convert the children was at the bottom of the trouble. Persuasion and assurances that there was no truth in the rumor of an attempt to convert them from their own Church not being sufficiently successful, Mr. Brace tried promises of shoes and clothing to pupils who would attend for three months consecutively. But it was up-hill work. A few came steadily, but the majority were irregular, and it was evident that the attempt was still regarded with suspicion and disfavor. An Italian priest flung anathemas at all who permitted their children to attend the schools, and Mr. Brace's efforts to reason with him through a deputation of his oldest scholars, and to persuade some of the most superstitious families, seemed of no avail against the universal prejudice and ignorance. One day, however, tidings came that the priest had disappeared, carrying with him funds he had collected under the pretence of opening a rival school. This ended the opposition. A reaction set in, and the night classes were again opened, never after this to be closed. Years of efforts on Mr. Brace's part



CHARLES LORING BRACE.

AGED, 29 YEARS.

—efforts to arouse the self-respect of the parents, to make them see the material advantages to the children of being well trained for a good trade, instead of being left to make a mere pittance at the street trades—finally bore fruit, and the children were permitted to attend day schools. The tone of the neighborhood improved, and when in 1872, in his book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," Mr. Brace gives his most interesting description of the foundation of this school, he says that those among the Italians who follow decent vocations and attend day schools, either are or have been pupils of the society, while the organ-grinders, beggars, and vagrants have not attended at all, or, at most, for a few weeks. Now, in 1894, the chief Italian school numbers over seven hundred and fifty scholars.

The only letters of this winter are as follows:—

To Sir Charles Lyell.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1856.

My dear Sir Charles: . . . Lady Lyell will be interested to know that our enterprises among the poor children are becoming better founded all the while. We have all nations represented in them: one school for Germans, another for Italians, etc. We have just opened, too, a "Reading and Coffee-Room" for workingmen, which we hope will be a sort of temptation to virtue to our young mechan-

ics. Thousands of our young men are ruined by having no healthy place of amusement, and we are determined, if possible, to give some attractions to virtue and soberness. Still, all these things are experiments. I look on our common schools and our field of free labor as vastly better curatives for our evils than all these expedients.

Mr. O. will inform you best of our present political condition. There are some very alarming features just now, and we apprehend a bloody collision in Kansas next spring. There is something to a statesman ominous and sad, almost, in these first collisions which are to go on for centuries perhaps, and which may utterly shatter our Republic. But it is right. Justice avenges herself, and our fall may be one step in the progress of mankind.

To Theodore Parker.

[Winter, 1855-56.]

My dear Sir: We have been hoping all the autumn to see you at Hastings; but now we are in the city, we trust you will certainly give us a day or two, and then, you know, you *may* meet Mr. Ripley at breakfast! . . . I am anxious to talk over some ethnographic matters with you. I have been deep in the "Historical Sagas of Scandinavia" (in translation). You know, of course, "Snorri Sturlason," and the Danish poem "Frithiof"? Have you seen Mallet's work on "Scandinavian Antiquities"? Last summer I groped through Müller's "Geschichte der Nord Amerikanischen Ur-Religionen"—dry as dust of

ages, but curious. I have now got hold of Duncke, one of the best on Eastern religions.

The good fight approacheth in Kansas. Thank God for Sharpe's rifles!

A word should be given here to the breakfast-parties, which were so simple and unique as to deserve note. They were at eight o'clock, with one little maid to wait upon the company, and consisted, as far as the meal went, of coffee, chops, and waffles. At one time Starr King held the party entertained for hours with accounts of the curious people he encountered in his lecturing tours; at another Parker and Ripley amused the company with their witticisms; again, some one aroused Mr. Beecher, while Emerson was ever faithful when on visits to New York. Years after, Mr. Ripley used to say, "Ah, Mrs. Brace, why don't we have some more of those breakfast-parties? Rogers's table-talk wasn't half so good."

In May, 1856, Mr. and Mrs. Brace started with their son of a year old for a summer abroad, first going to Ireland to visit the family there. Mr. Brace left his wife and child in Belfast, and went to England, where he met Miss Carpenter and many others interested in charities, and then, leaving the baby with the Irish aunts, he made with Mrs. Brace a never-forgotten trip to the North Cape. As usual, studies of the people absorbed him, and he made a hasty journey in Sweden.

We have only a few words on his hurried visit in England, and then the Norwegian trip began, of which he writes at length in his book, "The Norse Folk."

To his Father.

ARCTIC OCEAN, near $69^{\circ} 30'$,
Coast of Norway, July 11, 1856.

My dear Father: We are on a steamer returning from Hammerfest to Drontheim, past this wild and stormy coast scenery among islands and through fjords — one of the most interesting trips I ever took. We have stopped at the towns and seen something of the people,— a very staunch, intelligent nation. We found at Hammerfest no tree or shrub (Lat. $70^{\circ} 40'$) but the yellow wild violet and coarse ranunculus and pink heather and mulberry-flowers and a few buttercups. Snow, even in the valleys, and July 4th we sailed through snowstorms. I hope to get you some Arctic flowers, or at least Norwegian, if you can exchange.

My course from London was to Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Christiania, where I met Letitia, and we posted overland to Drontheim, — a delightful journey in little carrioles (sulkies), and getting your horses from post. This journey from D. to H. and back takes thirteen days, so that I have heard nothing as yet from America. I hope you have written, and that you are well. What a horrid state you are in now in America. It is fearful. I hope the North will be staunch. . . . So far I am delighted with the journey, both the pleasure and experience gained.

The sight of the midnight sun was a “splendid spectacle,” on which he enlarges in his book, and he speaks of “the gloriously long days, when you are always ahead of your work, and time never overtakes you.”

Of the industrial work in the Swedish schools he says in “The Norse Folk” :—

“I have been visiting with my friend the various charitable institutions of Gottenburg, among these, the Willinska school for the poor. . . . The managers had employed the plan so successfully carried out in New York, of sending the children away to be placed in reliable and religious families, rather than keep them in an asylum. They had now, however, connected with it the method of constant communication with these children thus sent out, as has been done at home with such excellent results. The Chalmerska Skolan is a higher class of school, being a kind of polytechnique school for laborers and mechanics. Here drawing and modelling are taught, and various natural sciences. There are laboratories and well-furnished rooms of philosophical instruments connected with it, together with a reading-room. The whole is free *for workingmen!* An institution so enlightened neither New York nor Boston yet has.”

The two letters which follow show us his continued enjoyment of this trip.

To Theodore Parker.

LEKSAND, DALECARLIA, Sunday, Aug. 24, 1856.

My dear Parker: . . . There is an extraordinary religiosity in the people. I suspect the Lutheran service and ritual is much better suited to their state of development than our Reformed Calvinistic in America would be. In the parishes, the religion seems also a practical principle. The sobriety and virtue (sexual) are remarkable, and a thief is almost an unknown individual. . . . Sweden is a most complicated country; a study, all of it, much more than Norway. This queer old Constitution, the product of struggles between cities and priests and nobles and king, has served to protect the people in individual rights, but has choked up individual development. The peasants are as aristocratic and independent in their own circle as the nobles, and are the best possible stuff for a future republic, but they are ignorant and old-fashioned. The curse of the Church is its bigotry. Even enlightened men are centuries behind in this. I think the majority would like to dispose of a Baptist as some people in America would of Theodore Parker. There are some disgraceful persecutions going on.

To his Wife.

STOCKHOLM, Aug. 12, 1856.

Dearest Wife: . . . The weather has been like winter here till to-day, but now it is splendid and cool. A beautiful city. Such sails and views and

parks for walking! The most picturesque park in Europe. . . . I have been so impelled lately by the expression, "Bring every thought into captivity to Christ." It is so sweet to have them chained, captured to Christ. I have been lately so ashamed and struck down in reading that tremendous, earnest life of Paul written in his letters. Christ, I do not even lift my eyes to. It seems as if the fearful experiences of my life had been thrown away, that it should only bring me to this. I say, O God! that I should think of wealth or honor or fame or friendship as my aim and Thou and Eternity all near me since a child. It is a most mean ending. That the visions of God which have surrounded me like an atmosphere, and the stern lessons from Him, and my own infinite hopes should end in such a pitiful result. However, I have good hope. God is a friend to the poor soul. Perhaps the best way to Him is through disappointment and humiliation. God bless you, dear heart.

He rejoined his little family at the end of August, and together they returned to America.

Mr. Brace tells us in early reports that one of the surprising features in the life of the poor, which he realizes more as he familiarizes himself with this class, is the entire solitude and desertion into which a human being can come in a great city. It would seem as if the outcast girl, the homeless, ragged boy, would know where to go when in destitution, but experience has proved that they do not. The great

work of the Children's Aid Society is that it is a connecting link between the fortunate and unfortunate, that the visitors who explore the docks and low lodging-houses, the dark lanes and dirty alleys of the lower town, come on desperate individuals to whom it has never occurred that there may be help anywhere. The visitor is thus valuable, even when unable to produce any direct result from his discoveries, at least in publishing to the unfortunate that there is a place where, in extremity, a home and a chance for honest labor may be found.

The condition of New York in 1856-57 must have been such as we can now little realize. We hear of children half-grown to maturity as "attacking the unwary stranger or citizen, robbing houses, injuring the value of property, and affecting the fame of our city through the whole land." Mr. Brace reproaches the public in strong and severe terms in his report, in 1857, that there should be thought anything surprising in this. How could it be otherwise? Some things, to be sure, had been done; help had come to the Children's Aid Society from many channels; the police and the authorities of the city had been friendly; the religious part of the community had especially begun to feel its responsibilities more. But the work was small compared with the evil. In the meantime, what other result was to be expected from the neglected members of society now

grown to maturity? Why should the "street-rat," as the police called him, be expected to consider with reverence a civilization from which he received no benefit?

"Is not this crop of thieves and burglars, of shoulder-hitters and short-boys, of prostitutes and vagrants, of garroters and murderers, the very fruit to be expected from this seed so long being sown? What else was to be looked for? Society hurried on selfishly for its wealth, and left this vast class in its misery and temptation. Now these children arise, and wrest back with bloody and criminal hands what the world was too careless or too selfish to give. The worldliness of the rich, the indifference of all classes to the poor, will always be avenged. Society must act on the highest principles, or its punishment incessantly comes within itself. The neglect of the poor and tempted and criminal is fearfully repaid."¹

In presenting the means which should be used to improve this deplorable state of things, he dwells again on the comparative value he puts upon education, the providing of labor, and the placing of children in good homes, and still asserts his belief in the superiority of the plan of a complete change of surroundings. The replies to letters from the office of the society to more than two thousand children were encouraging to him in the highest degree, and he says that the patience and tenderness shown by

¹ Fourth Annual Report, p. 6.

many of the women in Western homes to the poor little untrained children surpassed his expectations, although his faith in their motherly kindness had always been strong. He pictures to us what it must be to the vagrant child to sit at the farmer's board like one of his own children, to go to school with them, to learn daily what they consider proper and right, and he touchingly says, "Soon, perhaps, for the first time in his life, love begins to encircle the little castaway, and he feels at length there is somebody in the world who cares for him."

But the great emigration work of the society did not go on undisturbed. It met with intense and bigoted opposition from the poor themselves. They maintained that it was a proselytizing work, and that every child taken was made a Protestant. All sorts of stories were spread among the most ignorant, such as that the children were sold as slaves. These were the difficulties encountered among the poor, obstacles which sometimes were so insuperable that mothers preferred to see their children sink to the lowest depths of crime rather than send them away. Among a small number of the better classes, there was also a strong objection to the action of the society in this particular. They believed that there was danger of spreading what they considered poison throughout the West, and maintained that a season of discipline at an asylum or home before sending the children to

the West was the only safe course. The society disagreed *in toto* with this view. They did not consider these children, wild as they were, as criminals, and hence did not think that they should be submitted to any sort of imprisonment, nor that there were legal grounds for enclosing them in asylums. They also, as has been stated, did not believe that the faults of these children would be corrected, nor their virtues nourished, in asylum life; and claimed that if children were thus kept, the expense of their maintenance would be enormous, compared to the trifling cost of a temporary home in one of the lodgings-houses, and their transference to the West. Reckoning the cost of a child's support in an asylum for only one year, the difference between the two methods of caring for them was in the proportion of fifteen dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars! In 1859, Mr. Brace made a journey in the West, in order personally to examine many cases where it was claimed that they were turning out badly. He was enormously encouraged by what he saw, finding out that the number who turned out badly was extremely small, and that a great mission work was going on throughout the States of Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois. He says, in speaking of the faithfulness of the adopted parents to their charges: "On this journey we heard of but one instance even of neglect. We visited the lad, and discovered that he had not

been schooled as he should, and had sometimes been left alone at night in the lonely log house. Yet this had roused the feelings of the whole countryside. We removed the boy amid the tears and protestations of the 'father and mother,' and put him in another place. As soon as we had left the village, he ran back to his old place!"¹

On the last day of 1856, he wrote to his wife from Cambridge, whither he went for a rest during the holidays:—

"I am having a very quiet, pleasant time, working in the day and dining out in the evening. Dined to-day *en famille* at uncle's, to-morrow at Longfellow's. . . . I am struck with the high tone of women here. J— makes the same deep impression on me as ever. There is, at times, a pure and spiritual light in her eyes, such as I never saw on human features beside. You get such an impression of a life of a soul, an independent, lofty existence, or, at least, a living in oneself as related to God, at the same time that she is so true and faithful to the duties of the life that now is. There ought to be that in every woman. The fact is, each girl is poorly educated, and too much an appendage, and does not become enough an independent spiritual existence.

"Well, dear, the old year is dying out, soon to be gone. I am pressed with thoughts and hopes -- not

¹ Sixth Annual Report, p. 10.

many more such times — the problem solving fast — the trial ending. Somehow the skies of heaven *s'obscurent*, the nearer I come to them. How I long to be in a purer atmosphere, and yet to live in the fogs and damps about me, to carry a heavenly light with me and be in the world, yet not of it. God help me to see Him more clearly, and may this year be a step to what is better than all things,—a higher communion with Him. I sometimes half wish I could be crippled or made blind, because then I should be really separated from the world, and could know Christ. Nothing but the cross (compelled) seems able to raise me to Him. I hope my discipline will not come through the suffering of those I love. It is hard to get rid of the worldly husk. God bless you, dear, and a happy New Year!"

CHAPTER VIII

Miscellaneous Letters — Appeal for a Night School for Girls — Organization of the School — Similar Associations in Other Cities — Desire for Workers among Young Men — Letters and Papers written during the Civil War — Letters from Greeley and Seward — Mr. Brace goes South on the Christian Commission — New President of Children's Aid Society — Organization of First Girls' Lodging-House

THE beginning of 1858 finds Mr. Brace again in Cambridge, whence he writes to his wife:—

CAMBRIDGE, January, 1858.

My dearest Wife: . . . What you say of your becoming like me, recalls what I have been noticing for some time, and which has touched me very much. . . . I hope, dear, you will not grow like me. I like you much better than myself. Do keep your individuality. . . . I have a constant tendency towards the most brotherly attentions towards all pretty young ladies! And they seem to abound here. Isn't it strange how much every one in the world is longing to love, and how every one cannot get love enough — as if each man should go around with a costly treasure to give to any one, and though every one wanted it, none could take it from him. Perhaps hereafter "supply and demand will be equal," and attractions proportioned to destinies. . . . I

had a fine tea-party at T. Parker's, — Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and the Hales and Starr King and lady, and numbers of others.

The years to which we are coming are marked by too few letters from Mr. Brace, 1858 having only the two following, and 1860 none at all. The first of those below describes the wood-life in which he passed his summers; the second is an affectionate expression of friendship addressed to a young sister-in-law.

To Mrs. G. L. Schuyler.

ADIRONDACKS, Aug. 29, 1858.

My dear Friend: I was delighted to find your and Miss Mary's notes here unconsumed by bears and other wild animals. . . . C. will give you all the particulars of our delightful journey. It has been a tour of beauty throughout. It seems to me there is nothing in this country so originally American as the Adirondack scenery and travel. I was constantly saying, "This is old Grecian life"; such a perfect sensuous existence. The most exquisite and rounded beauty of landscape, radiant sunlight and air just suiting either exercise or basking in the heat; then with one's body in the best condition to enjoy every sense and constant contact with nature in all her best and gayest moods; swimming in such delicious water; rowing or being silently boated in the most quiet lovely scenes; living constantly under "my great dome" (as Emerson called it in his camp, pointing to the vast starry vault); catching such

wonderful glimpses of cloud and light effects, which one never can know elsewhere — such as mists of early morning floating off before the sun, moonlight mysteries, the magnetic rays in the northern sky, or some supernatural combinations of splendor in the evening skies. You know how infinite these unknown effects of nature are — this is our wilderness life with all the social and merry additions which you can imagine. I feel exceedingly invigorated and inspired by it for the great works of life.

These vast solitudes have moved me with inexpressible reverence. In the midst of each great scene of starlight and water, I have felt as if prostrate in some unvisited mighty temple of Deity, and as if I could only raise my eyes from afar to heaven and ask for a nearer union to the ever-present Spirit. My soul seemed to pray with tears for that never-attained harmony with Him, and I felt as if all earth and heaven might pass away beneath me for me, if I could only reach that atmosphere of purity and peace and utter friendship with God. . . . We have just entered civilization. Our latest news is that the wire was laid, and that a message had passed. Here we find our mails and shall read up. What an event it is! The newest bond to the brotherhood of man. Nothing seems grander since the discovery of America.

To Miss Dora Neill.

HASTINGS, Sept. 20, 1858.

My dear Dora: . . . I have been educated in the severe Puritanic, Saxon idea of work. It stands for

duty, responsibility, almost religion, with us. I should wish to labor if my body were dropping away piecemeal, and if I lay on a dying bed for a length of time and the dearest friend I had on earth could only be with me by abandoning important duty, I should wish him or her away. Then, by reasoning, I have come to put woman as equal or as claiming equal privileges, and with equal responsibilities to man. So you see with the two, I have fallen into this severe view. It is not selfishness with us. It is balancing duty of labor with the duty of giving pleasure, and we only do as we have always been done by, and would be done by. Your cultivating your intellect is not so much taking care of yourself as doing your duty to God and the world. Of course it may be outbalanced by other duties. There lies the question. . . . It is strange that I should feel myself the one favored in our new bond. I suppose it is because age always feels itself so inferior to youth, and is glad even to kneel to catch such sweet, fresh flowers from her hand. I wonder whether your bright face will care to brighten to such a sober, severe, old worker as I am. That is the way I regard you and me now, so it shows I am growing very old. Do you know, dear, ever since our pleasant time with so many warm hearts, I find myself loving everybody better, and I half think nobody (except L.) ever softened my bear's heart so much as your sweet self. You represent youth and hope to me, and my sister, and perhaps I love you most because I think I see lighted in your soul one fire that shall never go out, — that kindled on the altar of duty.

Do you remember (to myself I would say, will you
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ever forget?) that starlit talk on the rock in the lake? That seemed to me (I suppose I idealized it) a kind of spiritual union which may last into Eternity. At any rate, it opened new paths of light to my poor darkened soul which seemed to come to me there from the Great Spirit. In that regard, it is of no consequence whether you remember or not. But what a sentimental love-letter I have fallen into! We have so much to tell you and M. A. when we meet, so I must leave memories and fancies, and come to facts. We have just heard Channing, a truly great preacher,—an inspired man with the simplest and most catholic idea of religion,—preaching to but a small circle of minds, but of whom I feel I am one. A man in the world but not of it; perhaps too spiritual to be a full model man, but what this day and generation need. God help us to be even more above the world than he is, and yet to have the world's full life.

The letter that follows was written to a relative suffering from an illness from which her recovery was doubtful:—

NEW YORK, Sunday, May 29, 1859.

My dear Kate: It is a beautiful Sabbath morning and I happen to be in town, and I have been thinking of you so much for some weeks that I feel I must write a few words. Did you know how much we enjoyed your little visit in Hastings? I felt I never really knew you so well before. We have felt so much your sufferings this spring, and are glad to hear that you are now a little relieved. I often ask

myself how I should bear such afflictions as yours, if God should send them suddenly upon me. It would be very hard for me to be suddenly put on one side and become useless, or to feel that I might possibly be obliged to leave those I loved without me. Yet, as I now feel (I may be mistaken), it seems to me, having once seen it was the will of God, and that I could do nothing, I could really just put my hand in Christ's, and say to Him to lead me wherever He will, even through the gate of death to His presence. . . . I am confident there is a relation to God through Christ, which can make life perfectly peaceful and happy under all possible circumstances, and throw an unimaginable glory over this world. It is not merely "doing one's duty" as D. would say, but it is so being filled with the presence and love of God, that doing duty is a habit, and life is all a friendship or union with the Infinite Spirit and all our faults are consumed in this perfect love. Do you understand? That brings the peace passing understanding!

Well, dear sister, may God sustain you, and, if best, restore you to health, and the presence of Christ go with you evermore.

With the winter of 1859-60, the society was brought to face a new problem, owing to the immense number of young girls in need of wholesome influences, who were not of the most destitute class; that is, who were not street children, but were employed in factories. The society felt that conditions were fast changing as New York became more and

more a manufacturing city. The possibility of sending off the girls to the West would grow much less, as a manufacturing town would retain its working population. Though there are not the same dangers for girls in the factories as for the class of street children already helped by the society, there are other risks, and Mr. Brace felt something must be done to amuse as well as instruct them in the evenings. In the report for 1860, he says, "With this condition of the poorer female laboring class rapidly approaching, a new order of instrumentalities will be necessary from those whose aim it is to raise up the degraded classes of the city."

He says that girls who have worked hard all day, who are full of vitality and spirit, need amusement and sociality, and will seek it where they can find it if it is not given them. Their filthy, disagreeable homes will not detain them, used, as they are, to being their own mistresses throughout the day. Moral training and innocent amusement must be given, and this can only be done by opening the schools in the evenings, and making them attractive and social. Money for this purpose, and for classes for another set of girls, the German rag and bone pickers, was earnestly solicited of the public. The needs of this latter portion of the community are strongly set forth in a letter to the president of the society, Judge Mason, in which Mr. Brace reveals

that he has grasped the fact, only at the present time becoming vitally important in the minds of practical philanthropists, that the way to reach these girls is through social means, and the way really to help them is through industrial. ". . . Many of these," the letter says, "are very bright, quick, intelligent young girls who, from the acquaintances made in this way,¹ are tempted into the low dance saloons and houses of improper character. It is known that hundreds of the unfortunate girls who frequent and support these places are poor German girls from this very class. The only remedy is not so much to reform, as to prevent the evil. Instruction, training in work which shall be remunerative hereafter, proper amusements, and religious influences are the means which we hope will check those evils among our poorest class of Germans. It is accordingly proposed to open in the neighborhood of Corlear's Hook a *social* and *industrial* school for the benefit of this class of young German girls from twelve to fifteen years of age. It is hoped, in the hours in which these girls are not at work in the streets, to bring them together for instruction, for moral teachings, and for practice in some branch of industry. Then in the evenings, the teachers will seek to provide some suitable amusement or mode of spending the time which shall keep them out of

¹ In street-trades and rag and bone picking.

temptation. . . . As a Christian effort in a direction in which so little has been done compared with the vastness of the evil, we hope the enterprise will meet with your sympathy and support."

An association of Germans was at once formed, who subscribed one thousand dollars, and the evening school was opened. The girls, somewhat rude and bold at first, came in numbers, and under the influence of judicious and experienced teachers set to work on the regular school branches, and on lessons on the sewing machine. A part of the evening was given to singing, and Saturday evenings entirely to games and amusement. Sixty working-girls, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, were soon in regular attendance. Mr. Brace says that there was every reason "to hope that a deep moral hold will be gained over a large number of young girls who are now exposed to many dangers." Thus we learn of the first effort in New York to give evening occupation and entertainment to girls.

It is an interesting fact which Mr. Brace mentions in his report of this year, 1860, that, after the founding of the society, similar associations were formed in many places throughout the country. Industrial schools with "boys' meetings" and reading-rooms for the poor were opened in Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, and numerous other towns. He closes the report with an appeal for more workers:—

"It is very much to be desired," he says, "that more of our young men, especially those of leisure and fortune, should take part in some of these various enterprises for the children of the poor, embraced under our organization. In England, it is this class of men who do the most for the needy and ignorant. We should be glad of their aid in the religious instruction of these poor lads, in contriving for and managing our reading-rooms or boys' meetings or various undertakings for benefiting the children and youth of the poorest classes. It is the best fruit of Christianity that it is recognized as a privilege for the highest to stoop to the lowest, for the most powerful to help up the weakest; and it is in this light especially, that we would lay this possibility of usefulness before the sons of our most eminent and wealthy citizens."

The friendly letters of these stirring war times are so few that we turn to his letters to the newspapers to learn how thoroughly aroused he was. We insert here a letter to the "*New York Times*" written in the spring of 1861:—

To the "New York Times."

Tuesday, April 16, 1861.

. . . Nothing, for years, has brought the hearts of all the people so close together, or so inspired them all with common hope and common fears and a common aim, as the bombardment and surrender of

an American fortress. We look upon this sublime outburst of public sentiment as the most perfect vindication of popular institutions, the most conclusive reply to the impugners of American loyalty the country has ever seen. It has been quite common to say that such a Republic as ours could never be permanent, because it lacked the conditions of a profound and abiding loyalty. The government could never inspire a patriotic instinct fervid enough to melt the bonds of party, or powerful enough to override the selfishness which free institutions so rapidly develop. The hearts of our people had begun to sink within them at the apparent insensibility of the public to the dangers which menaced the government. . . .

But all this changed. The cannon which bombarded Sumter awoke strange echoes, and touched forgotten chords in the American heart. American loyalty leaped into instant life, and stood radiant and ready for the fierce encounter. From one end of the land to the other,— in the crowded streets of cities, and in the solitude of the country,— wherever the splendor of the stars and stripes, the glittering emblems of our country's glory, meets the eye, come forth shouts of devotion and pledges of aid which give due guarantees for the perpetuity of American freedom. War can inflict no scars on such a people. . . . It is a mistake to suppose that war — even civil war — is the greatest evil that can afflict a nation. . . . War is a far less evil than degradation, than the national and social paralysis which can neither feel a wound nor redress a wrong. . . . The great body of our people have but one

heart and one purpose in this great crisis of our history. Whatever may be the character of the contest, we have no fears or misgivings as to the final issue.

His disappointment in England's lack of sympathy was very bitter. Although he had friends like Sir Charles and Lady Lyell and many others, who were heart and soul with the Union cause, the public tone hurt him, and he writes with more bitterness than we are used to look for from his pen. He says she disappointed him in her lack of sympathy for Hungary twelve years before. Now it is the same thing. Either the papers express in the name of the public pious horror or pity at this "wicked and fratricidal war," or there is a tone of cool neutrality. He writes for the "*New York Times*," under the title "*The Sympathies of England*":—

"May 28, 1861. . . . Of course, other and wiser words will yet come over the Atlantic. But to generous natures, the first words are the real words. Nothing that England can offer now of sympathy, or hereafter of pious congratulation at the triumph of liberty and government, can remove the conviction implanted in the minds of our people of the hypocrisy of her governing classes. She has lost in American affairs the golden opportunity of centuries, and it will never come again. If ever a war was holy, if ever it was made for the noblest objects, this has

been. . . . For merchants who have offered the fruits of the toil of years, for mothers who bring with their own hands their sons to the recruiting offices, for professional men who have abandoned all civil honors to take place as privates, . . . for a whole nation offering money, time, and life itself without stint or measure in the cause of human liberty and law,—to be told that they are only fighting for a tariff or their pockets, or because they want excitement, is not only a misrepresentation base enough to lead all honorable souls to doubt it, but dull enough to carry its own reply with it."

Mr. Brace made a trip to Washington during the spring and early summer of this year, and corresponded with the "Independent" during his journey. We insert at some length extracts from his letters, believing that both his practical suggestions and his comments on what he saw may be of interest.

To the Editors of the "Independent."

May 9, 1861.

Your old correspondent has just passed through the camps in Maryland, and is now in Washington. It is quite a singular effect to note the contrast between this quiet city and the excited New York. As soon as I had passed the first military lines, I felt the difference in the atmosphere. The ideal part of the struggle was behind, the real before. The soldiers were about a practical business; rations and drills and camping-places had taken the place

of speeches and toasts and hurrahs. Washington seems as calm as a New England village, only more picturesque from the number of uniforms. The sufferings of a civilian on the route by Annapolis to Washington would make a theme for "Punch" or Marryat. Nobody cares for him, no one minds him. The univeral military response to every question is "I don't know." Sometimes he is not allowed to go forward or to retreat. All men snub him. If, in his utter confusion and desolation, he finally, in despair, applies to the general,—as did one unfortunate traveller to General Butler,—and asks where he is to sleep, he is extinguished by the soldier-like answer, "I really don't know, sir. Do you think I am the chambermaid of this post?" All is military routine, and your traveller had better keep out of the way of it. Then the confusion, the waste, the hurried work, the striding right over all the usual habits of peace. Nothing that I have ever read described it so nearly as some of Marryat's accounts of putting one of Her Majesty's frigates in sudden readiness for sea.

The most efficient officer, I should think, on the ground is General Butler of Massachusetts. Still, very few of the officials in command have first-rate business habits. The whole thing is new to our people, and the regiments have come on before the government was ready for them. . . .

The tone of our men is noble. There is no bitterness or spirit of revenge among them, but a manly determination to do their duty to their country. They are bearing great privations and hardships without a murmur at the cause which brought them

out, though with curses both loud and deep at the commissariat officers. They need many things, and it becomes their friends all over the country to provide for these. Let us remember that our kinsmen and friends who are fighting our battles will die from rheumatism, fever, dysentery, and sickness of every kind, vastly more than they will from bullets and bayonets. To guard against these, let every village and town supply its volunteers each with a loose flannel shirt and India-rubber blanket (or slip) and warm woollen socks. These are the best things for dampness, and for extremes of heat and cold. Then, to vary their everlasting salt diet, send them boxes or barrels of dried fruit, or oranges or apples, or cans of preserved meat and vegetables, or a keg of molasses (molasses helps out bad fare wonderfully), or a can of tea (tea is not an army ration). It will be easy to find out who is the officer to whom these things are to be sent for the particular regiment. Then for higher wants. The army should be thoroughly supplied with reading matter. There is the greatest want in this respect. The young men are most eager to read, but have nothing. Idleness will ruin many a noble fellow in these regiments. Why could not, for instance, some generous person enable the "Independent" to issue an "Army Edition," and scatter twenty thousand copies every week among our forces; or why could not each community forward plenty of papers and pamphlets and tracts to their own men?

But now to the highest want. I found the religious men of the regiments I visited under a cloud. They had not become used to the idea of a *Christian*

soldier. Without Sundays, without churches or books or sermons, or a society of the good, they were overborne by the habits and tone of those around them. This country has not come to consider the army (as England does) as a necessary part of the State, and a religious officer or soldier as just as natural as a religious civilian. Our men of piety feel as if they were somewhat out of their element when they are on service. Then in every regiment, sometimes in every company, are men who are obscene ruffians,—profane, foul-mouthed fellows who ought to be in the hands of the police. These lead the talk, and have vastly more influence than they ought to have, or would have if the religious and moral were united. I found Christian men in some of the corps much depressed by these things. Drinking and gambling, too, had begun, and there seemed danger of a tide of vice and irreligion running through our army. Now, our Northern men never can fight this war well, unless from the beginning it is a religious war. It was begun from principle. It is a defence of liberty and law and righteousness. It should continue a war of principle. The Bible and Psalm-book should go along with the bayonet and sword. Prayers should precede each battle. Our men must feel, as did the Revolutionary forefathers or the English Puritans, and know that they are serving God when they take hardship and wounds and death in this cause. There ought to be no unmanly dodging of religious responsibilities. The men of piety in each regiment must band together and make their influence felt. They must not be ashamed of Christ, even when carrying

pistol and bayonet, and before the profane and the nasty. Let us have a manly, soldierly piety in our whole army.

To the Editors of the "Independent."

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1861.

Mr. Toombs prophesied that he would one day call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. We have lived to see the Senate Chamber where he spoke occupied by Massachusetts soldiers, in arms against the slave masters and for defence of Washington.

During the last week I visited the Senate Chamber, where the brave men are who forced their way through the mob of Baltimore. It was a notable sight, a scene that will be historic hereafter, one of those events which, five hundred years hence, will be spoken of by our vast posterity as the Romans spoke of the distant days when the Gauls were beleaguering the Capitol. There they lay, stretched about on the seats and desks which many meaner men had filled, and making the walls that have listened to so much mean apology and base treason echo to freer words. You have heard how these men of the Bay State sprang to their arms. One company received its notice at two o'clock in the morning, and by nine o'clock it was all ready and on its march. There was something so fitting that those who had been first to speak in the great struggle should likewise be the first to act. . . .

The main feeling with the men, I find, is that it is a struggle for the very existence of the govern-

ment; for law itself against anarchy. Mr. Evarts, in his interview with the President, expressed the underlying principle in his trenchant words: "We of the North," said he, "are to show that revolutions cannot be had in this country cheap. If necessary, it shall cost the prosperity of a whole generation to overthrow our government." Still, it makes but little difference what the individuals of an army intend. They are now the incarnations of an idea. This idea necessarily involves "hatred to slavery." Let the first blood be shed, and every ignorant laborer who has joined the ranks, and all his friends and kinsmen, are henceforth foes of slavery. Besides, the necessities of war are despotic. We *must* rouse up the slaves eventually. We cannot help it. If they help us, we cannot shoot them down. One reprisal begets another. The rebel privateers capture our gold-bearing steamers or our coast craft. We loosen the bonds of the slaves. And the ultimatum must be, as Wendell Phillips says, "Disunion or Emancipation." . . .

Freedom to the slave! The words sound as might the songs of angels amid the curses and groans of battle. We cannot believe them. What! This curse and burning shame at length, after so many years of hopeless prayers and tears, to be taken away! The chain of American bondage to be broken, the wrongs and sins of that accursed system of despotism at length to be swept away, and this glorious old flag to wave henceforth over nothing but *freemen*; to be the symbol, indeed, of universal liberty! . . .

Another result of our final victory must be the full justification of the American idea. We have all

doubted it. We have all been at times skeptics. Seeing the corruption of politicians, and the base uses to which the people have been put, we have been ready to say, "Men are not yet ready for universal suffrage! We should have restrictions and privileges! Keep out the foreigners from our rights!" Now, in the hour of our peril, when the Southern demagogue counted on treason from the poor foreigner, even as he had found it among his own wealthy countrymen, at the first shot at our flag we find the foreign-born rising, if possible, with more enthusiasm and patriotic self-devotion to defend the Republic than our own citizens. The brave Irish, the gallant French, the well-drilled Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and English are hurrying on to stand by or die for the capital of their country. Henceforth, the blood of the foreign dead on this soil consecrates universal suffrage, while the American nation endures.

Still further, one can see in the future, looming up before us, the image of a *stronger government*. Such a rebellion as this must not occur twice. Even if the present Administration, with its powers, is able to overthrow this mighty faction of enemies, we shall inevitably henceforth demand a government that can prevent such outbreaks. . . . We can never allow again our ship of State to come so near foundering. The pleasing excitement of a blockade of our capital must never be repeated.

A letter to his wife shows him in the thick of the operations that preceded the defeat at Bull Run.

To his Wife.

Camp on the ground in front of a Secesh house
near Fairfax Court-House, Wednesday, 4
o'clock. Summer, 1861.

Dearest Wife: I have had a most exciting day. You'll find a full account of it in Friday's "Times" signed *Civilian*. Raymond and another and I took a carriage, and, making a short cut, came into the van of the advance army, and have marched along expecting an attack continually. We entered Fairfax Court-House with the first. It was a most exciting scene. People all trembling, most houses deserted, artillery, cavalry, and some troops thundering through. Some of the houses were entered, and a few things plundered; but the enemy had gone. But now we are waiting for the cool, and shall march forward towards Manassas Junction. A guard is over this deserted house. We are resting on the grass. Several times we were expecting a discharge from masked batteries, but the enemy had all left, and very hurriedly; so much so that they left tents and everything. Trees were felled along, and our men removed them. Generally, the houses are well treated. Our men are full of spirit. The general and colonels are very polite to us — very gentlemanly indeed. (They say the men have just burnt a house in the village.)

The enemy's camp is in sight, which they abandoned, and the log-house hospital is burning. The rebels seem to have had plenty to eat. I suppose they will fight at the Junction.

The sight was so beautiful and picturesque of the lines of glittering bayonets in the fresh morning, and the horsemen and the cannon marching through the forest and over the road between grain fields. I am sleepy, only slept four hours; so God bless you, dear!

CENTREVILLE, Friday.

Yesterday I was *in a battle*. Don't be frightened; we escaped all right, and I suppose the danger was trifling. We stood on the hill above Bull's Run, and saw the whole affair, and suddenly had the cannon-balls flying among us. I tell you, the first experience of a round shot, whirring over one's head, is a sensation. Every one ducks and *whirr!* they go right over you. A number were killed on our side. I have written a long account for the "Times." Our men did not act very well, and the enemy were well posted. It was a trap for us. We go to the same point to-day, and will attack them with a larger force. It was the most exciting day of my life, yesterday, and I could hardly sleep, tired as I was. The poor people here suffer terribly. I am staying at the doctor's. The lady has just lost her beehives and her chickens, and she has to go out every moment and stop the men from breaking down her corn, the support of her family. She has two negro slaves who seem very comfortable, and her little girl waits. The men are half-starved, and sweep the country, burning some of the houses. They are in grand spirits. The *Seceshes* fought with frightful yells, and were well covered. It is curious, though they have retreated steadily now for nine miles very

fast, the letters of the South Carolinians, which we pick up, are full of contempt for the courage of the d—d Yankees, and talk of two to one being fair odds, etc. (They are knocking the windows out of the church, to give air to the wounded.) We are off again.

P.S.—Washington. Friday evening.

Back here again, but most unluckily Sanitary Commission is closed, and I can get no letters. Am exceedingly disappointed. Trust all is right and you are well.

The two remaining extracts from letters to the "Independent" read as follows:—

Sept. 12, 1861.

. . . The shadow of American slavery has fallen upon our whole lives. We could not pray without thinking of them in bonds even as bound with them. The pictures of American glory seemed mockery when we saw this dark background of kneeling, manacled forms. The petition that "Thy kingdom should come" seemed useless while we could do nothing against this organized system of heathenism. So have the natural influences of American slavery been working upon the minds of hundreds of thousands, until they feel and believe that no such horde of tyrants anywhere exists as a certain portion of the Southern slaveholders. . . .

At length, in the providence of God, a fair field has come for striking a death-blow at this gigantic tyranny. Will it be wondered at that all such strive

and labor and pray, not merely for the preservation of this government, but most of all for the overthrow of slavery and the restoration of liberty? The smothered indignation of years, now that at length there is a practical vent, bursts forth. If they speak of the subjugation or extermination of the slaveholders, *as a class*, it is not in the spirit of revenge or personal bitterness, but because such seems the Divine Providence or retribution, and because they feel the wrongs done to the helpless and the unbefriended.

The opposition to a public "Declaration of Emancipation" under the war-power has its grounds in a variety of causes. Some of them are every way dishonorable to the American mind, and show the deep corrupting influence which a powerful system of injustice may work at length on the national conscience.

Historians will record with astonishment, centuries hence, that a nation whose life had been almost destroyed by a dreadful institution of wrong, who were thoroughly convinced of its wickedness and injury, should finally, when a plain and just way of removing it was offered them, still hesitate, and even perhaps risk destruction, rather than do justice. They will wonder at it as one of the strange instances of human obliquity and folly. Perhaps with even more wonder they will record that during this time of danger, on an appointed day of penitence for national sins, men should rise who especially professed to represent mercy and justice to the world, and, in the very house of God, should not have a

word to say of the greatest sin which a nation ever committed,—their own national sin, and the cause of all their troubles,—and should be able to characterize a reasonable plan of administering justice for the oppressed only as “fanatical and revolutionary.” Perhaps the mournful verdict will be that a nation whose teachers and priests were such, needed chastisement, if not extermination.

In October he seems to have written two letters to Greeley, begging him to plead more for the anti-slavery cause in the “Tribune.” We have not Mr. Brace’s letters, but give Mr. Greeley’s very interesting replies:—

OFFICE OF THE “TRIBUNE,” Oct. 3, 1861.

“It is stated as a fact that an Indiana clergyman, during his prayer on the late Fast Day, used the following language: ‘Oh, Lord, had the East done as well as the Hoosier State in furnishing men to put down this rebellion, we would not be under the necessity of calling on Thee.’ ”¹ My friend, I differ slightly from our Indiana friend, and of course from yourself. I think God is fighting the battle of emancipation, and that the folly, imbecility, and faithlessness of our rulers is among the means by which He is working out His glorious purpose. You remember that noble line of Milton, “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

There is no use of talk. One fact, like the destruction of the railroad bridge and train in North

¹ Cutting from newspaper inclosed in Mr. Greeley’s letter.

Missouri, is worth all you and I would say for months. Our volunteers are henceforth to be our practical Abolitionists. The war, and not what you and I may say about it, is to end slavery. Do trust the Divine Disposer and not His feeble instruments, and rest assured that Bull Run and its consequences, with the general course and results of the war, are to do the needed work, with little help from you or me. If every Abolitionist of three months' standing were to die to-morrow, the war could not continue two years without ending in (or involving) emancipation. It may be well for the "Tribune," as you say, to say more on this point. But I doubt that it is well for the cause, and I feel sure that it is unnecessary.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Oct. 7, 1861.

Friend B—: The real question is not, "Shall emancipation be recommended as the true antidote to rebellion?" But who shall do it? When no one else but Abolitionists would do it, they had to; but now that General Cass, O. A. Brownson, General Ben Butler, etc., are in the field, I think it not well that those who have been rendered odious by urging abolition when it was a stench in the public nostrils should be conspicuous in "the hottest forefront of the battle," and besides, it does seem to me that the re-establishment of the Union and the downfall of the slave power are nearly synonymous, and that he who is sternly for the Union will soon be against slavery if well let alone. Still we shall have articles in the

"Tribune" urging abolition — probably as many as is good for the cause. But I still think the Lord means to rid us of slavery in some manner which will render His hand in the work more visible than though it were brought about by the newspapers.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

The following letter from Mr. Seward was written in acknowledgment of an expression of Mr. Brace's sympathy in the Trent affair:—

From William H. Seward.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1861.

My dear Mr. Brace: I thank you for your very kind note, and for your still more indulgent note upon the "Foreign Correspondence." It will always be a riddle for me, insoluble to the end, why it is that I am always falling under the suspicion of friends, and, invariably, the fault that suspicion indicates is the very opposite of my active life. But one must bear his burden.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

In the spring of 1862, Mr. Brace wrote to Mr. F. L. Olmsted, then at the head of the Sanitary Commission, to know if there were any work he could do, and received the following characteristic reply:—

From F. L. Olmsted.

On board the *Wilson Small*, Hampton Roads,
first Sunday after the skedaddle of the
Pamumkey. 1862.

Dear Charley: I employ three classes, surgeons, nurses, and women — the first and last of two grades, but in neither of either would you yoke. For nurses, I find that any not very sick common soldiers, Yankee, Irish, or German, are better than any volunteers; also that mercenaries are better than gratuitous volunteers. I have therefore abandoned volunteers. Don't want them. Consequently, in the way of business, I don't want you; for any man without a clearly defined function about the army is a nuisance, and is treated as such, unless he comes with a peremptory edict from the Secretary of War that he shan't be, when aside swearing becomes the substitute for kicks and cold shoulders. I have seen enough of it, and it is not an entertainment to which I would invite a friend.

Mr. Brace was, however, able to go on the Christian Commission, and did what he could for both associations.

No letters have been found telling how long he remained in the South, but a few words in the following show that he found sufficient to do.

To his Wife.

PORtSMOUTH, July 16 [1862].

Dearest Wife: . . . I have been laid up for a day by one of my feverish colds. I wrote to the "Times," however, and to-day I have been distributing sherry and spiritual consolation. To-morrow, I hold my farewell services in three hospitals. A number were transported North to-day, and so glad they were! It has been a delightful work, but now I feel sick and homesick. . . . One of our delegates told me that he saw a dying rebel officer in a ravine, after a severe action. He leaned over to him, and the dying man whispered, "That was the *gallantest* charge I was ever in. The flag was shot down twenty-five times, and every time taken up again, and kept on!" Somebody asked, "What flag?" "Yours," he said. A fine tribute to our men, wasn't it?

The Children's Aid Society had sustained a severe loss during the preceding winter, in the death of its faithful president, Judge Mason. In 1861, Mr. William A. Booth became his successor, and immediately upon assuming his duties undertook, with Mr. Brace, an extension of the society in a new direction. Efforts had already been made to afford instruction and amusement in the evenings to girls of from fourteen to seventeen years of age, too old to be forced into school, who were either idle or engaged in street trades, but the complete charge of

them was now for the first time undertaken by the society. Of this enterprise, Mr. Brace said later, "It is no exaggeration to say that this instrument of charity and reform has cost us more trouble than all our enterprises together." The society might well have been appalled at the prospect before it in attempting to reach this class. It represented qualities well-nigh impossible to obtain an influence over,—an incredible cunning in deceiving those even who came into closest relations with them; a lack of control which made them, after being in actual want for days, spend a suddenly earned shilling in some foolish gewgaw, and, worst of all, a superficiality of which Mr. Brace speaks in the following forcible language:—

"Their worst quality is their superficiality. There is no depth either to their virtues or vices. They sin, and immediately repent with alacrity; they live virtuously for years, and a straw seems suddenly to turn them. They weep at the presentation of the divine character in Christ, and pray with fervency; and, the very next day, may ruin their virtue or steal their neighbor's garment, or take to drinking, or set a whole block in ferment with some biting scandal. They seem to be children, but with woman's passion, and woman's jealousy and scathing tongue. They trust a superior as a child; they neglect themselves, and injure body and mind as a child might; they have a child's generosity, and occasional fresh-

ness of impulse, and desire of purity; but their passions sweep over them with the force of maturity, and their temper and power of setting persons by the ears, and backbiting and occasional intensity of hate, belong to a later period of life.”¹

And yet they were not all bad. He says many of them had rushed away from wretched homes of drunkenness, unlucky, unfortunate, getting a situation only to lose it, but not with any evil purpose in their poor, darkened souls. Sometimes, where an unusual experience aroused them, they displayed a power of sacrifice which utterly forgot self, and the loving woman’s heart shone out brightly, even through the shadow of death. But the difficulty in managing them practically, owing to this combination of childishness and undisciplined maturity, seemed thoroughly hopeless.

A plan for an institution to benefit this class was drawn up by Mr. Brace in the form of a circular called “A Plan for an Institution for Poor Young Girls.” With the great need of a trained domestic service, that existed then as now, it seemed to Mr. Brace and Mr. Booth that means could be found which should enable girls thoroughly to learn the details of housework. It was suggested that a set of rooms be taken for eating-house, kitchen, and laundry, where girls might be taught these indus-

¹ “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” p. 302.

trial branches, and washing be taken in for others. Wages were to be paid as an inducement to girls to enter, and after a certain time of training, efforts would be made by the school or home to find suitable places for the girls. Thus it was hoped that this class of young girls, growing up in idle and vagabond habits, would learn a useful, industrial calling, and might be brought under the best personal influence.

But the enterprise, under Mr. Booth's active interest, took larger proportions than Mr. Brace had at first dared hope. They opened a shelter called "The Girls' Lodging-House," where any drifting, friendless girl could go for a night's lodging. If she had means, she was to pay a trifling sum,—five or six cents; if not, she must aid in the labor of the house, and thus, in part, defray the expense of her board. Agents were sent out on the docks and into the slums, the police were informed of the refuge, notices were posted in station-houses, and near ferries and railroad-stations, and everything was done to reach out the hand of welcome to the homeless girl wandering in loneliness, to let her know that there was a shelter for her in the great city. The response was immediate. Girls of every kind, with histories of endless diversity, but all unfortunate, whether through their own fault or not, came in throngs. Desirable as it was that none should

be denied admission, the practical difficulties rendered this impossible. It was not intended to make of the lodging-house a reformatory for those already perverted, which must result in either shutting out the decent and honest poor, or in submitting them to demoralizing influences. The decision was soon arrived at by Mr. Brace, that admission must be refused to all women over eighteen years of age, in order that, in the outset, the more hardened sinners might be excluded; and for the farther protection of those for whom the lodging-house was intended, as well as for the elevation into a better womanhood of those on the borderland between virtue and degradation, he trusted to the steady influence of the habit of regular work on the part of all the inmates of the house.

Mr. Brace says in "The Dangerous Classes of New York" that the struggles of Mr. and Mrs. Trott, the superintendent and matron, against discouraging evils in the character of this class, would make a strange history. But they were well fitted for the task, and before long habits of personal cleanliness, of early rising and going to bed at a regular hour, were taught to the girls, and tasks of the simplest nature in housework were set for the regular inmates of the home. Some few paid their board, and went out to work in factories or shops, but the most were employed in housework, and thus did

something to help pay for their support. As the establishment increased, they carried on its entire work, and when instruction in sewing and machine-work had been added to that given in cooking and household duties, thousands of garments were made for children in the care of the society elsewhere. Although desiring that it should be considered a home, Mr. Brace had a strong objection to having the lodging-house looked upon as an institution or professional "Home." "The great danger and temptation of such establishments," he says, "are in the desire of keeping the inmates, and showing to the public your reforms." He did not want asylum influences, any treating of the girls *en bloc*, or as machines. "To teach them to work, to be clean, and to understand the virtues of order and punctuality; to lay the foundations of a housekeeper or servant; to bring the influences of discipline, of kindness, and religion to bear on these wild and ungoverned creatures,—these were to be the great objects of the lodging-house. Then some good home or respectable family were to do the rest. We were to keep lodgers a little while only, and then to pass them along to situations or places of work."¹

The good work of this important branch of the society was inestimably aided by the personal and earnest labors of one of the first trustees, Mr. B. J.

¹ "The Dangerous Classes of New York," p. 309.

Howland, who went constantly to the home, talked on religious subjects to the girls, planned amusements for them, and became a friend to many of them.

It is interesting to note that this winter saw an occurrence which Mr. Brace considered of great moment in affecting the condition of the poor,— the appointment of “truant-officers” for the city, by the Commissioners of Police. The reports of the society had been urging the advisability of this measure for some years, and it was at Mr. Brace’s urgent application that finally two officers and a sergeant were detailed for this duty. The results made manifest in two months’ time were the transformation of more than five hundred truants into regular school-attendants.

CHAPTER IX

Ethnological Book — Progress of Children's Aid Society in Spite of the War — Death of Mrs. Schuyler — Letter to a Trustee of Children's Aid Society explaining Mr. Brace's Right to Private Views as a Private Individual — Plans for English Journey — Lincoln's Death — Experience in England — English Lack of Sympathy in the War — In the Tyrol — Miscellaneous Letters — Illness — California Trip — Death of Miss Neill — Death of Mr. Loring — Progress of Society's Work — Newsboys' Lodging-House — Letter to Beecher — Darwinism — Factory Children

EARLY in 1863, Mr. Brace issued, in the form of a manual, a book on the results of the ethnological studies which had occupied his studious hours for ten years or more, under the title, "The Races of the Old World." In the preface he says, "The present 'Manual of the Ethnology of the Old World' is designed, not so much for the learned, as for the large number of persons who are interested in the study of history, whether in academies and colleges, or among the people of business and professions. . . . This treatise is intended to present in brief and clear form the latest and most trustworthy results of scholarship and scientific investigation bearing on the question of races, and to furnish a guide, imperfect though it may be, to the study of history."

One or two sentences from an article in the "Independent," on "Ethnological Fallacies" (Dec. 20, 1860), will serve to indicate how, even amid the heats of impending war, his mind rested naturally on the broad principles of scientific truth. ". . . It is a shame that now, all through Europe, American science in ethnology has become identical with perverted argument for the oppression of the negro, and an American's conclusions upon the black races are as certain *a priori* as would be a Brahmin's on the origin or rights of his caste in India. The shadow of our national sin has fallen even on the domain of our science, and obscured its noble features to the world. Of course, the only method for philosophy is to divorce the whole subject from sympathy, whether for slavery or freedom, and stand on the solid basis of facts and inductive reasoning."

The summer of 1863 saw a practical proof, in the terrible draft-riots, of the necessity, dwelt upon for years by the society, of caring for the street boys, who swelled the numbers of ruffians attacking houses or torturing negroes, and showed into what an element street children, grown up in neglect and unrestrained, may develop.

After ten years of experience, Mr. Brace was able to speak in 1863, with gratitude, of the continued support of the society on the part of the public, and

especially of the steady growth of the branch of emigration. In spite of the calamities inflicted by the war, and the absence of heads of families, the West had never contributed so liberally, or called for so many children, while there had been no indication whatever of the evil prophesied by those opposed to emigration. He says that if there had been grounds for the charge that they were sowing "seeds of vice and crime" in the West, by this time an immense harvest of sin and misery would have appeared, while, on the contrary, letters were constantly telling of boys and girls grown to happy manhood and womanhood, some with property of their own, some as teachers, while so many of the boys had gone to fight for their country that the correspondence during this year might almost have been called "Letters from the Camp." He says that one of the pleasantest features in regard to the children sent West, is in their desire to help others as they have been helped, and he tells of visits to the office of some of the boys sent away in the early years, one coming to suggest that he should like to open a reform school in the country, to aid city boys; another, with a good home, asks for a homeless boy to bring up himself.

Mr. Brace enlarges on the far greater difficulty of bringing good American influences to bear on these children than on any in inland towns, owing to the constant foreign immigration, and goes on, as fol-

lows, to explain what these American influences are:—

"If we look closely, we shall see that the powerful influences in the United States which tend continually to raise up the lowest classes and prevent the formation of a 'dangerous class,' like the European are (1) the *Social* and (2) the *Educational*. In the social influences, we include all our extraordinarily favorable economic circumstances in America, the great demand for labor, and the wonderful conditions for its successful application; the removal of very many legal burdens on profitable production, and the consequent general pecuniary prosperity of the laboring class; all of which tend to give a high social tone to the working-people of our country. They respect themselves more than the corresponding class do in any other country. They have traditional habits of cleanliness, independence, good order, and decency. Any one coming among them and violating these characteristic habits of the class, receives the most severe punishment which a workingman can feel—the contempt of his own fellows and companions. In the educational influences, we comprise all those subtle influences of the school, the Church, and the State, which, transmitted in America from father to child, are so powerfully moulding the whole youthful population of the Union. No one living in a rural district can altogether escape the indirect power of these influences. The necessity of education, the reality of religion, the consciousness of being a citizen with political power

in a great Republic, are ideas so profound in the laboring class of our country districts, that no one, however low, utterly fails to be affected by them.”¹

It is to give children these chances that the society works, and in detail Mr. Brace tells how they hope to effect this.

“We have attempted, first of all, *to change the whole social condition* of the outcast child. We have sometimes, as it has seemed to a few, placed him almost too suddenly in a family. But we have felt confident that the social influences of an honest farmer’s family and an intelligent rural community, were so powerful that they could, in time, give a new cast and shape to the character of even the most unfortunate and degraded child. The wonderful and most fortunate fact, this complement existing between the vast supply of youthful labor in our cities, and the immense demand for it in our rural communities, embraces the natural laws of economy on which we have acted. Our next great effort has been to *educate the ignorant children* of the city, through industrial schools, ‘boys’ meetings,’ work-shops, reading-rooms, lodging-houses, and the like. The effect of these instrumentalities can be doubted by no one. The children who are trained by them are not those who become robbers and law-breakers. On the contrary, as we have tested for so many years,

¹ Eleventh Annual Report, pp. 6, 7.

they grow up industrious, honest, and respectable young men and women.”¹

A great shadow came over the quiet little home in Hastings in the autumn of this year, in the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Brace’s dear friend, Mrs. G. L. Schuyler, to which he alludes in the following letter:—

“Your conversation with Mrs. Schuyler on that evening,” he writes Mr. F. L. Olmsted in November, 1863, “will be your last, and, furthermore, she knew then she was dying! She is dying grandly, with the brightest hope and courage, while we find a cloud over everything. To me, her death is an unspeakable loss — the noblest woman of our continent, I think.”

In reply, Mr. Olmsted writes:—

BEAR VALLEY, CAL., Dec. 21, 1863.

Dear Charley: I have yours of 7th November. I had heard before about Mrs. Schuyler. She is so associated with all that is good and great in my mind, that I shall feel as if her death were a part of the war. The war has made sudden and most lamentable death something not to be surprised or shocked at. We love, revere, and rest our hearts upon great souls with that condition. As for Mrs. Schuyler, I believe that I wish in my soul that I were in her place. In every way, it seems to me

¹ Eleventh Annual Report, p. 8.

she will die triumphant, her life brought as nearly to a satisfactory completion as human life can be. In years, she is yet young, but years are no measure of life. The war makes us all old, it seems to me. . . . As to the war, I always told you your impatience, your regard for particular enterprises, events, men, battles, campaigns, was foolish. "Be still and see the salvation of God," as old Lincoln says. None the less is there work to do always by every man, — chiefly for you and me to keep up the faith of people and make them look far ahead, as is not their custom in everyday affairs.

Referring again to his friend and her death, Mr. Brace says: —

To F. L. Olmsted.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1864.

My dear Fred: Your anticipations in regard to Mrs. Schuyler's death were fully justified. Take it altogether, it was the most remarkable instance of the triumph of soul over body, I ever read of. Her belief in the next world, or life, was perfectly real and inspiring — so remarkable and entire that people came to her to impart their feelings to friends they had lost. She rested with a most supreme trust on what she called God. He was as real to her, she said once, "as this bedstead." Not a doubt or complaint or regret apparently crossed her mind at her going, — so real was the next, — and even her torture seemed to be forgotten in the glory of her hope. Yet her mind was just as calm and clear and full of

common-sense, as we ever knew it, attending to every detail and always thoughtful of others. We all said but for the weak voice we should hardly have imagined she was so ill. Our talks were just about as they always had been. . . .

"We shall do our daily duty better," he writes to his sister, Miss Dora Neill, "be more unselfish and noble and refined for her example. In our inner lives there will be another saint to lead us up to Christ and better things. . . . You know what a fearful gap her death makes in my life, which nothing can fill."

A letter written from the Adirondacks in August, 1864, well sets forth Mr. Brace's relations to the society, and his amenability to criticism:—

To a Trustee.

LOWER SARANAC, Aug. 7, 1864.

My dear Mr. ——: Your note of the 23d prox., and the inclosure from the "World" was forwarded to me here. The letter from the "World," signed *Veritas*, contains a question of veracity between me and an anonymous correspondent, and you are kind enough to state that the "best interests of the Children's Aid Society may be injured" by his remarks and the statement which caused them. I deeply regret giving any offence to so kind a friend of the poor, and so devoted a trustee of the Children's Aid Society, as yourself, but I think when you have

heard my explanation, you will be less dissatisfied with my course.

From the origin of our society, I have carefully adopted one course, never in any report or document or speech in behalf of the society or about it, or anywhere officially as its secretary, to broach any controverted religious or political subject, and you may judge how carefully the principle has been followed, when you remember that, though your and my opinions are probably diametrically opposed on many questions, we have never, till the present occasion, had the slightest difference. On one or two occasions, expressions have, through negligence, been left in the letters of the boys which offended you, but which I immediately struck out on my attention being called to them. On the other hand, from the first founding of the society, I have claimed, in my action as a private citizen or author or newspaper writer on general subjects, the most entire independence. In the beginning, I took an active part in the religious papers in urging greater liberality of sects and more independence of thought and certain practical and religious reforms which were then quite offensive to certain portions of the Church. I was charged with "unitarianism" and "semi-infidelity." Our lamented friend, Mr. G—, spoke to me about them, and feared their influence on the interests of the society, but when I explained my deep convictions on them, and the distinction between my private and my official character, he was satisfied.

Afterwards, some of my scientific articles gave equal offence, but no harm ensued to the society.

Then I took part and fought through the anti-slavery question, writing incessantly through the religious and secular papers over my signature, and calling out some bitter controversies. When the society was far weaker on its legs than now, I wrote and spoke in the Fremont campaign, in the city elections, and defended old John Brown, and wrote during the first campaign for Lincoln, and afterwards in the beginning of the Rebellion, over my signature. Judge Mason, one of the most prudent men in the world, and others of the trustees, have spoken to me on the matter, but on my representing that this was entirely individual, and was so understood by the public, they have admitted the distinction, and, as you are aware, all shades of religious and political opinion have always approved our charitable work. Now our society is as well founded as any institution in the city, and no word of an anonymous writer could injure it, unless we had compromised ourselves as a society. All other societies and corporations follow this rule; their agents in their individual capacities write and say many things which officially would not be permitted a moment. Any other principle would strip an agent of his individuality.

I know, dear sir, how strong your convictions are on questions of liberality and humanity. You will believe that mine are equally so, and that I seek the truth. If my remarks about the "current opinions" of the soldiers and great numbers of the public are not true, I shall be quite willing to avow it, but an anonymous answer like that does not disprove them. You can well judge, from my mental characteristics,

that I am not likely to be fanatical or extreme in the course I have sketched, and am always ready to be governed by the wisdom of those more experienced, when my own conscience approves. I trust again to unite with you in the autumn, to give my whole energies to making the work of our society more thorough and beneficent. Believe me, dear sir, with much respect, etc.

During the winter following, early in 1865, it was decided by the board of trustees of the society to send Mr. Brace to an exhibition in London, "of the labors of the different reformatory and charitable institutions of all nations," to be held in May.

The approaching event is announced in a letter to Miss Dora Neill, dated March 17th:—

"I don't know what you will all say when you hear that our society are going to send me out to London to the International Reformatory Union in May, leaving here the last of April (say 29th). After I get through with "ragged schools," etc., I am allowed to travel on my own account till September, so I shall go into the mountains, say in July, and try to recruit my eyes with Swiss or Tyrol air for a couple of months. Isn't it a nice programme? The only unpleasant point is leaving wife and family here with M. A. But it would hardly do to take them such a great journey, and costs too much. . . . All well here. The war moves on splendidly. Sherman comes like a glacier,—slow, irresistible, all-conquering."

In the midst of these plans for the summer and congratulations about the war, came the terrible tidings of Lincoln's death. The family were at morning prayers in the little sunny parlor at Hastings, when the oldest boy burst in with the news that Lincoln was shot! Mr. Brace was completely overcome by the news, and how deeply he felt it is shown in the extract from an address given at this time. The hastily written notes found among his papers do not indicate when or where the address was given.

"Through this astounding event, how are the people led to God! In the height of our exultation and consciousness of our power, with victory flaunting in every banner, we are taught that we are but drifting weeds on the great eternal currents of Providence. God speaks to all, as He never spoke before, in that bloody drama of Good Friday. Then let us sorrow not, as those without hope! This Republic, through all storms and perils, is sailing now steadily on under a higher pilotage, towards justice, freedom, and unity. She shall be, even more than she has been, the hope and joy and inspiration of all peoples and races. And thou, O great leader, wept by a whole nation as was never king or crowned emperor or military chieftain, and most of all mourned in the cabins of the poor and the slave, to our eyes thou hast died too soon, but to the eyes of all posterity, the morning of thy bloody sacrifice will seem but the forerunner of that glorious resurrection day

to liberty and unity and peace of thy country. Thy shameful wound will become the martyr's testimony; at thy tomb will gather all those who hate injustice and love humanity, for new inspiration and strength, and thy name will be synonymous with the freedom and success of the great American Republic! For thine own fame, thou couldst have died on no better day!"

He sailed early in May, and went to the beautiful home of his brother-in-law on Hampstead Heath. The exhibition was very successful in its object of bringing together those interested in the work of saving the young from crime and misery. Many lands, even Egypt and Syria, were represented. The convention of delegates was full of suggestion to all who took part, and Mr. Brace found that, in his opinion, Great Britain was far in advance of us in sanitary reform and legislature, and in such efforts as workingmen's clubs, while there was nothing among the English equal to our lodging-houses, and no such large work of emigration as was carried on by the Children's Aid Society.

His letters from London are as follows:—

To his Wife.

HAMPSTEAD, BELSIZE LODGE, June, 1865.

My dearest Wife: I enjoy this beautiful place and the rest and home feeling here so much. Then

I work hard enough to make sleep and society both enjoyable. I find I get on so slowly. London is so immense, and people are so often out. Still, I am getting light in sanitary matters and schools.

In private, the Lyells have been very polite to me. The very first moment we met, he struck off at once into my review of Mr. Wallace, and a discussion of the subject which suited me well. Generally, in introducing me, he mentions that review. Lady Lyell was as noble in looks and character as ever. Such strong Americans as they are! She never looks at the "Times." Since then, he has invited me to the dinner of the Geological Society. He gave me two of those precious drift-flints — great treasures. . . . The other night came an invitation to a stylish dinner by Mr. Russell Scott. There I met a famous diner-out, a Mr. Crabb Robinson, friend of Charles Lamb, and ninety years old. . . . I have met a most interesting set of sanitarians,— able, clear-headed men of the middle class, improving England wonderfully now,— and am learning much. I have been examining "ragged schools" and reformatories and model lodging-houses, and am collecting a vast number of reports, etc. Last night W. and I spent with Mrs. Charles.¹ She lives just on the heath — a beautiful home with a pretty yard (or "garden," as they call it here), and a lovely distant view from the parlor-window over the heath to groves and spires. The east window looks over London. She has eyes full of feeling and a very hearty, sincere, modest manner, with an expression of simple fer-

¹ Mrs. Berrie Charles, author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

veney about her; in fact, she is much like her works,—simple, unconscious, deeply religious, and full of feeling and humanity. I never saw a literary person more unconscious of her success, and she is almost indifferent to it. Does not allude to her works. Is almost pained that they are alluded to. I told her how much they had done for so many, and what different sects read them, as I was going out, and she whispered, as if half afraid of her own feeling: "Oh, if we can make our Lord the central figure, we can all come together!" . . . All her talk is very kind and sweet and intelligent.

To the Same.

BELSIZE LODGE, LONDON,
Sunday, June 13, 1865.

My dearest Wife: Went round among the thieves' lodging-houses last night. We had inspectors with us. 'Twas very interesting. The officers examine everything, ventilation and all. The new ones for the men (for threepence a night) are much better than they used to be. Sanitary reform is accomplishing something in London. Lord Kinnaird took me to a very interesting school of his for poor children, and showed me some new ideas in ventilation. He invited me to dine, but I could not come. I have enjoyed the picture-galleries at intervals much. It is grand to have such things free. I think one of the best moral agencies in London is the parks, but every gallery and museum ought to be open on Sunday, and the rum-shops closed. The bands play on

Sunday, I believe. . . . I hope to start for the Tyrol from here on July 2d. I begin to feel the wear of this life, which has been tolerably "fast." I have an invitation to a Social Science dinner at Richmond, June 24th, Lord Brougham presiding.

Mr. Brace speaks of feeling "the wear of this life, which has been tolerably fast"! It is an astonishment to read the notes he took and the lists of the subjects into which he studied. After letting us see the æsthetic satisfaction that beautiful England gives him, he speaks, in his writings for the press, of the consolation it may be to the American who is sadly comparing his own formal villages and square yards at home with the ivy-covered, thatched cottages of England, to know the difficulties that the new sanitary efforts have to encounter, and he goes into the most detailed description of ventilation, drains, sewerage, the inspection of lodging-houses carried on by competent health-officers, the strict provisions against over-crowding — all the matters in which New York, he says, would do well to follow English legislation. He is profoundly impressed by the efforts made for the improvement of the condition of the poor, and in one letter on "European Social Reforms" says: —

"If we were to search about through England for the modern 'chivalry' of the kingdom, one would not find it among the titled and lordly, though among

these are many ‘true knights,’ but especially in that great, vigorous middle class from which the best of modern England comes. In this powerful class may be found men who have consecrated themselves to a life-long crusade against the great enemies of modern society, who are fighting a heroic battle each day against ignorance and prejudice and vice and disease and death. It is these men of the true Anglo-Saxon pluck and pertinacity, never disheartened by defeat or disaster, never wearied out by the marvellous stupidity of the public they are seeking to benefit, who have covered England with the remarkable sanitary improvements and institutions of education and reform which have so distinguished English progress during the last ten years.”

Of his visit to Miss Carpenter, he writes with enthusiasm:—

To his Wife.

CLIFTON, June 19, 1865.

Dearest Wife: Thirty-nine! How old I seem! How strange that youth is gone, and middle age at hand! So few years left! So near the great ending, the best part of life’s work nearly done, the awful problem of existence almost solved, and character becoming fixed for *sæcula sæculorum*,—ages of ages.

I am having such a valuable and delightful visit with Miss Carpenter, a fine, noble creature, with such sound ideas, so liberal and warm-hearted and practical. She has filled up every moment. Saturday evening we spent in talk, she giving me a full account of the new and remarkable improvements

in prisons inaugurated in Ireland under Sir Walter Crofton, and now successful. Then a great deal of her schools and reformatorys, and her clubs, coffee-rooms, etc., etc.

To J. Macy.

STRATFORD, June 27, 1865.

My dear Macy: One of the most interesting visits I have paid in England was to Miss Carpenter, Bristol. She is so grateful to us for the kindness we have shown to her poor boys, and has such a sympathy in our work, that she welcomed me very warmly. She really lives among these poor creatures, giving up every evening to them. Lady Byron has provided her with a house, and bought an old monastery for her Girls' Reformatory. It is the most curious old building you ever saw. The schoolroom is the grand old dining-hall for the monks, some fifteen feet high, with carved oak panellings, carved marble-works from Venice (they say), and immense fireplace. Then there are great stairways and old windows, looking out over the outside stairways to keep off intruders; and secret chambers and hidden crypts in which to say mass at night; and the old cloisters; and bedrooms now filled with clean-looking, well-disciplined young girls, such as you are familiar with.

Two days earlier he had written to his wife from Stratford as follows:—

To his Wife.

Sunday, June 25th.

Dearest Wife: I was thinking to-day in the old church of you — of your wonderful unselfishness and

richness of love and spirituality of nature, and how you would be to me when we had entered the unseen — as if you would be nearer God than I, and I would see you in a purer light and much higher than here, and whether you would be my helper there, and of how sweet and good you are here, and how elevated sometimes you seem when near to God, and what a treasure your love was, and all such pleasant thoughts. Yesterday we were in an old chapel of the Warwicks in Warwick, and there were two effigies side by side, hand and hand, of some old Warwick and his wife. Together they had fought the great battle, and then were laid to rest together, and four hundred years had surged over the silent tomb, not much effacing it. How much I miss you! I am better with you, less disturbed. May God bless and keep you ever! I wish you were in Ireland with me. Love to all the chicks!

Soon after Mr. Brace's arrival in England he had written to his wife:—

"I need hardly tell you (as you must have heard it from the papers) of the prodigious change which has come over England about our affairs. The mourning for Lincoln was something unheard of. Almost as deep as in America. You heard of the man cast out of the Liverpool Exchange, because he applauded the assassination? The feeling all over England and Europe has been prodigious. How beautiful "Punch's" tribute was! Success and the crime together have made a tremendous reaction. One feels it in the air, and though I have arrived

at the time when I am indifferent to their sympathy, I like the respect of manner which a great history gives even to individuals towards your country. Lyell tells me they [he and Lady Lyell] have had a hard battle to fight. They could count the friends of the North on their fingers, and among them the Argylls. Now they are legion."

In a letter to the "New York Times," he states his belief that the "great and terrible blunder committed by the British Government" cannot be forgotten or taken back, and that "there can never be anything like union or near amity between the two governments. But," he goes on, "between the great and powerful Liberal party of the kingdom and the people of the North, between, in fact, the masses of both countries, there may be a most friendly and kindly relation, resting on a mutual understanding and a common respect. . . . The friends we had in England were such friends as no nation ever had before outside of its own limits. Our cause was taken to the very heart of the British Liberals. They felt for our victories as they felt for their own in the Crimea. Our heroes were their heroes."

He closes:—

"And now, like a generous people, why should we not put aside the old bitterness and ill-will which have rankled in the breasts of so many against

England, and remembering the ‘up-hill battle’ of the leading thinkers for us, and the grand position of her laboring and suffering masses on our side, stretch out the hand of sympathy and good-will to meet that which the British people have reached to us! It is the clasp of friendship over the grave of the murdered President. What a future might be to the civilization of the world, if these two great Anglo-Saxon nations were in friendly harmony! What conquests might be won from ignorance and priesthood and despotism! What strengthening of popular rights; what elevation of the masses; what a spreading of science and arts and humanity and true liberty; what an uplifting of all Europe, if these two leaders of modern democracy were hand in hand! And then, when one thinks of the future of Christianity, that these two powerful civilizations are the leading representatives of the great truths which are to regenerate the world; that their enmity would put back the advance of a pure religion for generations, and their union would advance the Christian banner over new fields and in new directions, we may all, who care more for humanity than to gratify the narrow prejudices of race, pray and labor for the friendship and union of America and England.”

In July, Mr. Brace started on a walking trip in the Tyrol, and the following letters show how keen was his delight in the scenes through which, knapsack on back, he walked for many happy days. The first we have is from Innsbruck.

To his Wife.

INNSBRUCK, July 22 [1865].

Dearest Wife: . . . That night I had an interesting adventure. I had walked my ten hours, and was well tired. Did not know of any good inn, so I thought I would stop and try a good-looking priest's house. Priest away, but his assistant there. He concluded to receive me; — just dining with a Capuchin monk in huge rough frock and cowl. I brought out my tea. The vicar had tasted it once, the Capuchin never, and the cook knew nothing about it, but I gave instructions, and it was brought in and served in goblets — the vicar's and others with rum — and I had it before my dinner. They served me wine, and we had a grand evening's chat and smoke. They were evidently capable and intelligent fellows, not much different from our theologs, except that after their dinner they both stood up, and each said by turns Latin prayers, facing the east. I told them of the failure of the Roman Catholic Church in America in the slavery matter, and contrasted with the position of the Church in the Middle Ages on that question, and made myself generally agreeable. They say there are hardly any illegitimate children in Tyrol, and not a drunken person in the whole vale, — a great contrast to Protestant Norway. . . . Off by six next day, with many farewells (left a dollar for the poor, and a *douceur* to the cook).

To Mrs. Neill.

RIVA, LAGO DI GARDA, Aug. 6, 1865.

My dear M—: . . . You know what Buckle

says about mountains making men superstitious. You see it here. The people live under the shadow of death. On every footpath and public road are innumerable little *Mazillie*, or memorials, generally little pictures, painted on a board, of peasants who have perished by accident. Sometimes the unhappy individual was swallowed up in an avalanche, or overwhelmed by a landslide, or has slipped into the torrent, or fallen from a precipice, or was hit by a tree or stone, or struck by lightning. Below, he is represented lifeless, with the mourning neighbors, while above, in his Sunday clothes, he kneels before the angels who are about to carry him up to the blessed Virgin, who sits sweetly and queenly above, or the Saviour, who is waiting to receive him. The passers-by are warned of the uncertainty of life, and begged for a Lord's Prayer. One chapel has a representation of the devils stirring the lost about in little baking irons in the fiery floor of hell. I passed a great heart, with arms and legs protruding, and a wound in it, and the words, "Was ever pain like mine?" The people are the Catholic of the Catholics. They pray at all times. The Church is the main interest, the religious days one-third of the year, the priests idolized. They live under the power of reverence. And everywhere, in all houses and in all rooms, in public and private, is pictured in all possible ways that wonderful story of love, but here more of pain, of Jesus, with an affection and sincerity which defy doubt. Less often the sweet face of the Virgin. Pain, the sorrow and agony of the great Sufferer, seems to have stamped itself on the Tyrolean mind.

This is the best country that exists for seeing how the Middle Ages must have been before the priests were corrupt. The intellect and reason undeveloped, the reverence, awe, religious affection, and something of art, grown out, and with all, a solid, honest, honorable, stanch, industrious people. It is now the living heart of Catholicism.

To Miss Dora Neill.

TURIN, Sunday, Aug. 12, 1865.

My dear Dora: How can I ever tell the sublime visions I have had in the mountains, of the unseen! The lesson of the Alps is worship and purity. "Oh, to be like this forever! to see God as only the pure can see!" have I often said on the great heights, in the presence of the Unapproachable One. From the vast peaks above cloud and earth, one peers into Eternity with such intense desire to know. Our individuality sinks away so, and the realities seem goodness and God. "Oh, make me thine!" is the cry of one's heart continually in the solitary mountains.

The following description of a storm in the Stelvio Pass was given in a lecture delivered after his return home.

"... I never shall forget a scene at sunset on the Stelvio Pass, some two miles high, where as a foot-traveller I was incautiously belated, miles from any house. Up from the Italian valleys marched, with threatening rapidity, a phalanx of dark thunder-clouds, crowding one upon another, filling every vale and gorge which reached down to the plains of Lom-

bardy, and giving warning of their approach by a continuous mutter of artillery. Their light advance had already crossed the ridge on which I stood, separating Italy and Germany, and had filled the deep gorge of the Stelvio with whirls and eddies of white mist. The sun was soon darkened, and as I turned to descend toward the Tyrol in haste and anxiety, I seemed to be plunging down by the narrow zigzag of the road into a white, boiling sea, from which gigantic icebergs were rising,—the glaciers of the Alps,—while every now and then a blinding flash of lightning would reveal an Arctic vista of white snow-peaks, and the thunder reverberated among a hundred mountains. Perilous and difficult as was the descent, it was a scene one would not for any consideration have lost. It is a revelation for an instant of that which seldom visits the mortal, the unseen, the infinite and unapproachable. Man shrinks away before the gigantic forces of Nature. He is purified by a glimpse of the Temple of Deity itself."

From Hastings he writes to Miss Dora Neill:—

HASTINGS, Sunday, Nov. 19, 1865.

My dear Dora: . . . When will you come here to share our joys, and help us, and give the light of your sweet presence to the little household? I fancy you would be happy here; you are so near to both of us, and there is a growing light of purity and peace in our family. All my glowing anticipations were more than realized on my return, and now the sober work of life is on me, and the consciousness of a divine Presence and of a glorious Unseen settles on

us all. I long so to do more and more for God and humanity. The mountain spirit seemed to abide with me. Then I never felt such a spring of energy and inexhaustible force, and the consequence was I broke myself down in two months. Now I am well again, and must be more careful. What a work is there to do in the world! Such misery and sorrow and sin and crime! How one longs to have the power of an angel in the struggle! I feel ready to give up a hundred lives if I had them. My work goes on finely, and now I am putting hand to the sanitary task to get ready for the cholera, a fearful and Augean toil. I am also getting out a book¹ on England (sanitary, etc., etc.). My letters, I find, have been read more than I expected. I hope to publish my "Newsboys' Sermons" this winter.

Mr. Brace had returned home early in October, finding everything going well in the great work, and immediately becoming immersed in its many absorbing demands. The following letter gives his views on current political conditions, and then we have two of general interest, one revealing his spiritual sympathy with his younger friends, the other alluding to his belief in Darwin and his scientific theories.

To Lady Lyell.

11 CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK, May 14, 1866.

My dear Lady Lyell: I hope you and Sir Charles recall, with half the pleasure I do, our pleasant in-

¹ The book was not written.

tercourse a year ago. There are some persons whom to meet always afterwards gives one a greater courage and hope, as if there were more nobleness and high purpose in the world than one thinks. Will you pardon my boldness, if I say I always bring back from my interviews with you and your sister (whom I so regret to have seen so little) something of this impression.

I suppose you and Sir Charles follow our public affairs with by no means the interest you did. Our struggle is transferred from the field to the Senate, and is much duller, though quite as important. I think I know without asking how you and your sister regard our new President and his course. It was an awful blunder of sentiment, putting in a Southerner as Vice-President, so that now we have Border State ideas controlling our policy. The more we see of Mr. Johnson, the less we like and respect him. He is imbued with the prejudices of slavery, narrow, fanatical, obstinate, and vulgar, standing on a theory which he will never abandon, that the negroes are perfectly safe with the South, and that we must not interfere. If he had his way, we should lose all the fruit of this terrible war. . . . For the next three years it is incessant war with the President, on these great principles. He is obstinate, and the Republican party are determined. The people are more and more supporting Congress. I see some of our friends in England deplore that we have not your system — the compelling an administration to resign when opposed to the will of Parliament. With our excitable and impulsive democracy, such a parliamentary system would leave our affairs liable to too sudden

changes. We ought, however, to have a responsible ministry (as yours) and a freshly elected Congress. In these respects, ours is a defective system.

To Miss G. Schuyler.

HASTINGS, Dec. 9, 1866.

My dear Miss G.—: Your sweet and beautiful letter of August 8th, from Paris, has often been before my mind, as you and yours are so constantly present with me in thought. You and your sister and father cannot tell how you are missed in the beloved cottage which you made so delightful with your hospitality and kindness. I fear your good aunt misses the absent faces more than I do even. You must remember — to cheer you when you are thinking of parting from all those galleries and beautiful things — of the warm hearts waiting to welcome you.

What you said in your note of the difficulty, amid practical life, of fixing the mind on eternal things, I can fully appreciate. The true helps are a good arrangement of duties, and then much prayer and reading. Probably few human beings ever had a more real sense of things unseen than I habitually have. The eternal and the infinite are sometimes so near to me that all life seems insignificant, and I watch the steady revolution of days bearing me toward the vast mystery as steadily as we count the days on a sea-voyage before reaching home; and yet there are certain influences of a very petty kind which can temporarily close up the heavens to me,

and shut me up in a very narrow cell, and can veil the face of the unseen Father. Every human being suffers from this influence of time and sense. I hold myself so fortunate that my business is in the line of all my best aspirations and prayers and thoughts. Your sister must have felt this so much in her labors in the war. One seems to be doing God's work, and then no failure can disappoint, for you labor with the Almighty Arm underneath, and you know that God has your objects far more in heart than you can. I often feel this, as I see the comparatively slight effect of all our labors on this host of poor and criminal. We are each on earth "to build up the kingdom of God," and if we only put in a single particle or fragment of mortar in the remotest corner, it ought to be enough for our hope. You and Miss L. will yet do and be much, I believe, in this silent building. It often comes over me, and looking at my own children I can understand it, the sudden burst of emotion with which your mother (so calm when speaking of her own death) asked me to promise to be in continual relations with you both. What must have been her thoughts of the many years of labor and sacrifice for you, and then to think that you were to start on the unknown journey without her direction or sympathy or advice; and yet, as I said then, you had already ripened in character under her, and, as I think now, you are never without her ennobling presence. Is it not true, that if she were by your side, she could not any more inspire you to what is true and noble and spiritual? Of her I always feel that "the dead yet live." . . . Politics are in a fearful condition. We have broken down

the President, but the South are obstinate, and are maltreating the freedmen dreadfully. Events are drifting towards extreme measures on our part, and the South will find that they have made a grand mistake in not accepting the amendments. I shouldn't be surprised at territorial governments, martial laws to protect the blacks and force universal suffrage; though most of us prefer an intelligence suffrage.

To Lady Lyell.

11 CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK,

Dec. 23, 1866.

My dear Lady Lyell: Please accept my thanks for your kind note of October last. It is remarkable how the application of the law of natural selection is influencing now every department of scientific investigation. I think Mr. Darwin's name will go down for many ages with this great Law of Hypothesis. I have been amusing myself with applying it to a theory of the moral and mental development of mankind. I think it furnishes what historians and philosophers have so long sought for, a law of progress, and Darwin states the glorious point to which mankind shall eventually advance. Under this law, I hold that, in a sense, even religion may be transmitted; that is, the openness to supernatural inferences, so that ultimately a race may appear in which the highest inspiration and capacity of nobleness shall be embodied and transmitted and perpetuated. Evil seems to me destructive — good preservative. I should venture to think that the origin and influence of Christianity

are out of the philosophical course of history,—that is, supernatural,—though the readiness to receive it and all other divine influence may be a part of the regular human development. But perhaps you will hardly care to follow these dreamy speculations. We are all so glad to hear of a new edition of Sir Charles's "Principles." . . . You know my opinion, that the whole science of the age has been modified by Sir Charles's method.

One night in January, 1867, Mr. Brace, while visiting among the poor, took cold, which soon developed into typhoid fever. A long illness followed, a season of intense anxiety to his friends, and to the devoted employees of the society. After three months of illness, it was felt by Mr. Brace himself, as well as by his physicians, that a return to work was not to be thought of until his constitution had completely recovered its old vitality. He decided upon the long sea trip to California by the Isthmus as the best possible medicine, and we find him planning, even in this time of physical weakness and convalescence, to take letters which shall introduce him to the best men and the characteristic features of California. In May, he and Mrs. Brace set out upon their travels, and his enjoyment of the beauty of the sea trip knew no bounds. He speaks, in his book on California, "*The New West*," of the sparkle of spring sunlight on the water, the air genial, but

bracing, the blue waves of the Caribbean, and "the long voyage varied by a railroad ride through a tropical conservatory."

They went direct to a sister of Mrs. Brace, whose home was in an exquisite valley about twenty miles from San Francisco, and there he gained every day new health and energy. Everything filled him with delight,—the wild Italian-like ravine, with its fantastically shaped evergreen oaks, the great reaches of grain-fields, the gorgeous wild-flowers. He breathed the atmosphere with rapture, and called it as near perfection as man can attain. He says: "The whole region, and all its phenomena, seem to me more different from those of the Eastern coast than Europe is from the Atlantic States. I am constantly wondering that people speak English. It seems to me that if a student of nature from our coast were suddenly put down blindfold in any portion of California, in the deepest forest, on the mountain-top, or with only a few feet of horizon, he would know in an instant that he was not on the Atlantic slope or in Europe. It is 'the new West.'"¹

Immediately social conditions and their problems begin to interest him, and he studies the mint statistics, eight-hour law, schools, social life, etc., until the crowning experience comes in a grand trip to the Yosemite to which he and Mrs. Brace are generously

¹ "The New West," p. 35.

invited by their brother, Mr. Sherwood. He says that to him, just recovering from a tedious fever, the atmosphere of the great cañon seemed the very elixir of life,— cool, clear, stimulating,— while the grandeur of the scenes, the wonders of color in the rock, the snowy Sierras in the distance, and the peaceful greensward with gay wild-flowers below them, are stamped on his memory, to remain forever.

His last trip was to Virginia City, which struck his imagination much with its strange incongruities. “The town is cut off from the pleasures, the art, and the civilization of the outside world. It makes up for it with the excitements of the stock market. All day long the streets boil over with stock speculation. It is a most striking contrast; above, the clear blue sky like that of the high Alps, with its infinite depths; in a few steps, the loneliness of a desert; around, the vast solitudes and mighty snow-peaks of the Sierras; and below, men rushing to and fro with wild excitement to speculate by telegraph in the mining market of San Francisco. It is like the sudden transference of the William Street gold-room to the top of Mount Righi.”¹

While health was coming back to him, he and Mrs. Brace were overtaken by a terrible sorrow in the death of the sister, Miss Mary Anne Neill, who was faithfully caring for their children in their

¹ “The New West,” p. 189.

absence. She was infinitely dear to them both, and the fear that death had come in their service made it a doubly cruel blow. His wife started for New York at once, leaving Mr. Brace to finish his prescribed rest cure alone. The next letters show in how high affection and regard he held Miss Neill:—

To Miss Dora Neill.

July, 1867.

My dear Dora: . . . I recall all her last words and looks, and I know she is not sorry to die. "To live so that in dying one does not cease to be loved," is the great problem which she has solved. Look up to Christ and accept this consolation: she is with God; she calls us to her heights. May He cleanse us and purify us by this great sorrow, to be more worthy of Him, to meet her. . . . We vainly imagine all that we cannot hear; and then we turn to the glorified form above, and the eternal peace in which she moves. May God bless you and console you ever. Yesterday H.'s telegram came like a thunderbolt on us, and plunged us in the deep waters of sorrow. I have felt lately that our lives had been too happy, and that some great blow must come, though I never thought of its being dealt there,—that she, the best and most unselfish of us all, should be called first. But she is with God; far happier than ever she could be here. Every longing of that restless heart satisfied, and at last in peace. But we — we are losers through life.

To Miss G. Schuyler.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1867.

My dear Friend: You could hardly have expected that my first reply to the kind notes from Rome which cheered my sick hours would be from this distant point. I told you to expect a warm welcome from your friends on the Hudson, and I want mine to meet you early after your return. To me, the beautiful river will have a brighter aspect, as I think of the dear cottage filled again with the old friends. You know this has been a year of calamities to me. To-day I bade good-by to Mrs. Brace, and our journey was brought to a gloomy turn by the terrible news from Hastings. We do not grieve for her who is gone so much. She always lived in the light of the Unseen, and in the service of love. Her life cannot now be essentially different from what it was here, except as it is more peaceful and harmonious and satisfied. But the loss of this life to her sisters and brothers and us all is immense, as she bore the burdens of so many, and took so many on her heart. She was like a mother to my wife, and no one can ever love her so much. To me, she was one of the beloved few who help me continually to a higher life, and who always had sympathy for me. I can never replace her loss. As I think of the dark waters I have passed through this year, and the views given me of the depths unseen, I often wonder what fruit God shall bring forth from these trials. You encourage me by your kind sympathy to talk freely of these matters, and I will say that thus far

it has given me a solemn awe, as of one to whom the veil of air was removed for a few moments, and a glimpse granted of the eternal realities, and then such a sense and desire of consecration to God's work in humanity fill my soul as cannot be described, so that all earthly interests pass away in comparison, and the thought of God fills earth and heaven with its light and glory, and I am really thankful for my losses and disappointments and griefs. I only dread and fear sometimes lest something of my abounding courage and hope should be lamed by all this, but I think not, for I have learned more of the "God of Hope" and of the glory which shines from our magnificent future. You will be glad to know that, physically, I am getting stronger every day, yet the typhoid is the very devil to get into one. I have said so much of myself that I have left no space to speak of my most interesting journey. I have seldom had so instructive and valuable a tour, but of that when we meet at the cottage in Hastings. I trust yours are all well and happy.

To his Wife.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28, 1867.

Dearest Wife: . . . I hope the children are well and good and happy. May God's peace rest upon you all forever. I feel as if I was going back to a house where the dead sit by the table and listen to our prayers, and give a solemn joy and the peace of eternity to all things. Happily, we have lived to a degree in the presence of things unseen.

In October, 1867, Mr. Brace returned to his home, and was greeted by the news of the death of his uncle, Mr. Charles Loring, to whom he was deeply attached. To Mrs. Asa Gray he writes of this loss:—

To Mrs. Asa Gray.

HASTINGS, Oct. 12, 1867.

My dear Cousin: I cannot tell you what a shock it gave me on my arrival to hear of the death of dear Uncle Charles. Had I reached here earlier, or had your letter come sooner, I might have been in time to be present at the funeral. You knew, however, that both Letitia and I were there in our sympathy. Your father's death seems to me like the fall of a great column, on which rested a wide circle of interests. Ever since I can remember, he has been the example to us all of consideration, courtesy, and self-sacrifice. He has heaped kindnesses on us, and his home and its hospitality were one of the greatest pleasures of my boyhood and manhood. God grant that the death of any of us may leave as broad a track of light over the stormy sea of life as his does!

The letter expresses his reverence and affection for Mr. Loring, and his gratitude for his unfailing hospitality. His holidays were often spent at Beverly, where his uncle's beautiful home always had room for the boy Charles. With his cousins he fished and sailed and swam, finding his uncle strict in only one matter, that of regularity at meals. He used often to tell a story of his struggles to regard Mr. Loring's

wishes in this matter. One day the boy was sailing, and the wind died down. Dinner-hour was coming. What could he do? The only way was to swim; so swim he did, carrying his watch in his mouth, and his clothes above his head in one hand. Needless to say, the uncle fully appreciated the effort.

The steady progress of the work of the Children's Aid Society continued to encourage all engaged in those labors, and as the years go by, the good results of its work become more and more apparent, in the improved look of the children in the industrial schools, the story of a lodging-house and its hundreds of boys fed and taught, the grateful letters from boys placed in homes, "snatched years before from starvation and consequent crime." From the nucleus of boys' meetings, the different branches of the society — workshops, free reading-rooms, industrial schools, and lodging-houses — have all expanded, with one aim ever in view,—the growth of the soul, the character, the mind. In one of his reports Mr. Brace sums up the good accomplished as follows:—

"The great truths of religion were applied to the conscience; then habits of industry given in the workshops; social influences for good were used in the reading-rooms; punctuality, order, steady labor, and moral habits taught in the schools; and through the comforts of the lodging-houses, nominally paid

for and not received as alms, the outcasts of society were brought under innumerable moral and Christian influences. A moral basis like this in a charity insures its success and permanency. It does not merely confer alms: it builds up character; it soon renders its subjects superior to the aid it gives. It relieves society best of all, by preventing the growth of a future dependent class; and it checks crime by choking its seed with good influences."

Several new lodging-houses, on a smaller scale than the first, were founded during this and the preceding two or three years, making six in operation in 1868, but still the first one was not large enough for its purposes, and during the winters of 1868-69, we find Mr. Brace soliciting funds with which to secure a permanent building for the newsboys' lodging-house. He says that a fund of fifteen thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars would enable them to purchase a house, and after that the institution would be nearly, if not quite, self-supporting, a lasting blessing for the poor children of the quarter. The society was not successful in raising money during this winter, but a great advance was made towards this aim during the following year. The friends of the society contributed thirty thousand dollars toward a fund for the erection of a newsboys' lodging-house. The legislature was persuaded to appropriate a like sum out of the Excise

Fund, the request being justified by the claim that the lodging-house was needed often for the children of the families ruined by the sale of drink. The whole amount, invested in good securities, had reached, in 1872, the sum of eighty thousand dollars, and the lodging-house was erected at the corner of Duane and New Chambers Street, where it has sustained its first popularity to this day. Mr. Brace says that in the course of a year the population of a town passes through the lodging-house—in 1869 and 1870, eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-five inmates lodged there. “Many are put in homes; some find places for themselves; others drift away, no one knows whither. . . . The lodging-house is at once school, church, intelligence-office, and hotel for them. Here they are shaped to be honest and industrious citizens; here taught economy, good order, cleanliness, and morality; here religion brings its powerful influences to bear upon them.”¹ The interest of the trustees, and especially of the president, in these lodging-houses did not flag, and every alternate Sunday evening Mr. Booth and others of the busy men of New York were to be found, conducting the simple religious services at one or other of the lodging-houses. In a much later report, Mr. Brace says in the same connection: “How any youth can grow up to manhood enjoying all the blessings

¹ “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” p. 106.

of life in such a city as this, crowded with misfortune and cursed by crime, and not feel it his solemn duty to do his best to lessen these evils, is something incomprehensible."

Some time during this year Mr. Brace wrote the following letter:—

To Henry Ward Beecher.

HASTINGS ON HUDSON, Sunday [1869].

My dear Cousin: My duties are so engrossing that I have little time to come over and see you, but I do extremely want to say a few words about your great plan (spoken of) of writing a "Life of Christ." I cannot but think it may be the great intellectual work of your life, the one to make you known to future times. I do hope and trust — if you will let me be so frank — that you will not hurry it out, even if forty publishers are after it. There are certain delicate questions which you, above all, are competent to treat of, as commanding supreme love of truth, and also a spiritual nature. As one of those who love and honor you, I do hope you will take sufficient time to thoroughly discuss them. May I briefly note some of these points, as well as some other matters, for your consideration? I wish you had been in Palestine. It must require great genius to thoroughly interpret Christ's language, without an intimate acquaintance with Oriental life and scenery. Then could you not familiarize yourself with the Old Testament figures and conceptions which must have given the groundwork to His phraseology and para-

bles? Your moral nature will give you power in comprehending Christ. (You see I am writing most frankly.)

Now for the knotty points.

(1) The narrative, though full for a few years as compared with history, is a most imperfect one; and to my mind, there are evident blurrings or misconceptions in it. Take, for instance, the barren fig-tree, and such phrases as "I did it for their sakes," *i.e.* prayed, for effect on others, and many small matters of this kind. May not the birth from a virgin be an addition by the wonder-lovers?

(2) The matter about which I once spoke to you, — that is, that you and I and this age have drifted by Christ's conception of sudden danger and sudden change to character. The idea of this age is of slow growth, especially of all moral things. We doubt sudden changes, or, at all events, we consider them only feeble beginnings of long-working changes. We do not stand before the great masses of the educated classes and exhort them to a sudden conversion, because on one side is an awful hell, and the other a heaven. Our hell is character, which grows like coral reefs, an inch through a million years. We labor for its changes, but we know that it is influenced by ten thousand imperceptible causes, and its salvation is the slowest of all things. We are more concerned to save from selfishness than from damnation. We may admit eternity of effects (punishment), but present moral seed and its gradual growth is what we most care for. Has not our stand-point changed? Is the age of Christ right?

(3) Did not Christ share the superstition (or appear to share) of His age about diabolical possession?

(4) Did He aim a blow at property and modern development of wealth in His well-known words about riches, etc.? (By the way, how wonderful is it in a Jewish peasant, seeing the great sin of a commercial age,—the greed for accumulation.)

(5) Are not His words on marriage and divorce absolute?

(6) Have we any evidence of His intention to found a society or club or church, or of any ceremonials or rites? Is not the Supper temporary and personal, and the baptism Jewish? Are they any more solemnly established than washing of feet?

(7) Can we distinguish absolutely between the real features of this Being and the art strokes of restorers or admirers, or the blurs of time?

(8) Can we not prove Christ an abnormal growth —that is, not a product of historical causes—and thus upset modern scepticism? Or shall we show God working through history to make, in the fulness of time, the perfect man?

(9) Under any of *our* conceptions of Christ, one must admit profound mysteries and contradictions. Yours of a “God in a body without a human soul” is full of difficulties; mine of “God manifest in a soul” has innumerable contradictions. The Trinitarian is worse than either. The ultra-Unitarian of Christ as a reformer, etc., does not cover the language or explain the facts. Even Renan draws an impossible human mixture.

(10) The Lord's Prayer has never seemed to me so perfect as mankind consider it. I do not like the "trespasses," for it measures God's forgiveness, and "lead into temptation" implies that He tempts, and there is no personal aspiration for holiness in it.

(11) How much of those wonderful last words of Christ's belong to Alexandrian and Platonic conceptions? They *seem* to me most divine. You remember the German objection that they are too different from the words in the other accounts to have been spoken by the same person.

(12) The great stumbling-block to modern science are the Miracles. Not so much to my mind.

Do not answer all this, but keep it for consideration, as vague objections, in your great book.

The following short letter to a friend reveals to us his occupations and interests in this winter of 1869-70:—

19 EAST 4TH ST., Jan. 28, 1870.

My dear M——: . . . If I should live a thousand years, and away from you, your memory would be green in my heart. You have ploughed too deep a furrow in my life to make it otherwise. I can truly say that not an hour passes, when I am alone, in which I do not think of you, and with such respect, admiration, and affection, as I should like to have you see in my heart. . . . I believe we are to have one of those tough friendships and affections which will last till all earthly fire and light have gone from us, and which will hold out in new lives beyond. . . . We are having spring all winter; thermometer

between 50° and 60° in shade, dry, sunny, glorious; no snow or ice; river open. I am writing busily for papers, arguing much for low tariff, etc., and driving Children's Aid. I am deep in the Stoics, and reading Marcus Aurelius with great interest. We need a spice of backbone of stoicism in all of us. Marcus says: "We ought to take the posture of wrestlers rather than dancers in life, so as to be ready for any sudden and unexpected onset." I am much too easily upset by a sudden blow. You are stiffer. Then pure morality does not move us as it ought. Does love for God ever shut out the view of pure truth and justice and disinterestedness? . . . I am still reading up everywhere on Darwinian matters.

The study of Darwin had greatly interested Mr. Brace for some years, and at about this time he published a little on the subject. One of his greatest recreations was to read and read again "The Origin of Species," and we find, some years later, an allusion in one of his letters to the fact that he is reading it for the thirteenth time. It may interest his readers to see a few words of his on evolution, the first extract contributed to the "North American Review," the second to the "Christian Union."

" . . . In attempting to conceive the divine plans of the great Architect, we are of course in a region where human faculties reach but little way; yet it seems a possible conception of an infinite Creator,

that He should be able to arrange forces on a general plan, whose particular results He should clearly foresee; even knowing the future failures and half-effects of these 'laws' which He sustains, while the great object of progress and completeness is being steadily worked out.

"How any one could regard the Darwinian conception of the Creator as an inferior one, we cannot understand. To our mind, the vast, manifold, almost infinite intertwining of causes, which under that theory should produce the most simple effects; the astonishing and incredible complication and interdependence of the kingdoms of life which Darwin has attempted to illustrate; the thought that the destruction of a single thread in the infinite network of forces would desolate the earth of beautiful forms of life, or would over-people it with hideous; that each little violet, for instance, which gladdens our eye on a country walk has depended for its existence on a balancing and interworking of innumerable forms of life during 'ages of ages,' and is the result of laws old as creation; and that there is at the centre ONE holding the tangled threads of this vast network of causes, or rather, that the power which is continually weaving on this immense 'loom of life' is One,—to us such a scientific conception has in it something corresponding to our highest moral intuition of HIM the 'All-controlling.'

Wer darf IHN nennen? . . .

Der ALLUMFASSER!

Der ALLERHALTER!"

". . . To the Darwinian also, there is no drift toward the worse—no tendency to degeneracy and

imperfection. The current of all created things, or of all phenomena, is towards higher forms of life. Natural selection is a means of arriving at the best.

" . . . Nature moves physically towards perfection, and morally there must be the same unseen but necessary motion. For if the Darwinian theory be true, the law of natural selection applies to all the moral history of mankind, as well as to the physical. Evil must die ultimately as the weaker element, in the struggle with good. The slow consent of the world's history is in the direction of moral goodness, as its physical development is ever toward higher forms. This progress, of course, does not necessarily embrace any particular form of life or especial race. A given race may die, or may remain stagnant. The development goes on with some new variety or form of life.

"Such a 'current of things towards righteousness,' or towards physical perfection, is slow, almost imperceptible. It is like the silent motion of the stars of heaven through eternity towards one centre of the universe. But if once the theory of development be accepted and this fact be admitted, what higher evidence can be demanded of a benevolent and perfect Creator, than a current of all things towards the best, a drift toward perfection, a silent, august, secular movement of all beings and forms of life, all thought and morals, all history and events towards the completely good and perfect? This, indeed, does not solve all difficulties, but it would go far to answer Mr. Mill's objections to natural theology, and adding the hypothesis of immortal life, it would

solve all the most difficult portions of the great problem."

In the same line of thought, he writes to Mr. Kingsbury:—

" . . . The sceptical make a good deal of the little Christianity has done. But, taking analogy in the natural world, we expect immense time for small changes. I look rather at its *tendencies*, what it seems capable of doing, and what it has begun to do, and I think I see clearly what, a thousand *aeons* hence, it will do. I don't think Christianity teaches any new moral principles. Stoicism and Buddhism both teach brotherhood and the love-principles. But it embodied the highest, and taught in a life, in a person. The Stoics were generally poor sticks, and only Buddha is remarkable for character. But Christ is pre-eminent, and stands higher under each new religion or old investigated.

" But our 'rocks' are further back than that. I am here,¹ where we (Dr. Gray and I) generally have incessant disputations and talks on Darwinism. If the soul is a growth from animal faculties and instincts, the probability is less for immortality. Or if the whole universe is an evolution under chance and natural selection from a few atoms in a cosmic vapor, the necessity of a God is less. Yet to me Darwinism is not inconsistent with Theism. . . . All are well here. . . . The college becoming university, and everything moving twenty miles an hour faster than Yale."

¹ In Cambridge.

During the winter of 1871 the society made a strong effort to effect a reform in New York in the laws bearing upon the employment of children of tender age in factories. The night schools of the society, at that time eleven in number, brought Mr. Brace and the teachers in contact with an immense number of children who were at work from eight to ten hours a day. In making a survey of the matter, Mr. Brace discovered that there were in New York, Brooklyn, and their neighborhood, from fifteen hundred to two thousand children employed in one industry alone,—the manufacture of paper collars,—while the agents of the society found children only four years of age in tobacco factories. The New England States had already passed the most stringent acts for this reform, manufacturers in Connecticut saying: "We do not dare to permit the children within and around our mills to grow up without some education. Better for us to pay the school expenses ourselves, than have the children in ignorance."

Mr. C. E. Whitehead, counsel and trustee of the Children's Aid Society, drew up a law for the protection of factory children, and Mr. Brace went for some years to Albany during every spring session to try to push through this and other legislation for the society. For two years it failed, through the manœuvres of two or three members, while the interests of nearly one hundred thousand children in the

city and its suburbs were involved in its fate; but in 1874 an act passed the legislature, not so judicious in form as his own bill, Mr. Brace considered, but still a great step. The whole duty of checking vagrancy and securing education to factory children was thrown upon the Board of Education and school trustees throughout the State. The society at once opened an increased number of night schools in view of the possible effects of the law.

The Girls' Lodging-house continued its work of inestimable good to many poor and unhappy young women, and in 1870 had instituted a new branch of usefulness in the "sewing-machine school." Certain of the sewing-machine companies generously gave or loaned machines, and the girls seized with eagerness this opportunity of training for their future self-support, coming in numbers (seventy-eight in one day) from all parts of the city and suburbs. Of course all did not become good operators, but eleven hundred girls were taught during the first year, and of these many must have gone forth better equipped for the difficult battle of life. During the winter the lodging-house was moved to large and commodious quarters in St. Mark's Place, where the machine-room was better adapted to its purpose, and there were accommodations for the large laundry, where work for outsiders was successfully undertaken.

At the lodging-house in Rivington Street a new and beautiful feature was added during this winter. The superintendent, Mr. Calder, had already shown taste and skill in making the house attractive to the children, and had a little greenhouse of his own. This year, the gentlemen interested in the lodging-house assumed the expense necessary to build a small greenhouse opening out of the audience and school-room, thus giving the school-children during the day, and the boy lodgers who came for the night, the influence of flowers always before them. The little conservatory was an immense interest to the children, giving them a taste of the country in the midst of this dingy part of the city, and its influence was extended by the gifts of plants as prizes to the children, who were required to bring them back once or twice a year, to show how well they had been cared for.

All was prospering, when suddenly, at the end of the year, the society had a bitter disappointment in losing, by frauds, the moneys appropriated to it by the legislature. Mr. Brace was greatly disturbed by this calamity. The thought of cutting down any of the schools in the beginning of a hard winter, or having to lessen the usual dinners and clothes given for good behavior, was a great trial to him. Financial embarrassment, however, only served to show how firm was the confidence of the community

in the society, and the loss of thirty thousand dollars, which plunged them into deep anxiety, was almost entirely made up to them. The press of the city appealed for relief, and soon from every portion of the community contributions came in so generously that they were scarcely obliged to contract the good work at all.

CHAPTER X

"The Dangerous Classes of New York"—Visit to England as Delegate to Congress on Reform—Darwin—Visit to Hungary—Twentieth Annual Report—Death of Mr. Brace's Father—Death of John Stuart Mill—"Soup-kitchen" Episode—Children's Summer Home of Children's Aid Society

THE spring of 1872 saw the publication of Mr. Brace's book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," which relates his experiences of twenty years' work among the poor, the unfortunate, and the ignorant in our city. Mr. Brace is now able to speak as an authority on efforts in charity, reform, and education, and it makes the interest of the book unique that, together with his valuable generalizations on these matters, there runs through almost all the pages a sort of unconscious autobiography. It is plainly of himself he is speaking, when he says with reference to the sufferings of the reformer: "If he has been inspired by Christ with a love of humanity, there have been times when the evils that afflict it clouded his daily happiness; when the thought of the tears shed that no one could wipe away; of the nameless wrongs suffered; of the ignorance which imbruted the young, and the sins that

stained the conscience; of the loneliness, privation, and pain of vast masses of human beings; of the necessary degradation of great multitudes; when the picture of all these, and other wounds and woes of mankind, rose like a dark cloud between him and the light, and even the face of God was obscured. At such times it has seemed sweeter to bring smiles back to sad faces and to raise up the neglected and forgotten, than to win the highest prize of earth; and the thought of Him who hath ennobled man, and whose life was especially given for the poor and outcast, made all labors and sacrifices seem as nothing compared with the joy of following in His footsteps. At such rare moments the ordinary prizes of life are forgotten or not valued. The man is inspired with ‘the enthusiasm of humanity.’ He maps out a city, with his plans and aspirations for the removal of the various evils which he sees. His life flows out for those who can never reward him, and who hardly know of his labors.”¹ “The enthusiasm of humanity!” Thus he tells us what it was that filled him, making him a distinct influence wherever he went. To go about with him, to see him thinking and planning for these unfortunate ones, understanding with deepest sympathy their temptations, feeling their sufferings, appreciating the children’s little virtues, and pitying their little vices,—this was a

¹ “Dangerous Classes,” pp. 367, 368.

revelation and an inspiration to his companions on these missions of mercy, to which they have more than once testified. His connection with the public press made it possible to keep before the more fortunate the needs of the little ones, and to gain sympathy and help for the manifold efforts of the society; and as he saw the evils, his inventive brain planned remedies. He saw here a spot for a lodging-house; there the swarming children in the streets suggested to his mind a school; and so grew up all about the city those healthful influences, the moral "light-houses of education and charity and reform," as he calls them, of the Children's Aid Society, which represent so much alleviation of misery to thousands of families.

But what Mr. Brace's words, personal as they are, do not tell us, is what a power his was of winning to himself and his cause those who worked with him. He tells us that "respect and courtesy always make those who serve you most efficient," but he does not tell how unfailing his courtesy was, how genial and kindly his treatment. Faithfulness to duty would have been easy even for less conscientious employees under the influence of his benignant personality, and it was a source of greatest satisfaction to him that he was so loved by those who worked with and under him. He tells us, at the close of the "Dangerous Classes," that "the aim of the

writer, as executive officer, has been to select just the right man for his place, and to make him feel that that is his profession and life-calling. Amid many hundreds thus selected during twenty years, he can recall but two or three mistaken choices, while many have become almost identified with their labors and position, and have accomplished good not to be measured. . . . Not a single employee, so far as he is aware, in all this time during his service, has ever wronged the society or betrayed his trust. One million of dollars has passed through the hands of the officers of this association during this period, and it has been publicly testified by the treasurer, Mr. J. E. Williams, president of the Metropolitan Bank, that not a dollar, to his knowledge, has ever been misappropriated or squandered."

An interesting chapter on "How Best to give Alms?" discusses fully this most important subject. Mr. Brace says:—

"So convinced is the writer, by twenty years' experience among the poor, that alms are mainly a bane, that the mere distribution of gifts by the great charity in which he is engaged seldom affords him much gratification. The long list of benefactions which the reports record would be exceedingly unsatisfactory if they were not parts and branches of a great preventive and educational movement. The majority of people are most moved by hearing that so many thousand pairs of shoes, so

many articles of clothing, or so many loaves of bread are given to the needy and suffering by some benevolent agency. The experienced friend of the poor will only grieve at such alms, unless they are accompanied with some influences to lead the recipients to take care of themselves. The worst evil in the world is not poverty or hunger, but the want of manhood or character which alms-giving directly occasions. The principle throughout all the operations of the Children's Aid Society, is only to give assistance where it bears directly on character, to discourage pauperism, to cherish independence, to place the poorest of the city, the homeless children, as we have so often said, not in almshouses or asylums, but on farms, where they support themselves and add to the wealth of the nation; to 'take, rather than give,' or to give education and work rather than alms; to place all their thousands of little subjects under such influences and such training that they will never need either private or public charity."¹

It is interesting to note that in the chapter in which Mr. Brace states the advantages to the boys and girls of country life, he speaks of an idea "often broached" of a "school in gardening" for young girls, in which they could be taught in the open air, and learn the florist's and gardener's art. So far as we can find out, there has never been any attempt made to do this, admirable as is the idea.

¹ "Dangerous Classes," pp. 388, 389, and 397.

But for considerations of space, we should be strongly tempted to quote almost the entire chapter on "The Subject of applying Religion as a Lever to raise up the Class of Neglected Children." Mr. Brace's experience in this was very large, in both the class in the lodging-houses and the hundreds of children in the industrial schools. He says that they are not to be reached as Sunday-school audiences are, nor as adults. Their minds are acute and practical, and the platitudes of Sunday-school oratory are not for them. They have the childish sense of the dramatic abnormally developed, probably by their education in the low theatres. The genuine and strong feeling of the heart always touches them. "I have seen the quick tears drop over the dirty cheeks at the simple tone of some warm-hearted man who had addressed them with a deep feeling of their loneliness and desolation, and yet they would have 'chaffed' him in five minutes after, if they had had the opportunity." With a child's receptiveness they are peculiarly open to religion, and at the same time they have a man's temptations and exposure. To give them something which may help them to withstand these powerful temptations, this is the problem, and this, Mr. Brace thinks, is done only by the sense of Christ as the Friend of men. Moral influence he does not consider a sufficient safeguard.

Of his book, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler writes from Bar Harbor:—

“ . . . I am so thankful it is written and published,—such a noble record of a noble work. The results are so wonderful, the success of the work so undoubted, that it is an inspiration to all who are engaged in similar enterprises, more helpful than any other word of encouragement could possibly be. The freshness and skill with which the book is written surprise me. The spirit, the impersonality as regards your own share in the work, are not surprising to those who know you well.

“ Many thanks for sending me a copy. I am very glad to have it from you. I am glad to have your account of my mother’s interest in the German school just what it is—recognized by those who knew her as connected with your work, not understood by those who did not know her and who do not care. The little sketch of her character is very lovely, so delicate, appreciative, and true. It is good to have two such friends as you and herself associated together in such a book as this record of your work among the poor. I would rather have this than anything else that could be written about my mother.”

Two of the many letters acknowledging “The Dangerous Classes of New York,” although written in the following autumn, are inserted here.

“ I am very much obliged to you,” writes Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, “for sending me your ‘Danger-

ous Classes.' I have as yet only dipped into it here and there, but I shall read it just as soon as I get through some extra work now in hand. How you can see and hear all you do without going crazy, is a wonder to me. The doctrine of the Trinity doesn't trouble me half so much as the doctrine of the Divine Goodness in the face of all these woes."

From Florence Nightingale.

LONDON, Sept. 9, 1872.

Sir: I am unwilling (tho' almost ashamed) not to thank you myself for your invaluable and admirable book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," which I find that you were kind enough to send me yourself some two or three months ago, and which I have read like a text-book. . . . I cannot express my admiration for your book, unlike most other books in this,—that it is a record of work done, of results actually obtained, of harvest actually reaping in God's field, and told with so much impartiality, such absence of dogmatism, and of foregone conclusion. Had you but put those two principles on record,—1. The "providing country homes"; 2. The effect of "licensing prostitutes" in encouraging the crime,—you would have done enough to be called a benefactor of our common race. But how much more have you not done? I should be ashamed to say that I have advocated most of the principles in your book, for have you not outstripped us all? God has given you the opportunity, and well have you

answered to His call to bring all these works to a much higher level and success than the highest we know. Believe me, that your book is having influence in England, and that I can wish us nothing better than that it should become a manual; though, of course, the widely different circumstances of our country involve great modifications, especially in the "providing of country homes." We have no "Michigan," no "West." Still, with our Colonies we might do much more than we do do, and I hope are making a beginning. Would that I had one hour a day of time or strength to take this up! But my incessant indispensable business and ever-increasing illness make all but this poor word of admiration for your work impossible.

Mr. Brace's book came at a more opportune time for its wider circulation than would have been ordinarily possible. There was to be a congress in London, in July, drawing together, from all over the civilized world, those interested in the repression and prevention of crime, and the care of the criminal. In June he went as a delegate to the congress, accompanied by Mrs. Brace, planning, after the business of his trip was over, to take a run into Hungary, which was so dear to him.

Of the congress, and his experiences in London, he writes as follows to the second Mrs. Schuyler:—

July 14, 1872. [LONDON.]

My dear Friend: . . . You will like to know what L. and I have been doing. The congress was a great success, but I shall say nothing about it, as I hope you see my letters about it in the "Times." I presided one day, and had full sweep, for which I was rejoiced. I don't like the English as they appear in public, as well as in private. The old barbarism of views appears, and self-satisfaction with their abuses, and a decided lack of true courtesy. They mumble so, and don't understand parliamentary management. I think, however, all the countries received benefit from one another. Our C. A. S. work interested them greatly, and my book was distributed well. But you are more interested in our social life. It has been all that I expected, . . . each day three engagements deep. In fact, we might spend another month at it instead of two weeks, and be full. - Among the pleasant events was a most interesting lunch at Miss Cobbe's. She gave us striking accounts of the high spiritual views of the converted Hindoos in London. She objects to all supernaturalism except what is universal. I was surprised to find her a little weak on Toryism and the aristocracy. We met first at a sermon of Martineau's, a superb one, drawing the distinction between revelation (inspiration) and apocalypse (supernatural and sudden vision). We saw the Lyells twice. Sir C. is failing sadly; a splendid brain coming to its setting. . . . Every one is full of kindness and hospitality, but every one is just going to Switzerland! We missed meeting Browning in that way.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley gave me a splendid dinner at his mother's. Only two commoners present besides myself, a smart young lawyer and Mr. Doyle of the "Punch." Of the five lords,—Edward Russell, Fr. Russell, Sligo, Amberly, and Airly,—four had been to America and were so delighted at their reception! They had beautiful little vases of glass with ice at each plate, and quite a French dinner—no roasts or joints, I fancy—all brought to you, and conversation very lively. (All houses have a new kind of knife and fork for fish now.) Only a short time over our wine, and the dinner between eight and ten. There was the utmost courtesy. All waited for me in going to the drawing-room, and all the family had read enough of my book to be able to talk of it; and the ladies exceedingly pleasant and considerate. All left at eleven for Academy of Arts. (You will believe me when I say that no dinners in London surpass yours in true grace and liveliness.) Our most interesting dinner was at Mr. Forster's, Minister of Education; a self-made man, energetic, not elegant, strong-willed (like an American), he has cut his way to a place hardly inferior to Gladstone's. He picked me up seven years ago, because his wife (Dr. Arnold's daughter) read my books. Very kindly, he had asked Tom Hughes, Lefevre, and Mundella to meet us. 'Twas a glorious dinner, full of talk, though L. had the best end (Mundella couldn't come). Lefevre was at our house once in Hastings. He left at nine for fear of a vote in the House, and they at ten, and I saw Forster headed a debate till two o'clock. This night-work uses them all up fearfully. They were deeply interested

about Greeley and Grant. Forster was so relieved at finishing the ballot business; he says he enjoys being cross-questioned in the House. They all say the woman-question is much behindhand this year, as with us. Mrs. Forster is a very superior person. Among other pleasant places, a dinner at Dean of St. Paul's and at Mr. Russell Guerney's, and a very pleasant dinner at home, with "Spectator" men and Mrs. Dr. Garrett Anderson, etc., etc. But public life now is utterly uninteresting here to a stranger; no great question up. Then lots of galleries and pictures, and the congress. Weather very hot. . . . There is something sad in thinking of these two (Lady and Sir C. Lyell) finishing their long journey together. "He has grown old in the respect of mankind," Zincke says. Thursday we go to Leamington and Stratford for a visit, and then I go to the Continent and L. to Ireland, after some visiting.

Mr. Brace brought a letter of introduction to Charles Darwin from Dr. Gray, and as a result he and Mrs. Brace were asked to dine and pass the night at Down. The experience was one of the most delightful of the summer, and Mr. Brace writes of it as follows:—

To a Friend.

DOWN, BROMLEY, KENT, July 12, 1872.

My dear J.—: I am at Mr. Darwin's with Mrs. Brace for the night. It is a country to delight R.'s heart. Green, thick hedges, narrow, shaded lanes,

glimpses of parks and oak-openings, old mossy villages, quaint churches, pretty spires rising over the tree-tops, birds singing (the lark rose just now, singing), the air full of fragrance, all quiet and repose. The house an old one, added to and covered with lime, green all around, a trim garden with bright flowers, a lawn, and a long green meadow with trees, and a kitchen-garden full of fruit and vegetables, and the flower-houses where Mr. D. has made his experiments. In driving here this afternoon, we passed through a lane over a mile long, with hedges higher than a man, and the banks covered with scarlet poppy, and so narrow that two wagons could hardly pass one another, and all arched with trees. It passed through the estate of Sir John Lubbock, who is a neighbor of Darwin's. As we came in, Darwin himself was standing in his drawing-room and met us most cordially, taking both my hands. Mrs. D., too, most kind and hearty. I had a little stroll in the garden before we dressed for dinner. He has there a (Cal.) *Sequoia* thirty feet high, I think some twenty years old, though none remembers exactly the date of its planting. (Figs grow nicely in his garden.) We calculated that this tree will get its growth when England is a republic!

Darwin was as simple and jovial as a boy, at dinner, sitting up on a cushion in a high chair, very erect, to guard his weakness. Among other things, he said "his rule in governing his children was to give them lump-sugar!" He rallied us on our vigorous movements, and professed to be dazzled at the rapidity of our operations. He says he never moves,

and though he can only work an hour or two every day, by always doing that, and having no break, he accomplishes what he does. He left us for half an hour after dinner for rest, and then returned to his throne in the parlor.

We had a lively talk on the instincts of dogs (several persons being there) and on "cross-breeding," and he became animated explaining his experiments in regard to it. . . . I was telling him that the California primitive skulls were of a remarkably good type. He gave one of his lighting-up smiles, which seemed to come way out from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Yes," he said; "it is very unpleasant of these facts; they won't fit in as they ought to!" . . . He told us, with such glee, of a letter he had just got from a clergyman, saying that "he was delighted to see, from a recent photograph, that no man in England was more like the monkey he came from!" and of another from an American clergyman (?) beginning with, "You d——d scoundrel!" and sprinkled with oaths and texts. . . . These things amuse him; but not a word did he say of his own success or fame. He breakfasts at half past seven, but sat by us later, as we ate, and joked and cut for us, and was as kind as could be. I never met a more simple, happy man,—as merry and keen as Dr. Gray, whom he loves much. Both he and Lyell think Dr. G. the soundest scientific brain in America. . . . "How unequally is vitality distributed," he said, as he heard what we did every day. . . . His parting was as of an old and dear friend. I hope this picture of the best brain in Europe will not weary you.

Mr. Brace, on his return to London, sent to Mr. Darwin "The Dangerous Classes of New York," and received in acknowledgment the following letter:—

From Charles Darwin.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT, July 20, 1872.

My dear Mr. Brace: I am much obliged for your extremely kind note. I cannot speak positively about the *Sequoia*, but my impression is that Heer found it in the lignite beds of Devonshire.

Since you were here, my wife has read aloud to me more than half of your work, and it has interested us both in the highest degree, and we shall read every word of the remainder. The facts seem to me very well told, and the inferences very striking. But after all, this is but a weak part of the impression left on our minds by what we have read; for we are both filled with earnest admiration at the heroic labors of yourself and others. With hearty respects, and our very kind remembrances to Mrs. Brace, etc.

At the close of the congress Mr. Brace started for Hungary, and after a day or two in Germany, reached Buda-Pesth. It was somewhat deserted, in the intensely hot weather, by the old friends he hoped to see; but everywhere he made new friends, in one case getting into conversation with a Hungarian who was especially interested in America, and talking steadily for three hours, at the end of which

time his new acquaintance insisted upon his visiting him! Under date of August 3d, he writes to his father from Debreczin:—

“Here I am in the heart of Hungary again! I wish you could have seen the old bishop kiss me when he saw me again. I am staying at my old friend the doctor’s house. All the houses are one story. There is an elegant parlor here with two beds in it. I sleep in one, and the doctor sleeps in his library. He has a handsome brougham, two Indian buffalo-cows, three white cows with horns three feet long, two wild birds like turkeys tamed, and a garden just like an American. The streets are full of men in night-gowns, top-boots, and feathered hats, and with a thousand women selling everything in the street. There goes a man in a night-gown, with two enormous loaves of bread hanging over his shoulder before and behind, three feet broad. The water-vases are just like old Roman; heaps of melons, tomatoes, corn — all like ours — are in the street; oats, baskets, clothes, everything for sale. My friends are so kind! Last night we had such Tokay wine! It is fearfully hot, from 90° to 100°. Tomorrow I shall visit my old prison in Gros Wardein and be with my prison-comrade, a Hungarian preacher. Then for Transylvania! The peasants drive seven horses with basket-wagons, four abreast and three. They wear blankets, like Indians, and are as brown, but with great moustaches and shaven face.”

And from Gros Wardein the next day:—

"My old prison comrade met me at the station with a carriage. He kissed me on both cheeks. He has kept my knife and fork (brought from America) as a memorial. We had a grand Radical Kossuth supper last night. An editor met me on the cars who says the papers have long articles about me and my former imprisonment."

At Gros Wardein he went to the prison (no longer a prison, but a factory), and looked out of the window of the old cell, "where I had watched the distant hills with such intense longings for liberty, and faint hopes of ever obtaining it." He travelled on eastwards across the prairie, which he describes as follows in a letter to the "*Christian Union*":—

"The Puszta quivered with heat as we passed, and great sparkling lakes with cool water in the distance seemed to invite us to a pleasant contrast, until they suddenly changed to endless Indian corn-fields, broken now and then by the green islands of the prairie where the church-tower and the trees showed a village hidden beneath. Under the blazing sun, the Bauers, with broad-brimmed black hat and linen toga, worked patiently at the corn, or, with sheep-skin over one shoulder, lazily watched the long-horned white cattle or the sheep. Evidently no fear of sun-stroke troubled them. On both sides stretched the boundless fields of Indian corn, and the prairie had not even the wave-like roll of our Western prairie. It was a sea of green without a wave."

The last, best visit of all, far off in Transylvania, was the climax to a most happy month. Although we have but one private letter about the beautiful Castle Vècs and its inmates, the following letter to the "Christian Union," to which he contributed throughout his journey, tells so fully and frankly of his experiences and impressions, that it might easily pass for a friendly letter:—

"What I have always considered as the highest proof of our American civilization — the sharing of women in the best interests of man — seems as true of society here as in the United States. Let me give an instance. I was residing lately in a most romantic old castle, half a ruin, with a young baron and baroness descended directly from the ancient kings of Transylvania. The scene was one of middle age romance and exquisite beauty, so striking that I fear to reproduce it lest I should identify my kind hosts. The drawing-room seemed like a frescoed dungeon. The lady spoke German and French perfectly. Our conversation had been in German. I had been endeavoring to explain an American problem in political economy, that is, the effect of high duties on wool in injuring both the wool-growers and the manufacturers. I was not satisfied to unfold such subtle matters in German, and knowing that this lady understood English, I gave it to her in English, when she immediately rendered it again in German to her husband, not only gathering the points, but being able to set it forth in two

foreign languages. This is certainly culture. The talk in the mediæval castle was precisely what it is on the piazza of a Hudson villa or around a West-end dinner in London."

The following letters farther describe this delightful Hungarian experience:—

To his Wife, after leaving Vécs.

Aug. 23, 1872.

Dearest Wife: The baroness is lovely, and like a relative. I learn a great deal, too, of interior Hungarian life and schools and agriculture, etc. We took our last walks through the lovely wood and park, and watched the Maros winding like a blue ribbon through the green valley, and the shadows on "God's seat" and the high mountains, and discussed everything, and our last dinner and coffee, all looking sad, and I took my final view from the beautiful "bastion," and the baroness came down to the door, and said, with tears in her eyes, "I fear to see you not for so many years!" and the nephew kissed my hand and I the baroness's and I said, "God bless you!" — "*Isten aldjön mek!*" — and we got into the carriage in a fearful storm, the Wallachs ringing the church-bell to keep off the rain, and bid farewell to such friends as one does not often meet. The baron accompanies me thirty miles (three and a half hours) in the storm, sees to my luggage and all, and must spend the night in the town. Is not that hospitality? I really felt quite like being out in the world

again, such a friendship had we struck up. So much for the sudden friendship of ten years ago! I am so glad I went there. It was well in all points.

To Miss G. Schuyler.

PESTH, Sept. 1, 1872.

My dear Miss G.— . . . Yesterday I had two brief interviews with "the old gentleman," as they call him — Deak, the true governor of Hungary. He lives in two simple rooms in a hotel, a stout, florid old gentleman, without gray hair, but sixty-nine years old, he said; evidently not strong now, asthmatic, his voice weak. A man of solid, penetrating sense — not an orator. He said he "hoped to have strength to tighten a few screws and loosen a few others." He is the author of "Dualism," which has made Hungary what it is. Without a title or an honor he governs Hungary. . . . I met a young member of Parliament on the train, who took me to his heart and home, wanted me to stay a week, drove me all over the country, stuffed my valise with wine, came down with a beautiful wife five miles through the mud to see me off, and kissed me at parting! Tell your father he would envy me the old Tokays and what not I have consumed here. I shall decline all good dinners for the next six months. The Hungarian papers are quoting my remarks on their affairs. The one I enclose you will see is characterized by much point and wit.¹

¹ A cutting from a newspaper in the Hungarian language.

Before October, 1872, Mr. Brace is at his post again, reviewing in his twentieth annual report the change since the day twenty years before when the society began its work, and the whole force consisted of himself and an office-boy, while the work of addressing circulars was shared by the trustees, who met together in the evening for the purpose. Now, he says, there are seventy-two teachers employed, and the society reaches nine thousand poor children in the twenty-one industrial schools and fifteen night schools, and about twelve thousand homeless boys and girls in the five lodging-houses; and, in addition, provides with homes some three thousand children more! Of these teachers he says :

“Too much can hardly be said in praise of [their] patient and self-denying efforts. Year after year they labor on, their work seldom known or appreciated by the outside world, humbly and faithfully seeking to elevate these wretched little ones, and to implant higher principles and purer ideas in their young minds. Each day, with few to approve or help, the teacher is waging this quiet warfare with idleness, selfishness, and degradation. She seeks to replace selfishness by love, and her hold upon the affections of these little creatures is strengthened by her devoted efforts out of school hours as well as in, for she visits the homes of the wretched parents, moving amid suffering and poverty which she is often powerless to aid except through her sympathy.”

As Mr. Brace tells, in 1872, of the work of emigration, he dwells with strong feeling on the meaning of the simple statement that three thousand children have been placed in homes. He speaks of the weary and discouraging histories of poverty of which he learns as he gathers together these little ones to remove them from New York, of the homelessness and hunger and incessant temptations from which the children are rescued, and then puts before us a picture of the opportunities, the new hopes, new habits, new modes of life in the wide West, and emphasizes the whole with a story told by an agent, of the little child snatched five years before from want, misery, and sin, and placed in a happy, comfortable home. When the woman who has been the adopted mother to the boy, learns that this is an agent of the society that gave her her little charge, "you see the woman's heart rush up in her face until, from very pity, you exclaim at once, 'I have not come to take him away!'"

At the end of October the great sorrow came to him of losing his father. Mr. J. P. Brace had been failing for some years, having been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and had grown so feeble that his life was passed in a wheeled chair in his Litchfield home. He lived almost entirely in his library, where a large accumulation of scientific and theological

books, as well as many volumes of poetry, made his days pass not unhappily. "The exquisite feeling for nature which had characterized him throughout his life was preserved to the last," says a friend; and the same friend continues, "birds and flowers were his only pleasure almost in his dying moments, and the last names he forgot were the botanical. Even historical dates were remembered by him when many a personal event had passed from his memory."

The next letters tell us something of the character of him for whom so many were mourning, and show us, in some slight degree, how original a character it was.

To F. L. Kingsbury.

FISHKILL, Sunday, Nov. 3, 1872.

My dear Fred: Since I last wrote, my dear old father has passed away, and owing to the delay in the telegram, to my intense disappointment, I did not reach him alive. No father ever did more for his son. He was a man of vast acquirements, and he sacrificed everything for his children. I will send you some notices of him if you have not read any. I was left sole executor of his estate (some seventy thousand dollars), and have settled it all in ten days. Every time I left him I expected his departure. He has left a sweet and noble memory, and I only pray I may do one-tenth as much for my children.

From Mrs. Asa Gray.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 12, 1872.

. . . And to you! It comes such a solemn charge when one takes the place of the oldest generation! Those before us are gradually dropping away, and we are getting on to the old people.

It has brought back so many memories of past days, of your father in his activity and energy, his originality and immense variety of information and versatility, and his merry laugh and fun. His absurd way of looking at what are generally only bemoaned,—the toothache, or getting his pocket picked! How pleasant those young days were! He has left his mark, for his influence must have been very great on those he taught, he was so suggestive always in conversation. I remember in my annual journey to Litchfield in old days, when he was living alone in Hartford, the climbs up into his den, where I used to spend the hours between the trains; and then his long visit here helping Dr. Gray over plants.

And how pleasant to think of the comfort of late years from dear Aunt Mary's bequests. She did so much good in her life, and left so much comfort behind her! How many memories about that dear old house! Do give my love to all the sad circle gathered there, and my warm sympathy in their joy and in their sorrow,—joy for him, sorrow for themselves.

The death of John Stuart Mill in the spring of 1873 was a personal sorrow to Mr. Brace, as well as

a loss to the scientific world. He says, in writing to a friend, "We all feel poorer in the death of Mill. What a charming memory he leaves with us all who knew him, and what a grand life to the world."

To the "Christian Union," under date of May 31, 1873, he writes:—

"In the death of John Stuart Mill the whole intellectual world will feel poorer. . . . Except Darwin, no philosopher has left a deeper impression on the thought of his age. The Utilitarian school, of which he was one of the teachers, we trust is to have but a passing influence. But Mr. Mill himself, in his personal character and his political writings, belongs to that higher school of intuitional moralists, who, in all ages, have shown the utmost attainments of the human soul, in utter and unselfish devotion to the principles of truth and justice and humanity.

"It has been the good fortune of the writer to know Mr. Mill personally, and to have corresponded with him during a number of years. Before meeting him I had expected to find a clear, acute, logical, but somewhat dry philosopher, one who would measure everything, even in social intercourse, by the standard of the intellect, and by the strictest logical rule. To my surprise, I found a gentleman, in manner like an old French count, full of courtesy, kindness, and small attentions, graceful and almost affectionate in his ways, his face beaming with sentiment, and his eyes lighting up when any heroic or chivalric feeling was called forth. From conversing

with him, one would say his prominent characteristic was feeling and sympathy with all the nobler side of human nature. I saw him first just after the close of the War of the Rebellion. He asked, with a peculiar interest, about John Brown, and I remember his eyes filled with tears as he spoke of the wonderful heroism of his effort, and said, ‘If he is looking down now from the other world, how it must gladden him to see such a result of his death!’ It was a remarkable characteristic of Mr. Mill that in the darkest days of our Civil War, when most, even among our friends, despaired of our final success, he never doubted. He always wrote to me and other correspondents as if final victory was sure as the return of the seasons. . . . Unfortunately, most of his letters during the past few years I have given away to autograph-hunters. But one, which was written just after the close of the Civil War, was so felicitous in its expression, and so characteristic, that I copied a passage and preserved it. On reaching England, I had written to him how disgusted I was at the sudden conversion of many Englishmen to the side of the North after the defeat of General Lee. He replied: ‘Your remark is most just on the unworthiness of the conversions due only to success. Such conversions merely show the fundamental unworthiness of the original error. The disgust they occasion is one of the causes which make those who have fought an up-hill battle up to the hour of victory eager to go forward to something else, in which they will still have the low-minded and selfish part of mankind against them.’ . . . Mr. Mill no doubt died as he had lived, a consistent ‘Mod-

ern Stoic.' His favorite reading was Marcus Aurelius, and he has left to the world the memory of the highest Stoical life, of utter devotion to truth, justice, and humanity; but alas! in all probability, without the conscious inspiration of Christianity, and without a hope of personal immortality. To such a soul one cannot doubt that the mystery of Eternity will unfold grander truths and more inspiring hopes than he ever dared to entertain on earth; and that pure and noble heart, freed from the deception of time and sense, will bow to Christ as one worthy of all its homage, and with a devotion whose only regret can be that it was given too late."

Of his friendly letters of this winter we have only the following:—

To a Friend.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1873.

My dear M—: How much I wish you could be with us this glorious season and see the wonderful beauties of the Hudson. We both want to know if you could not visit us during October. I found, as you did, Arnold deeply interesting, though at bottom lies a deep scepticism which must land him in positivism. But the book is edifying, because so honest. I agree with you about "Israel." The more rationalistic I become about the Old Testament, the more admiration I have for the religious sense, and reverence for the inspiration of those poets and patriarchs. The Bible becomes more and more

valuable to me. But, of all things, it seems to me the Jewish patriarchs were filled with a sense of a *person* — not a power or current — making for righteousness, and whoever excludes personality (in whatever sense) becomes a Positivist, and has above and around him only a drift of things, a necessary development, perhaps, but not a God. . . . If you could see the Palisades now!

Early in the year of 1874 Mr. Brace suffered from an experience which was for a short time a bitter strain upon him. He became suddenly the object of violent abuse from one of the New York papers. The trouble arose from Mr. Brace's objection to "soup-kitchens," which he expressed openly in letters to the "Times," his medium of putting his views before the public on every subject of public interest. In a letter to Mr. Howard Potter he explains his opposition thus :—

"The greatest evil with which the Children's Aid Society deals, is not poverty, but pauperism, and we struggle against it everywhere. The fear I have had this winter has been, most of all, that a new pauper class would be formed. So in the beginning of the 'soup-kitchen' movement I wrote against it (just as I did in 1857) in order to prevent injudicious modes of charity, which produce pauperism. Just as a bank president should speak on methods of finance, so should the secretary of the Children's Aid Society on methods of charity. . . .

Must not ‘good be evil-spoken of’ if the truth happens to go against the present impulse, and will not the true methods of charity be learned by just such abuse of the ignorant? . . . I watch the ‘soup-kitchens’ and they all confirm my views.”

How he bore the persecution is best told in the words of Mr. Potter, who wrote the memorial of him printed in the report the winter after his death:—

“. . . But nobody who did not stand beside him then can well realize how bitter and unscrupulous were the imputations to which he was subjected. For one whole winter one of the most influential daily papers of New York teemed with abuse of the Children’s Aid Society and of Mr. Brace personally. . . . He not only endured in silence all the abuse to which he was exposed, but it seemed to leave not the least shadow of rancor in his feelings towards those who were opposed to him, and who were daily showering abuse upon him. His, indeed, was the charity that could suffer long and be kind; that was not easily provoked nor willing to think evil, but, rejoicing in the truth, was ready to bear all adverse things with never-failing faith and hope, and to ‘endure as seeing HIM who is invisible.’ ”

It was a source of deep satisfaction to the many friends of the society that nothing was lost to it by this attempt to vilify its secretary, and helpers and

contributors were only the more active. The opening, at this time, of the great Newsboys' Lodging-House, so long labored for, was the occasion of an ovation to Mr. Brace, his friends from the country as well as town coming to swell the meeting.

Sympathy from many sources was not lacking, and we insert here a letter from one who, for more than thirty years, never stinted his loving words of encouragement:—

"I thank you heartily for your birthday note," Mr. Howard Potter writes on June 19, 1874, "and wish you many happy returns of this day, which I am sure you will never have cause to regret, and which thousands may, and do, bless. You do well to be grateful that God has given it to you to live the life you have — in every aspect of it one for which the world also may be grateful. It is not given to many to be a pioneer in such a march as you are leading, and if now and then the way is rough and thorny and noisome, it is part of the honor of the position that it should be so. After all, too, it is only for a little while, and then will come — who can say what of rest and peace and high enjoyment? 'It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared.' . . . You will never know, let me say in return, what a help you are, spiritually, to other men, with some of whom you never come in personal contact at all, or but very rarely. But — 'to God only thanks.' . . . "

On June 28, 1874, he writes to Miss G. Schuyler:—

“. . . We have had a season of glorious beauty. The river to-day has a glory about it that you know well; breezy leafage and long perspectives, green everywhere, and the white sails gleaming over the water. To-day is almost the first hot day. We had a grand celebration of the birthday (19th) in a picnic. . . . How very earnest life seems as we get nearer the sunset. How we peer into the misty sea, and how we want to do the work before the night cometh. My life has been exceptionally happy, especially in my profession and home enjoyments. By the way, that ‘storm of scandal’ seems not to have strained our craft the least. The public trust us as much as ever. . . . Our ‘summer retreat for poor children’ is bountifully supported. . . . What would you think of a ‘children’s summer hospital?’”

Mr. Brace’s reference to the summer retreat for poor children relates to a house opened during this summer for the purpose of giving the children of the Children’s Aid Society’s schools a taste of country life. Previous to this, there had been a sort of desultory attempt made by the society and also by the “New York Times,” to give the children some experience of the country, but as this meant only a picnic or river excursion, the trip, delightful as it was, did not affect the health of the children. The plan, made practicable through the co-operation of a kind friend of the society who rented a villa on Staten Island for the purpose, was

to give for a week the benefit of sea air, fresh milk, and good fare to the little children of the tenement districts. This first experiment proved so successful that the next year a house was permanently rented, and the children's summer home at Bath Beach became a regular institution, carrying on its sweet and healthful influences every summer. Mr. Brace was never happier than at this lovely spot, where he sat in the summer twilight on the veranda, looking out over the beautiful lower bay, and heard the children sing their hymns before they marched in single file to their little white beds. He tells us what a delight the sea-bathing was to them, and above all the sight of the "sounding sea." It was noticed, he says, that all were suddenly silent and almost reverent at the first view of the great ocean.

In his private reading, the study of Mill's philosophy continued to absorb many of Mr. Brace's leisure hours, as the two letters following, which close the year of 1874, reveal.

To Dr. Howard.¹

HASTINGS, Nov. 6, 1874.

My dear George: . . . I enclose a scrap of Mill's new book. Since that I have seen another express-

¹ Dr. G. A. Howard, a theological fellow-student in New Haven and life-long friend of Mr. Brace.

ing the highest appreciation of the character of Christ. I have never been able to understand why the philosophical sceptics should not admire and extol Christ to the highest, even supposing Him only a sublime mystic and wonderful Reformer. Mill says that philosophy could not render the abstract law of virtue into the concrete better than by saying, Live after Christ! That idea of a God who is benevolent but not omnipotent is ingenious and has much to be said for it — except that then there might be a more powerful spirit — or certainly more powerful forces. We can only say we are lost in the infinite, and see enough to guide faith, but not enough for absolute science. In a garment covering eternal time, we see only two or three threads of one portion of a figure or plan. It is certainly possible to conceive a better world even with a free agency; but give us immortality, and the worst evils may be explained, or at least compensated for. . . . I am in splendid trim for working. We have our annual meeting soon. A great year's work.

From Dr. Asa Gray.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 16, 1874.

Dear Brace: Thanks for "Times." Your article is excellent, and you well know I am not apt to over-praise. It is a good turning of Mill's position, and a showing that Darwinism reconciles many things in nature to Theism better than more orthodox conceptions.

But the deep difficulties, Mill would say, are only

shifted. What troubles him is the existence and allowance of evil, and that is, as yet, insoluble. Mill says it argues a God whose benevolence or whose power is limited. You imply that it is incidental to a system, which is as good, on the whole, as can be under the system,—or as could be under any system you can think of, in the long run,—but which requires an immensely long run to manifest itself.

Do you not imply the limitation which Mill asserts? And how about . . . and [being] shaken into dreamy unconsciousness (like Livingstone under the lion)? Your surviving friends might praise the benevolence of the arrangement. Would it not be natural for Mill to say that the absence of any contrivance for avoiding the torture was an argument for the absence of benevolence? Would you satisfy him by rejoining that such painful sights stimulated the survivors to greater caution or activity or skill, and so educated the race, so that some future generation were merely less likely to suffer in that way?

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Brace's New House — Life in the Woods — Charges against Children's Aid Society — Miscellaneous Letters — To a Young Man on Faith — On the Strikes — Study and Work — Free Trade — Miscellaneous Letters — Correspondence about his coming Book — Death of his Brother — Trip Abroad — Society Details — Death of Mr. Macy

MR. BRACE had been, throughout the preceding autumn, exploring the hills about Hastings and northwards, with reference to a proposed site for a house, and in January, 1875, wrote: ". . . We have bought our site! A most lovely spot of three acres, with a superb view, at Dobbs Ferry, some chestnut-trees, and everything nice around it. One of the best sites on the river. Shall begin to build in spring. Give us ideas and plans, etc., etc. We are all 'house' now." Mrs. Brace used to say that never before had she been able to bring Mr. Brace to talk of his own affairs. But the building fever took possession of him now, and "talking house" was his greatest delight. Building began in the spring, and the family moved into their new home at the end of the following winter.

The letters of this winter and spring are as follows: —

To Miss Dora Neill.

HASTINGS, Jan. 17, 1875.

My dear Dora: I hope you never measure our affection here by our correspondence. We all hold you ever near the heart, and wish we could see more of you. There are so many things I should like to speak on with you. But letters are nothing. We move steadily on in the old path,—a very sweet and interesting one. The family growing up and becoming more attractive and absorbing, the work increasing and succeeding, knowledge and wisdom growing, friendship warmer and more settled, nature more beautiful, and the solemn view into the great unseen becoming nearer and closer. Life settling itself and gathering its garments for the grand departure, friends slipping away into the unseen, old age coming visibly on many, fires of youth cooling, and the drift of the age towards doubt and denial more clear and sometimes depressing, and yet hope, freshness, and spring still. My work now begins to bring its great reward.

Just now, in every-day life we are all absorbed in house, and an awful puzzle it is; little money and much taste, and not much talent to use. We have a superb site, but cold.

To A. H. Barnes.¹

HASTINGS, May 16, 1875.

My dear Barnes: This is the first time I have felt free from anxiety for six months. You see we are

¹ Mr. A. H. Barnes of Philadelphia, a college friend of Mr. Brace.

a very large affair, expending some two hundred thousand dollars per annum, so that some one is always after us. Just now it was the Roman Catholics, who were trying to cut us off from the school fund, and then it is the ultra-Protestants who are opposed to all public grants, so that just one-half of our income (one hundred thousand dollars) has been in danger. Now all is right, and will continue so till the legislature meets again. Then, during April, I had feverish symptoms and was not well. My house, too, is a problem. Estimates not all in, but I fear they will come up to twelve thousand dollars. We have already begun to plant trees. The site is wonderful. My "elevation" is very pretty.

To Dr. Howard.

HASTINGS, July 25, 1875.

Dear George: . . . Why not come to the Lake where all is placid? I depart to the waters of peace on Monday evening. . . . I have looked out of my new attic-windows — superb!

No biography of him could be complete which omitted to dwell with some emphasis upon the inspiration he drew from these quiet scenes. It was here that he found strength and peace for the harrowing and absorbing duties in the busy world in which he lived and worked.

After having explored thoroughly various parts of the Adirondack region for many years, Mr. Brace

settled, in 1870, at Lake Placid, and began then a summer life continued for fifteen years, full of rest and refreshment to him. A tent was pitched on an island in the lake, and was occasionally the scene of a supper-party around the camp-fire, or a gathering-place for an afternoon of reading aloud, making also a charming spot for the little Sunday religious service which took the place of church in those early days. A background of evergreens and forest trees; about the tent little aspens that, no matter how motionless the air seemed, were always quivering and dancing; above, the drifting mountain clouds; and beyond, with the clear lake stretching to its foot, the glory of the scene, Whiteface Mountain,—all this was the “church,” and here “Bushnell’s Sermons,” “The Scotch Sermons,” Martineau’s prayers, or the “Prayers of the Ages” were read by Mr. Brace every fine Sunday morning, to his family and friends.

His days passed in much the same methodical fashion as at home,—for such was his nature that he preferred a habit in everything. The mornings were spent in study and writing, the latter being either on some private study or for the “New York Times,” to which he contributed in the summer as well as in the winter. A swim in the clear lake was his delight, after a morning of work, and then the afternoons were given to rowing Mrs. Brace around the enchanting shores, to the little spots

he knew so well where the trout hid, and casting his fly there.

Cloudy or showery weather did not keep them away, and there, almost every day, they were to be found, Mrs. Brace occasionally reading aloud some quiet book, generally about nature; although oftener they dreamed the afternoon away in silence. Occasionally a friend accompanied them on these little expeditions, so precious to them both. No smiles of children or friends, as he and Mrs. Brace returned home at twilight, with sometimes a very small string of very small trout, discouraged the devoted fisherman, though he used to confess that watching the shadows creeping over the hills as the afternoon wore on, *did* add to the fisherman's pleasure! So August slipped away, and the opening of the schools of the Children's Aid Society called him back to questions of organization and money to be found and reports to be written. And yet "called him back" is hardly the word; for his exuberant energy could not have rested, even in that placid scene of beauty, longer than the long summer days lasted. Of his summer reading and writing, he says to Dr. Howard: ". . . I have done much writing and studying; a review of Renan for 'Times' and for 'Christian Union,' and one of Dr. Gray for 'Times,' and editorials. We are greatly interested now in Taine's 'Ancien Régime.' Do read it, and Gray's

‘Darwiniana.’ The Doctor has one of the clearest brains, and shows the harmony of theism and Darwinism. Taine’s picture is awful, though badly drawn.”

In the spring of 1876, a National Prison Congress was held in New York, at which two or three Western members asserted that the homeless children sent out to the West by the Children’s Aid Society of New York, were “crowding the Western prisons and reformatories.” The society assured the members of the congress that this information did not correspond with their own, and that it must be remembered that, in proportion to the vast number sent out, a small percentage of failures might seem formidable. One of the complaints—that the older lads changed places often—was, unfortunately, quite justified. It is an unavoidable result of a prosperous condition of the laboring classes, Mr. Brace says; but much ingenuity was shown on the part of the employers, in identifying the boys with the life of the farm, and giving them a permanent interest in it and the family, through small gifts, such as a calf or pony or piece of land. But as to charges of a more serious character, such as that the boys were so bad as to be confined in the prisons, etc., their complete refutation was a triumph for the society. Immediately upon the adjournment of the

congress, one of the experienced Western agents was sent to thoroughly examine the prisons, houses of refuge, and reformatories of the three States especially indicated,—Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana. It was then found that in Michigan and Illinois, where ten thousand children had been sent, *not a single* boy or girl from the society could be found in all their prisons and reformatories! The report from Indiana was almost as cheering.

Another source of anxiety to the society during this and the preceding year, and the cause of almost annual visits to Albany by Mr. Brace when the legislature was in session, was a proposed amendment to the constitution, cutting off from the "school fund" all schools "not *wholly* under the control and supervision and in charge of the public school authorities." But the amendment did not pass, "perhaps from a conviction in the legislature that these schools for the poor children were a necessary part of the public school system." It was a relief to the society when this anxiety was finally removed in 1878, and the schools were then put more thoroughly under the supervision of the Board of Education, had annual careful examinations from assistant superintendents, and conformed to their rules.

The new house at Dobbs Ferry was finished in February, and in March the family moved into it.

The spring was very beautiful, and Mr. Brace kept the house full of guests, delighting to receive his friends under his own roof-tree. Miss Georgina Schuyler had said in a letter of congratulation: "I can fancy the coming and going, and the unfailing hospitality and kindness, and the refreshment and recreation given to many weary souls who will find their way to your home." And so it was. Among his chosen guests through these years of abounding health and vitality, were teachers from the schools and his other friends among the employees of the society. It was his habit to bring some one of them home with him on an occasional Friday evening, and the visit commonly included Saturday. For the teachers it was a day of rest in the country, cheered by the influence of his gentle and exhilarating companionship, and well calculated to strengthen and renew the interest in their work; and for him it was of real value to have this opportunity to learn to know better his faithful co-laborers.

The birthday season, always one of solemnity to him, had come again, and he writes of it to a friend as follows:—

DOBBS FERRY, June 18, 1876.

My dear Friend: To-morrow is my birthday, and I always think of you then, partly because you have about the same age, and more because I know you

understand the religious thoughts of such times. How near we seem now to the great Unknown, and how glorious that life with God and Christ seems, those unseen and unimaginable activities and experiences in the spiritual life! But the solemn thought is that we have so few years now for Christ's service, and the leaving the influence for humanity which we so much desire. How earnest and busy should the remaining days be, and how much higher ought we to rise in the life with Christ on earth! Then me an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge consumes, and I regret so that time is so short, and my life necessarily practical. In all effort for Christian life, I am always so encouraged and strengthened by you, and the thought of your unshaken faith and Christian purpose, and how much you are doing and thinking for all good things. Your faith should be a light to us all. With both of us, I suppose our best channels for public usefulness will be in the lines of our Children's Aid Society, and that we must improve and more firmly found. You have been one of its strongest pillars. Probably our deepest influence is with our children, though we see little of it. But how much deeper is the mother's! . . . The years now put us among the "old men," and yet the tides of life are as fresh in our veins as fifteen years ago. May the few coming years ripen into a rich harvest, whatever Christ's spirit has planted in us. And may they not lessen your friendship or weaken your regard.

The death of Mrs. W., a friend very dear to him, called forth the next letter below:—

To a Friend.

CHES-KNOLL, Dec. 10, 1876.

My dear Miss M— A year ago, I should have said her chances for life were as good as yours or any one's. She had the most abounding vitality and richness of life, with the temperament of a genius, so that it seems utterly impossible she can be dead. . . . The death leaves a fearful gap with so many people, and especially with us. She brought us the musical ideal and the freshness of young life, and we gave her the sympathy of kindred. She so thoroughly enjoyed our home and home life, and had such rest here and deep content. . . . It is very hard to think it is all over. And yet how little one does for one's friends! We ought to treat them as if every visit were the last. It is difficult to always keep this high standard. I feel a certain elation in thinking of her higher life, though I have no doubt she, like us all, must pass through discipline yet before perfection. There is something sad, in one aspect, in life's running on so indifferently while such tragedies occur,—that we can eat and drink and sleep as usual, and go about our business, while our dear one's body lies under the winter's snow. But friendship is in the heart, and what has been done and felt, and the hopes. I pray continually that I may meet her in the heavenly morning, and I can fancy that she will convey to us there purer harmonies than she ever did here, and we will give her truer sympathies. For we who believe in Plato believe that music is in the soul, not the pulsations

of the air; and as she seemed here to lead our natures into higher regions of the ideal, so, more, will she do so there. How little a woman (who has not the creative faculty) seems to leave behind her, except on her children or her friends. No influence is left behind like that upon children. But she may be so constituted or placed as to leave friends, to whom her memory is a continual inspiration, and who will themselves lie in the coffin before they forget her or cease to be moved by her. "To live so that in ceasing to live one does not cease to be loved,"—that was true of S. God bless her!

In the course of this summer he writes: "I have answered, in French, a letter from Naples asking how to found a newsboys' lodging-house there. And Mr. Macy has sent documents!"

To a young man in difficulties about his religious faith:—

CHES-KNOLL, March 10, 1877.

My dear ——: . . . As a general thing, religion comes home to a man just after escaping great temptation, or in a deep trouble, or in some of the most trying events of life. You see, it fits the wants of his soul. It often answers his intuitions, and proves itself to him. There are moments when a man feels like one weak and ill in a canoe, going down a tremendous rapid. He can only look above and trust. The inevitable sorrows of life teach us much of God. But I have also reached my position by reason. Whatever the view of the universe, we must come

back to the ever-balancing probability of an Existence originating it, corresponding to us in intelligence and moral powers. What other faculties or powers He may have we know not, but plainly this is a moral system, where the tendency to selfishness is also to unhappiness, and this could not come by differentiation; and we may reasonably conclude that the author of this system has the same drift, or reason from this to Him (or "It," if you choose). This is fair and logical, — *i.e.* the tendencies of things teach that selfishness brings unhappiness, therefore the law of the moral universe is unselfishness or benevolence, and the originator of it must be guided by the same law. Now there comes also to many minds an intuition of such an Existence, which strengthens the inference, — that is, of a perfect moral being. But here, to my mind, comes in an historical help. A character appears in an obscure tribe, for whom is no historical or philosophical development. He represents the highest moral ideas, to which all succeeding ages have never reached; he leads an ideally perfect and pure life; he claims to be the especial manifestation or organ of this unknown Author of the universe; he seems thoroughly honest and unselfish. He may be mistaken and self-deceived, but there is nothing to show this. All the best things in the world since have come from him. His life and death seem in harmony with that moral drift of the universe I have spoken of. Therefore I am inclined to believe him. And when he tells me of things I could not know, but against which I know nothing, like future life and judgment, I accept them. And when I find that his commands (supposing we get

them correctly) are in harmony with, or beyond all one knows of the moral principles of the universe, I am the more ready to obey them. And obeying ("becoming a Christian"), and finding myself happier than I ever could be otherwise, and that my drift is to make others happier, I the more believe his words, and in my first inference, and my intuition of a perfect moral being. And you see this makes a logical structure, but strengthened by experience and by intuition; and this, whatever your exact conception of this extraordinary character be, whether he be only a wise peasant, or a prophet, or a super-human being, or a peculiar divine manifestation (as I believe). Of course, the latter view is more in harmony with my conclusions, and, as I think, with facts. There is nothing, of course, in science or philosophy to refute them. They are all merely the result of a balance of probabilities. But then experience and intuition confirm them. It would be an immeasurable calamity for you to float off on the stream of life without this rudder. "Do His will, and you will know of the doctrine," is worth trying. Belief will come with an unselfish and devout life. As to your companions, remember that they belong to the *Come-outers*. Others are different. Still truth first; may God guide you into it!

The peaceful life at Lake Placid was "deeply disturbed" for him, he says, by the strikes during the summer of 1877.

"There is something always impressive," he writes to Miss G. Schuyler, "in these blind, passion-

ate movements of the laboring classes for a larger share of the goods of life. I am not afraid of the mob or commune-spirit in this country. The one we can put down, and the other our free land saves us from. But strikes on this gigantic scale are a new development, and will be imitated all over the world. They ought not to occur here. They show that high tariff legislation has attracted masses of workmen to branches of production which have not paid well. And they show fearful divisions between capital and labor, very threatening to our future. The only remedies are the formation of Courts of Arbitration for strikes (as Mundella has established in England), and an approach to ‘co-operation,’ and the leaving capital more and more to ‘natural laws.’ The gradual settlement of values is going to bring about many such outbreaks. The great problem of the future is the equal distribution of wealth, or of the profits of labor (under the guidance of brains). I believe myself that, in general, the laboring classes do not receive their fair share. Strikes are one of their means of getting more. . . .”

We quote here a passage from a paper on “Profit-sharing,” written presumably at about this time:—

“If industrial society ever rises to the Christian ideal, it will be under some form of co-operation between labor and capital. . . . The great benefactor of the laboring classes of America yet remains to appear, who shall contrive a plan of organization in manufacture, whereby the laborers shall have a pecuniary interest in the profits of production beyond

their wages, and shall thus do their work thoroughly and contentedly, bearing the dull times with their masters, and enjoying with them the prosperity of the good times; having thus the virtues of both classes."

Another sorrow had overtaken him and a great circle of friends, in the death of Mr. John E. Williams, the devoted treasurer of the society. He had for over twenty years shown the largest-hearted sympathy for poor children, and served their interests faithfully, and Mr. Brace tells how touching and characteristic it was that in his last moments of consciousness he reverted with such pleasure to the thought of these labors of love. He had hoped to write one more report, which would have filled out the twenty-five years of the life of the society. "But it was not to be. He has reported to higher authority, and received nobler gratulations than we can offer." At Mr. Williams's wish, as well as at the wish of the Board, Mr. George S. Coe was appointed his successor. The following letter, besides its general interest, reveals Mr. Brace's satisfaction at the condition of the Children's Aid Society, at the close of twenty-five years:—

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, Oct. 20, 1878.

Dear George: The beautiful autumn is passing off charmingly with us. We have a houseful. . . . My

work has opened with the usual interest, and we are going to make a grand effort to rebuild the Rivington Street Lodging-house. We finish our twenty-five years with the Children's Aid Society on November 1st, — and I think will be out of debt! (In 1870 we had a debt of ninety thousand dollars on the newsboys' [lodging-house]!) I am deeply interested in my study, it opens richer all the time. I have been lately on the Anglo-Saxon Law, and the effect of Christianity thereon. How wide the gap between Christ and the historical Church!

We had some charming times on the river with Dean Stanley. He said to me many good things. He doesn't like Gladstone (a pity!). "He is like the god in the Greek fable who had two steeds to his chariot, one beautiful, swift, and of the immortals, and the other a common hack." We spoke of his chapter on Socrates; he said the Greek Kingdom, as soon as it was organized, passed one of its first laws, ordering the sentence on Socrates to be expunged from the Statute Book! Bishop Thirlwall once gave a dinner to some *savants*, and they expected a certain German professor (Nordkommer) would be invited. On being asked why he left him out, he said he would not have a man under his roof who justified the condemnation of Socrates! He says the only record of Washington in the Abbey is on the monument to André! He himself restored the tablets to Cromwell and his family, torn down under the Restoration. He *hates* Mallock, and don't like the hits at Jowett in the "New Republic."

In the letter above, Mr. Brace speaks of the study which has begun to absorb him. He had decided to publish the result of his investigations on the subject of the influence of Christianity on the world's progress in morals, and was preparing for a course of research to continue for some years. His spare moments were eagerly seized, but his only times for work were his Saturday mornings at home, and an occasional quiet half hour in an alcove of the Astor Library. In a letter written a year or two later, while he was still using moments he could snatch from business for this fascinating study, he speaks of the power he has of turning from one thing to another. This power was his to an unusual degree. After a busy morning in his office, with a hundred different distracting claims on his attention and judgment, he was able to turn the whole tenor of his thoughts, seek a quiet corner in the Astor Library, gather about him books on international law, chivalry, the duel, or on some kindred subject, and the lines would gradually disappear from his forehead, and the annoyances of life be completely forgotten.

A visit to Cambridge during this winter gives him opportunity to consult Dr. Gray concerning the chief objections which must be met in his book. He writes of it thus to Dr. Howard:—

"I have had much talk with Dr. Gray on my theme. He put himself in the position of a sceptical objector, which was just what I needed. He says the most prevalent objection to be removed or met, is the belief that our whole religious system of ideas (Christianity and all) is only a mode of looking at the phenomena of the universe, and that all the hopes and faith are only illusions of the race. Mine hardly touches this, except as furnishing one solid basis — the moral power of Christianity, what it has done, and what it is capable of doing, and that this power is not to be explained from historical development, but is an outcome of that wonderful Person. I tried to present some of these arguments *a priori*, but the doctor convinced me they would hardly hold water so. I am still on the long study (on 'Wrecker's Right' now)."

It was characteristic of Mr. Brace that, during these years of his preparation for the book on the influences of Christianity, he should have constantly courted objections to his argument, —not with a view to combating them, but from his habitual desire to see both sides of every question. This quality of intellectual sympathy with those who differed with him, combined with certain deep-laid, unwavering principles of his own, was, in large part, the secret of his extraordinary power of helpfulness to almost all whom he met, and appeared in his tender comprehension of the temptations and

aims of the wretched people with whom he came in contact in his work, in his interest in the religious difficulties of the young friends who came to him for counsel, and in his seeking to see as others did, even in matters so absorbing to him as this latest study.

Apart from his theme of study, manifold other interests were absorbing him, as may be seen from the next letter.

"This is a very busy season with me," he writes Dr. Howard. "Yesterday the Astor party of one hundred boys to the West; then a grand effort to rebuild Rivington Street Lodging-house (cost fifty thousand dollars for land and all); all sorts of society things, and a lecture next week on 'Peace and Free Trade'; newspaper writing; my book, and some 'tenement house meetings.'"

The paper read before the Free Trade Club on "Free Trade as promoting Peace among Men," views, as its title shows, this question from the side of the moralist rather than of the economist. He begins: "To the moralist, free trade is not most of all important as a means of producing and distributing wealth (though in that it be the most efficient), but rather as a portion of that movement of humanity which, receiving its greatest impulse eighteen centuries ago, has been steadily, ever since, removing prejudices, lightening burdens,

doing away with abuses, and bringing together into one, different classes and peoples and races. Living under the influence of this great humane impulse, we do not enough remember what effects it has already accomplished, what slow but permanent victories it has won, and what it proves itself adapted to win in the centuries to come." He explains that by "free trade" he does not mean merely the freedom to buy and sell, but the moral view that different nations need not be opposed; that they are members of one family; that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and the loss of one the loss of all; that war, wherever it is, is a terrible injury to all. After stating that "the science of Political Economy and experience are teaching a closer brotherhood of nations than the past knew," he goes on to say that he knows well it is these sentiments that make associations like the one he is addressing, called "idealists," but that all reformers of the past have been idealists in their day, and he continues:—

"So with the Free Trade gospel. At this present moment, its gainsayers are many, and its supporters few. A falling from the faith has begun in the house of its friends—still all this is of little account. This is a truth belonging to coming ages. The great spring-tide of human progress is with it, and all obstacles of prejudice and ancient habit and

selfish greed will ultimately be swept away by it, or be as straws on its stately and irresistible current."

The newer branches of the work of the Children's Aid Society were constant sources of satisfaction to Mr. Brace: the "Sick Mission," taking medicine and nourishing food into the wretched tenements; the "Flower Mission," with the sunshine of its bright flowers, to the miserable rooms; and the "Summer Home," giving good food and sea air to the little girls from the schools. One indirect good of the week in the country, to the poor, is in the lesson taught of better cooking and simple, nourishing food, and in the habit taught the children of drinking milk instead of tea or coffee. Many, too, he says, learnt for the first time the habit of sleeping "between two sheets."

The thorough work of the industrial schools, under the able superintendent, Mr. Skinner, continued to keep pace with all the newest ideas and discoveries for awakening children's minds, and Mr. Brace found immense satisfaction in his frequent visits to this branch of the society. The children grew to look for the gentle, benevolent face which they said "always smiled at them," and he used to return home in delight at the intelligent object-lessons in which even the smallest had taken part, and in much satisfaction with himself that he was

such an able critic of a good “button-hole” or a fine, close “darn.”

His life and occupations during the year of 1879 may be clearly discerned from the set of letters below, permitting us, as they do, a knowledge, not only of his arduous duties and studies, but in the second and third letters, giving us for an instant a glimpse of the deeper undercurrents of his thoughts.

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, May 25, 1879.

My dear George: . . . We are having our usual round of excursions and parties, etc., and Ches-knoll is in her best. . . .

I have been reading so sad and able a work by “Physicus” on theism—an atheist, who mourns that he is one. Please read, to-morrow or next day, an article from me in the “Times” on “the Melancholy of the Thinking Classes.” We are preparing for summer work,—have the “Summer Home” all ready, but the “sick infants”¹ do not call forth help. Did you know that Miss Wolfe is to build a new lodging-house for us in place of Rivington Street—for forty thousand dollars?

¹ Mr. Brace’s great desire was to have a home by the sea to which to take sick babies, with their mothers, from the tenement houses, and keep them for a week. But although subscriptions were accumulating for the purpose, to Mr. Brace’s keen disappointment there was not money enough to justify at that time this new branch of the Society.

To his Daughter.

NEWPORT, July 6, 1879.

Dearest E—: . . . It brought vividly to my mind the one thing that carried my life into a deep channel—the death of my sister. It is twenty-nine years since we buried her body, and yet I couldn't read one of her letters now,—and the whole (did I permit it) would be as fresh as of yesterday,—and I suppose were I to live as I do now, the world would grow gray before I could forget her. How one desires to comfort, and yet how poor are words! I have wondered whether our exceptionally happy life might not unfit one for consoling. God has so mercifully spared our family, and all things have gone on so well. . . . At your age, I lived as on a thin film over Eternity—but death had opened realities.

I want to write you a little advice about your journey.¹ I want you to be very ambitious and eager for the best things; to learn a great deal and get the best. Even the constant consideration required on such a trip will be a great gain for you. Do not try to see too much. Galleries are horribly fatiguing. Occasionally omit a gallery or a building, and read and study and think on what you have seen. If you are tired, stop! This incessant sight-seeing is not of much use. Try to learn about each city something of its history or politics. Ask yourself why you like certain pictures, and choose the best before you

¹ His daughter had just sailed for Europe.

know the artists. Analyze the architecture you like best, and try to recognize different schools of art. You should take a little pains with your letters to us. First, give us a brief journal, then describe the things which strike you most in the most condensed form, and the small things;—use no conventional language, but the true expression. In pictures, treat a landscape by its truth to scenes you have seen. And please make Sunday a day of rest, letters, and worship. Remember my habit and wishes in this. We shall miss you more and more.

To Dr. Howard.

BATH, Sept. 13, 1879.

My dear George: I send you a "Nation" with an interesting review of Spencer. You will be surprised to find so much of your own and Taylor's philosophy in Spencer, the arch-evolutionist, only with the difference that yours includes God. Would not mankind take chloroform if they had no future but Spencer's? No individual continuance, no God, no superior powers, only evolution working towards a benevolent society here, and perfection on earth, with great doubts whether it could succeed, and, if it succeeded, whether the end would *pay*.

To Miss G. Schuyler.

BATH, Sept. 14, 1879.

My dear Friend: . . . I have returned to much work. This summer I have been busy on my subject

—now, the effect of Christianity on international law. I have made some of my chapters too dry and learned, and therefore must rewrite. My main topic is the effect of Christianity on practices and customs, as well as laws. One difficulty is to eliminate the effect of other things, as race, Roman law, stoicism, etc., etc. It is a big subject and will demand many years. Then I have so little time, and so few books. Still, the work is a pleasure. And to do one little thing to strengthen the failing faith in Him who leads modern civilization would be worth years of labor. If my life-work for the children could do this, it would be the highest reward. . . . Mrs. Brace and I celebrated this year our "silver wedding." What a long sunlight on our lives, and hardly a shadow on the home. Our nearest friendship when we began was with your mother. And I hope among our last will be with you and yours.

To Dr. Asa Gray.

[1879.]

Dear Dr. Gray: You ask me to answer two questions. (1) What are the doubts on religion which sometimes trouble me, even though I dispel them, and (2) What are the doubts which are most current among clergymen; your object being to prepare your lectures to meet these doubts.

(1) With me, the gravest doubts are not as to the usual subjects, moral evil, pain, etc., for, being sure of endless life and a benevolent God, I could conceive that these might all be explained. The deepest doubt which occasionally passes my mind is, whether all

religion is not an illusion of the race—a projection of its hopes and imaginations into the darkness. The approaches to this doubt are made by the facts that supernaturalism is more and more dropped out of belief in the progress of the race; that the apparently exceptional phenomena of Christianity are found in the histories of other religions; and that supernatural events are not known in this age. Then evolution suggests the possibility of the whole Cosmos arising out of the permanence of force, the eternity of matter, and a few laws, such as gravitation, heredity, survival of the fittest, etc.

The old argument from design has lost something of its force, unless you can prove that “variation is guided,” and the argument from the harmony of the universe is weakened by evolution (admitting the permanence of force and eternity of matter), or the barren choice has to be made between the probability of eternally continuing forces, or of one eternal intelligent force. Then, under evolution, conscience becomes only the accumulated social feeling and sympathy of the race, and the moral and intellectual world only a fruit of blind forces. A God under such reasoning begins to look like a possibility, not a necessity; and so with a future life. We can perhaps account for everything by blind laws, force and matter and gravitation or the like. The universe would then be a *chance* out of an enormous number of possibilities. These doubts I can meet; but this is the drift of them.

(2) As to clergymen, their doubts are more as to the Bible Cosmogony, the antiquity of man, the inspiration of Scripture and its agreement with

science, the question whether Christianity differs in kind from some other faiths, and whether Christ is not also a product of history, the difficulty of a partial supernaturalism,—*i.e.* a revelation to one race and at one time,—and the origin of evil and pain under a benevolent God.

I think my greatest supports are (1) the Christian revelation; (2) the logical necessity of an originating force; (3) the utter mystery of a large portion of the universe, and therefore the possibility of anything; (4) the character of Christ and the tendency of His teaching as beyond any age as yet; (5) the steady progress in His direction, of humanity; (6) the adaptation of religion to the mind; (7) the harmony and intelligent order of the universe, so that chance seems hardly credible as the cause. How much of our religion must be faith! The interesting and important point in your Lectures will be the explaining of that in evolution which must come from purpose, and not from blind laws.

To the Same.

19 EAST 4TH St., NEW YORK,
March 10, 1880.

Dear Dr. Gray: Many thanks for your delightful book.¹ It seems to me the ablest you have written on philosophical topics. The style is clear as crystal, and the tone admirable. I was much struck with the statement in the first part of the first Lecture; the best I ever saw on that subject. I see you are not

¹ "Darwiniana."

a Darwinian, pure and simple. The religious argument was candid and clear—perhaps as good as can be given. I have written a brief notice of it for the "Times."

To a Friend.

CHES-KNOLL, March 14, 1880.

My dear Friend: Such an amount as I have this winter. We are just finishing one lodging-house; trying to build another; Mr. James is going to build us a sanitarium at Rockaway; I must plan all and raise money and get the people down, etc. Then prepare for the "Summer Home" at Bath, then all the schools, lodging-houses, and emigration-parties, and now the annual examinations of four thousand children; besides the newspaper articles and regular study and writing on my book. Of course, I could not do all this without perfect system and order, and the power of turning from one thing to another. I have been deeply interested in my chapter on "Chivalry," and have finished it, though hardly to my satisfaction. I should like to read it to you. It has cost much reading. . . . I am going South this week to look after our emigration there.

The annual trips to the South were always a refreshment to him. A visit in West Virginia, a glimpse at the great work at Hampton, Virginia, and a run into the North Carolina mountains to the places where boys had been sent by the society, rested him after the strain of examining four thou-

sand children in the annual examinations of the industrial schools.

For a long time the imperfect enforcement of the laws compelling all children to be in school a part of each day, and the employment of children below the authorized age in factories, had been to him a source of anxiety. These evils were sore trials to those striving to help these children, and it was very distressing to him to think of little ones of tender age working throughout long days, and often evenings, in tobacco and other factories. He urged more decided effort to enforce what laws there were for the protection of children.

In September, 1880, Mr. Brace went to the Social Science Meeting in Saratoga, and enjoyed the convention greatly, reading there a paper on "Christianity and the Relations of Nations." It is a plea for the Christianization of international law, and states his belief that it is because the Christian Church throughout the world is so far behind the teachings of the Master that war is possible. He thinks that there is coming a time when, as we realize the ideal presented by Christ, war and hatred and revenge will cease in the relations of one nation to another, and peaceful arbitration, the course dictated by a Christianized international law, will be employed to settle international difficulties.

In a letter, early in the following spring, to Mrs. Gray, he says:—

"We hear only a little about you and the Doctor, and want to know more. You and he are a light to the eyes of our spirits, and though we do not see you often in the body, we feel you both. You have been such a comfort and support to our whole family, and the Doctor is a guide to so many thousands in the wilderness of science. We all love you both.

"My work increases. We have just received a beautiful place for the 'Summer Home' — cost \$20,000 — a gift — at Bath. Site for sanitarium not yet found. We have also a house for the Italian school — cost \$12,000 — a gift, and \$15,000 for the sanitarium, when we can find a place, and \$9000 bequest from Maine. You know that Miss Wolfe had built us a boys' lodging-house for \$40,000, and had given \$6000 for outfit, so you see Harvard does not get all the plums!"

The "Summer Home" referred to above is on the shore of New York Bay, with bathing beach, shade trees, lawn, and every arrangement for the happiness and health of the little girls. The society at once built dormitories and various necessary buildings, and a bulkhead to keep out the sea. Parties of little girls were taken down every Monday morning to stay until Saturday night, and during the summer nearly four thousand children were benefited by this experience.

The beginning of a long correspondence with Dr. Howard about his new book is marked by the following letter, which is dated December of the current year. The letter gives a résumé of his argument, and a frank statement of the principal difficulties in his faith:—

“. . . In my ‘History,’ ” he says, “the first and best quality must be absolute truthfulness, or loyalty to my own convictions. I must not make my argument appear a shade stronger than the facts warrant. As I look back over an immense field of study, I form these conclusions:

“(I.) that Christianity is the *greatest* element in modern progress.

“(II.) but that it was essentially assisted by (a) the Stoical morals, (b) by Roman law, (c) by German character, (d) by Arabic science, and more recently by a complex series of influences, called civilization, which is also, in part, a fruit of religion.

“(III.) That what ought to have been the best expression of Christianity, the Church, has often been directly against progress. Yet even under that, there were many blessings conferred on mankind.

“(IV.) That the tendency and drift of Christianity is towards a perfect moral condition of the human race.

“(V.) That reasoning from what Christianity has accomplished in the world in a brief period, and its tendencies, one may conclude that, in a sufficiently long period, it will renovate the world, and thus establish itself as the absolute system of morals, and justify its claims, as divinely sanctioned.

“(VI.) But that in all races and ages there were revelations of God to individuals and in the constitution of mind and the world, so that truths were uttered, and principles taught and lived upon, similar to those of Christ. But that not being such complete revelations, or being degraded or obscured by selfish tendencies, they only had a comparatively feeble effect on human progress. Thus the comparatively high condition of India, as compared with other parts of Asia, may be due to the truths of her religion. While the great obstacles to her progress, as compared with Europe, such as the low position of woman, caste, and superstition, are due to her lack of such a religion as Christianity. So Mohammedan countries are more progressive than the pagan African, in part because of the truth of divine unity, but are behind European, because of their want of the humanity, liberty, and benevolence which belong to Christianity.

“(VII.) The great difficulties of the argument are (*a*) to eliminate the influence of Christ from the influences mentioned, (*b*) to distinguish the Christian Church from Christ, (*c*) to show that a Christian future is the best possible for humanity.

“(VIII.) Another great difficulty remains, though I am not obliged to solve it: Why this absolute and divinely-sanctioned system of morals and religion should be revealed only to one petty race, and in a remote corner, and so many ages and peoples be in ignorance of it.

“(IX.) The inference from the whole argument is — Christianity is the absolute system of morals, and absolute religion for all ages and races, and

therefore divinely or supernaturally given. Or, put it in another way: *Christ*, being as He is, the originator of modern progress, and the teacher and embodiment of absolute morals, is to be believed in His supernatural teaching. Now, please pick holes in this, and oblige yours affectionately, etc."

In June Mr. Brace sent him the introduction. Dr. Howard was disappointed in it, thinking that it failed to give due emphasis to what Christianity had accomplished. He says that the book itself gives in detail the credit to Christianity of what it has produced, more strongly than is conveyed in the introduction, and that at the same time he has not shown the failure of Roman law, of German ideas and customs, etc., as revealed by historic development, to produce the beneficent changes and moral advancements which Christianity is by the author affirmed to have effected. He says that this "leaves an uncertainty and weakness which make one fear that a vigorous push by an adverse critic might tumble the work over." He then asks if Mr. Brace cannot claim a little more for the work of Christ, and speaks of Max Müller's assertion that "*Humanity* is a word which you look for in vain in Plato or Aristotle." Mr. Brace answers:—

"Many thanks for your hints and commendations, which will aid me. In regard to the general tone of the book, you must remember it will not do to

make it like a sermon, or an exhortation. It is a critical examination, and the argument is cumulative, the conclusion is from a balancing of probabilities and from many small considerations. To draw these inferences with too much warmth would injure, I fear, the effect. Then I must be exactly true to my convictions. It is very easy to make a strong statement like Müller's, but the trouble is *it is not true*. I can produce page after page of the Stoical writers with as broad humanity as anything in Christianity. It is true it did not imbue the world. One must be careful of too sweeping assertions in this matter, as to effects. There is no doubt about principles and tendencies."

In May, 1881, Mr. Brace went to Cambridge and made an address on the work of the Children's Aid Society, enjoying very much his visit with President and Mrs. Eliot. Dr. Howard, on June 27th, writes him of the address, which was afterwards published: "It seems to me every way admirable. It is a marvel of condensation, effected so as to bring out the whole work in strong outlines, and yet not dryly. The enthusiasm of humanity throbs through it all; more openly and decisively than I thought you would permit to yourself just there, but adding greatly to its power. Your testimony to the necessity of religious and Christian faith in the noble reformatory work which you have so successfully inaugurated and carried on, affected

both M. and myself. It crowned the address. The opportunity to speak to that audience, and under such auspices, you must always remember with pleasure."

The society and Mr. Brace met with a great loss this year in the death of his brother, Mr. J. P. Brace. He had been a Western agent for some years, and was admirably fitted for the work. His affection for children made him a very kind caretaker during the long journeys, and his tact and pleasant manners everywhere won friends for the cause. During his fifteen years of service, he had placed some ten thousand homeless children in homes. The long journeys were too great a strain, and in the summer of 1881 he contracted a fever and died suddenly, leaving the "home desolate of him who had made the homes of so many happy. His weary journeys in the cause of humanity are over. He sleeps in God."¹

The winter of 1881-2 found Mr. Brace's health seriously impaired by the increasing demands of the great charity, and it was decided that he and Mrs. Brace should go abroad in May for the summer, for the needed rest and change of scene.

In April he writes to Dr. Gray of the death of Darwin:—

¹ 29th Annual Report.

"I feel so much with you at the death of Darwin. It must come very near to you. The world will feel it—the loss of the greatest intellect of this century. I am so glad that your kindness enabled L. and me to know him personally, and to feel the wonderful sweetness and vivacity of his nature. He has made much of life, and I think was a conscious and true servant of the Master. How near is the 'better land' coming to me, as the leaders and friends here go hence! And how one longs to finish the task and do it thoroughly!"

Although with full intentions of going abroad to rest, Mr. and Mrs. Brace made in London their first stopping-place, and were at once swallowed in the vortex of society and philanthropy, as they had been in former visits. But the gay life was delightful to them both, and Mr. Brace, as usual, felt that he must see a little of the organized charity work in London. Among the many pleasures they enjoyed, was a dinner with the Hon. John Morley, who had once visited them in their little home at Hastings. Writing of this English experience, he says:—

" . . . You know what a brilliant time we had in London. We came at a very exciting time in public affairs, and happened to be thrown in with leading men in Parliament a great deal, so that we were in the centre of English life. Your 'Aunty,' being so well up in English and European affairs, could take full part in it all, and we were most warmly received

by all. I partook of an infinite number of dinners, to which you know I am not indifferent. Still it was rather too fast a life for me. London is a kind of whirlpool or Pandemonium, and every one is swept along like a chip on the current. I think few people (among the commoners) ever had a warmer welcome in England. The thing that struck me most was the rich, overflowing, out-door life, especially of the higher classes, and the superb physique of the women not yet in middle life. This riding is so grand for them! They begin as babes. As girls they do not look better than ours or stronger. Then I am always impressed with the vast deal done here by the rich for the poor, and the lives consecrated to humanity and religion."

The time in London, however, was soon over, and they started early in July for the Engadine by way of the Rhine and Switzerland. From Lucerne he writes: "The contrast between that whirlpool of London and the still and glad Rhine was most delicious. We took several days on it, and got the full spirit of it. It is a kind of perpetual picnic and natural picture-gallery. . . ." The Engadine experience was very perfect, as the next letter shows, and restored Mr. Brace to his usual abounding health.

To his Daughter.

SILZ MARIA, July 28, 1882.

My dearest L—: Your lively letters are a great pleasure to us. In the Engadine we have been

having winter, but splendid weather for exercise. The peasants describe the climate as "nine months winter and three months cold." Think of your mother walking six and seven miles to a glacier and back. It was such a lovely green valley—the Fex—about eight thousand feet high, with so many bright flowers. They catch the blue of the heavens—some a deep black blue; even the dandelions have a wonderful yellow. I saw the *Pyrola* in the woods, and we were near the *Edelweiss*. One of the experiences is to go alone where the great "ice plough" has turned up the valley, and made *moraines* of stones, and step on the broken surface, or to lie down in the solitude and look up far above at the white, broken waves of ice against the black-blue of the sky, and listen to the roar of the torrent under it, or to watch the far-away lonely snow valleys where man hath not been, among the great silent peaks,—and then think what man is and what God must be. There are so many excursions here, such lovely walks in woods and by waterfalls. You see there are "*beauty-faction societies*" who do this everywhere in the Engadine. I see the men fly-fishing in the green lake; the trout are small and not so pretty as ours. Every hotel is full of English. I take most to the Germans and air my German often.

The lakes are not so beautiful as Placid, and I like our atmosphere better, but the snow-peaks and glaciers make it a grander scene. We find it now too cold (40°). The hotels are usually perfect, but dear. Numbers come up to relieve over brain-work. The valley is a scene of life and pleasure and activity—ladies and tourists everywhere in walks, arbors,

and woods and fields. It will be always a bright vision. The view at night in the moonlight at Pontresina is like a scene on a theatre stage; a dark, jagged outline of mountains, near dark hill-tops of fir-trees, a white glacier and snow-peaks through a gloomy valley, and our old stars (Antares and Arcturus, etc.) brilliant, resplendent, and Venus setting; in one's ears an eternal roar of torrents. When we get up, our first view is of glaciers. We are both so well and strong. Your mother is gradually getting into the mystery of centimes, and has learnt to divide by five!

After three weeks in the Engadine, Mrs. Brace made a trip with a brother in Italy, while Mr. Brace repeated his delightful experience of ten years before in Hungary. In September they met in England, and after several visits in rural parts, they returned home in October, Mr. Brace with renewed vigor for the work of life. "You can imagine," he writes to a friend, "with what joyful and grateful feelings I returned to the lovely home and my work. I feel as if some calamity must come, so beautiful have been the mercies—not a cloud or friction in the whole journey, perfect health, and here all well and the work excellent. My book will probably be out by Thanksgiving, too. I had a glorious time in Hungary and Transylvania, and then another three or four weeks in England, a visit to an aristocratic radical, Stanley, and to an old county family, etc., etc., etc."

As the society grew more complete in machinery, and far-reaching in its effects, Mr. Brace felt more strongly than ever that only a part of its full influence was being exerted, if he could not arouse the growing generation of the more fortunate classes to realize the opportunities he offered them to go among the poor and become familiar with their lives and needs. He urged the young women to identify themselves with some single school, go regularly, talk with the teacher of her labors and their happy results, and learn to understand the childrens' lives. There were many ways in which the young men, also, might find their visits to the lodging-houses of value to themselves as well as to the boys. He begged them to understand that it was not merely those who had the gift of speaking who could be of use. There was abundant opportunity for usefulness in providing for the amusement and entertainment of the boys, in offering prizes for good behavior or scholarship at the night schools, in advising and directing them in a thousand ways,—in short, in the personal intercourse and mutual friendliness on which he laid so much stress.

The society and the poor of New York suffered a very great loss during the year just closing, in the death of the assistant-treasurer, Mr. Macy. A sketch of him is given in "The Dangerous Classes," which makes so complete a picture that nothing

need be added. “The central figure in this office, disentangling all the complicated threads in their various applications, and holding himself perfectly cool and bland in this turmoil, is ‘a character’ — Mr. J. Macy. He was employed first as a visitor for the society; but soon betraying a kind of bottled-up ‘enthusiasm of humanity’ under a very modest exterior, he was put in his present position, where he has become a sort of embodied Children’s Aid Society in his own person. Most men take their charities as adjuncts to life or as duties enjoined by religion or humanity. Mr. Macy lives in his. He is never so truly happy as when he is sitting calmly amid a band of his ‘lambs,’ — as he sardonically calls the heavy-fisted, murderous-looking young vagabonds who frequent the Cottage Place Reading-room, — and seeing them all happily engaged in reading or quiet amusements. Then the look of beatific satisfaction that settles over his face as, in the midst of a loving passage of his religious address to them, he takes one of the obstreperous lambs by the collar and sets him down very hard on another bench — never for a moment breaking the thread or sweet tone of his bland remarks — is a sight to behold. You know that he is happier there than he would be in a palace.”

Mr. Macy’s sense of humor was his strongest support in meeting the trying cases of fraud and

deceit with which he came in contact. He knew at a glance if men were lazy, and once, on two young fellows applying for help, he conducted them politely to the door and, pointing amiably to Third Avenue, said: "Now, my boys, just be kind enough to walk right north up that avenue for one hundred miles into the country, and you will find plenty of work and food. Good-by! good-by!" The boys departed mystified. "For real suffering and honest effort at self-help he had a boundless sympathy; but the paupers and professional beggars were the terror of his life. He dreaded nothing so much as a boy or girl falling into habits of dependence. Where he was compelled to give assistance in money, he has been known to set one boy to throw wood down and the other to pile it up, before he would aid."¹

The trustees felt the beauty and cheerfulness of his character as Mr. Brace did, and at a meeting after his death, expressed their sense of the loss to the society. For more than twenty-seven years he had worked for it; more than three million dollars had passed through his hands, without any question arising as to the correctness of his disbursements, in any particular. Towards the end of his life he was dreading total blindness, but even this did not lessen his placid, cheerful courage.

¹ "Dangerous Classes," p. 278.

CHAPTER XII

“Gesta Christi”—Letters about “Gesta Christi”—Controversy with Miss Lazarus—Letters on New Studies—Visit of Mr. Mozoomdar—Mr. Brace’s Devotional Readings at Home—Sanitarium—Letter from Mr. Mozoomdar—Political and Miscellaneous Letters—Preparations for New Book

LATE in October, 1882, the book appeared for which Mr. Brace had been studying for several years, and towards which his reading had been tending before the book was thought of. It was entitled “Gesta Christi; a History of Humane Progress under Christianity.” Soon after its appearance he writes to Dr. Howard:—

“At the risk of appearing egotistical, I send you two out of a multitude of letters on the ‘Gesta.’ Dr. Taylor, last Sunday in his sermon, gave a great puff to the book, quoted from it, and advised his people to get it. *I did not send him a copy.*”

And later to the same friend:—

“On Saturday I received the warmest and best letter I have had—from Dr. Storrs. I will send it to you. The great men are always generous. Then there was a very appreciative notice from a half-sceptical source, the ‘Philadelphia Press.’ ”

Appreciative letters came from all sources, and one from his old friend, Mr. Booth, gave him great pleasure.

"... I will keep it ['Gesta Christi'],” writes Mr. Booth, “as a memorial of the uninterrupted friendship of more than twenty years, and of co-operation in a work of paramount importance in 'Humane Progress under Christianity.' The world is better for your having lived in it, and will continue to grow better because you have lived, long after you shall have passed to the better world."

The following curiosity of literature belongs also to his correspondence of this date:—

From Rev. C. Philit.

AUX OLLIÈRES, ARDÈCHE,
FRANCE, Dec. 18, 1882.

Mr. and dear Author: J'ai appris with great pleasure, que vous veniez de publier un tres remarkable work entitled "Gesta Christi." La question étudiée m'interesse tellement, que je désire ardemment posseder a copy of your very precious work. Unfortunately, I have not private means, and my meagre salary of seventy-two pounds yearly is sufficient scarcely, and by dint of saving, to the maintenance of my very numerous family. I cannot, therefore, at my very great regret, to purchase the work, *at least* at the published price of twelve shillings. This being so, alas! je prend la tres grande liberté de vous adresser, very humbly, cette lettre, in order to

beseech you to help me, if possible, in order to acquire a copy of the work so much desired. Si vous pouviez, et si vous *daigniez* me rendre ce grand, cet immense service, que je sollicite, very humbly et en tremblant, de votre english and Christian generosity, I should be to you heartily thankful!

Please to apologize my very importune request, and to believe as I am, Dear Author, etc.¹

One of the letters which pleased Mr. Brace very much was from a friend made many years before,— Miss Frances Power Cobbe. A cordial friendship was established between them in 1856, when Mr. Theodore Parker gave Mr. Brace a letter of introduction to her which speaks of him as “busied in picking forlorn children out of the streets of that Gomorrah of the New World, and placing them in worthy families. So he saves such as be ready to perish.”

From Miss Cobbe.

26 HEREFORD SQUARE,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, Nov. 17, 1882.

Dear Mr. Brace: I am grateful to you for sending me your beautiful volume. This is the kind of history for which alone I care; the *philosophy* of history (such as Lecky's “European Morals”); and you have taken the most interesting and noblest thesis which could have been suggested. I have read a good deal of the book already, and with great

¹ Mr. Brace sent the book.

admiration for the learning and grasp of thought it displays. How have you managed, dear Mr. Brace, in your life of practical usefulness on so vast a scale, to amass all this erudition?

Perhaps it will interest you to know that to me (now, as for forty years back, a theist of Theodore Parker's type), the argument for Christianity of which your book is a splendid *résumé* is the one on which—were I a believer in supernaturalism—I should rest my faith. All other arguments have been undermined or exploded; but the long stream of light across the dark and troubled ocean of human existence certainly emanates from some Pharos, loftier and of purer brilliance than all the minor lightships tossing on the waves.

And yet we must bear in mind that great evil and enormous misery, as well as all the good you describe, have come to the world through Christ, as *directly*, if not as logically or rightfully, as the good. When we speak of the religious persecutions of the Christian ages (of Jews, of Heretics, of Witches), and of the ten thousand thousand hearts which have withered and perished in nunneries and monasteries, or calculate simply the numbers who have been driven into insanity by the fear of hell grounded on Christ's recorded words, what a counterbalance we find to all the beneficent influences which you have chronicled so eloquently. To revert to the simile which occurred to me in the beginning of this letter, the great Pharos of Galilee has been a *revolving* light, sometimes white and pure as heaven's own rays, sometimes red as blood, even so that it did "the multitudinous seas incarnadine."

The small corner of the world's wretchedness where I have been working for the last eight years — the scientific torture of animals — has exhibited to me some facts touching on your argument. The first is that nearly every one of my more earnest fellow-workers has been a devout Christian, most of them, like Lord Shaftesbury, of the Evangelical type; and that, on the contrary, nearly all the advocates of vivisection are atheists or agnostics. The second is that there are practically only two principles underlying the moral controversies of the day. There is the Christian principle: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy" (*i.e.* the deep sense of our own sinfulness should make us humble to God and tender to all His creatures). And there is the atheistic principle: "Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain useful knowledge" (*i.e.* knowledge is above love; mental riches and bodily health are the supreme ends of man, and to obtain them, all things are lawful).

Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Brace, and believe me with warm thanks and sincere respect, dear Mr. Brace,

Cordially yours,

FRANCES POWER COBBÉ.

Dean Church writes on the same subject as follows:—

From Dean Church.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S, Jan. 1, 1883.

I have to thank you for your great courtesy in sending me a copy of your book, "Gesta Christi."

I have read a good deal of it, and with very much interest. The great question with which it deals is not an easy one to handle, from the extreme complication of influences and conditions which affect it. But it seems to me that you have stated with great force and clearness the great broad results of an honest survey of the course of modern civilization. I am grateful to you for the labor which you must have expended on it. You must forgive me for differing from you as to the part which the historical church had in the work. It is easy to exaggerate it, as has often been done; but it is just as natural at present, and, to my mind, as unphilosophical and untrue, to overlook and underestimate it. I have shown your book to several of my friends, and hope to have other opportunities of doing so.

A very interesting letter from Miss Emma Lazarus, bearing upon his book, needs some explanation. Mr. Brace sent her his "Gesta Christi" in the hope that she would review it.

"Accept my sincere thanks," she writes in acknowledgment, "for your proof of friendship in sending me your book. Concerning criticism, which you invite rather than deprecate, I will frankly say that the volume had been already sent to me for review, so that I had read and written out my impressions of it, which will appear in the 'Sun,' though as yet I don't know when. Of course, you and I look upon this subject from such widely different standpoints that our conclusions cannot fail to be directly opposed.

I have therefore spoken as frankly from what you call the ‘rationalistic Jewish’ platform as you have from the Christian. But however we may differ upon intellectual or philosophical questions, I do not need to assure you of my warm personal regard, and to beg you with your accustomed liberality to see in my printed words my protest against a certain method of criticism, not a judgment upon the author, whose motives I respect, and whose friendship I count among my most valued possessions. I congratulate you on the success which I hear the book is having, and I remain, with kind regards to Mrs. Brace and all your household, etc.”

In due time the review of which Miss Lazarus speaks appeared in the “Sun.” In it she charges him with a somewhat disingenuous method. She claims that he compares the best results of Christianity, as illustrated in a few saintly lives, with a dark picture of failure of Stoic and Roman morals in practical life. She also felt, as a special personal grief, that he slighted the moral influence of Judaism, and failed to credit to Judaism the very origin of Christianity.

Mr. Brace was disappointed in the review, thinking that it neglected to do justice to the credit he gave to influences other than Christian. In a friendly letter he told her so, explaining that “we Christians are educated to believe that Christianity is an out-growth and reform of Judaism, and therefore we

do not usually separate the two." In reply to her charge that he is unfair to the Stoics, he defends himself without difficulty by referring to many passages in the book. Of these he says: "I have repeatedly throughout the volume expressed the obligation of the world to the moral system of the Stoics. One much grander passage than the one you quote, namely, that urging that 'all men are born naturally free,' I have quoted over and over again, showing its influence on the legislation of antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the modern period." She replies at some length, first thanking him for his frank expression of opinion, and regretting that her criticism of his book seemed lacking in justice, and then goes on to touch on the different points under debate.

" . . . I am perfectly well aware that you admit the fact, mentioned in my article, that humane sentiments had a certain influence upon Roman legislation; but you conclude your review of Roman slavery with the remark that the 'position of the slave throughout the entire reign of that noble philosophy shows how comparatively superficial the influence of Stoicism was, and how confined to the Roman cultivated classes.' Thus, as I said, you quote these philosophers only 'to fall back upon the assertion that they were exceptions, and exercised no general influence.' On the other hand, if the position of the slave be the test, may not the scourged and out-

raged negro of the Southern slaveholder thirty years ago, eighteen hundred and fifty years after the advent of Jesus, in our most enlightened Christian country, have believed with good reason that the influence of Christian charity upon legislation was equally superficial and limited?

“ . . . In regard to Judaism, you tell me I forget that ‘Christians are educated to believe their religion an outgrowth and reform of Judaism, and that therefore you do not usually separate the two.’ I must beg you to remember, in turn, that Jews are educated to believe that Christianity is an outgrowth and perversion of Judaism, against which our very existence is an eternal protest. If Judaism proper had died at the birth of Christianity, and were only known to the world to-day through the medium of Christian ideas, I might possibly acknowledge that in praising Christianity you praise Judaism. But from my standpoint of birth and education they are two distinct and separate forces, and when any writer asserts the superiority of Christianity, we Jews logically demand that he shall prove the introduction by his faith of moral ideas and social reforms which do not rightfully pertain to our code and creed. If you had gone more fully into Judaism you say you would have been obliged to admit that it permitted slavery (so does Christianity to this day), blood-revenge, free divorce by the husband, and polygamy. If by ‘blood-revenge’ you refer to the penal code of the Jews, ‘an eye for an eye,’ etc., I am not aware that it differs in any respect from the penal code of the Christians to-day in the most civilized countries — ‘a life for a life.’ If you had gone a little farther still,

you would have found that capital punishment was so repugnant to the spirit of Jewish legislation that before the birth of Jesus it was practically abrogated, and a court that passed one sentence of death in seven years was known as the ‘Court of Murderers.’

“ You say Judaism ‘permitted slavery’; but you also expressly say ‘no direct word against slavery ever came forth from the lips of Jesus,’ nor was any command against it uttered until nine centuries later. Mr. Henry George says: ‘This very day the only thing that stands between the working classes and ceaseless toil, is one of the Mosaic institutions . . . that there is one day in the week that the working-man may call his own . . . is due to the code promulgated in the Sinaitic wilderness.’ I am quite willing to admit with you that the ‘general condition’ of Christian countries to-day evinces, on the whole, a certain degree of progress beyond that of the Roman world; the point where we differ is as to the cause of this improvement. I attribute it to the spread of rational and philosophical ideas—you, to the spirit of Christianity. I consider Christianity represented by her greatest and most powerful institution, the Church—you select as her representatives obscure and virtuous Christians who have worked in the silence and the dark, and who may be matched with an equal number of obscure and virtuous Jews and Mohammedans, Romans, and Hindoos. Seeing that the chief advances in modern science have been carried on under the protest of the Christian Church, that every inch of ground gained by the Galileos, the Darwins, the Spencers, has been the subject of a separate battle with the partisans of the Church,

bringing upon the greatest names of humanity the abhorred title of atheist, and often making their patient lives of intellectual research a prolonged martyrdom—seeing that many of the best and wisest men and women have denied the authority of the Christian religion, and seeing that war, murder, even legalized crime are to-day found existing in full force in the very centres of Christian civilization, you will pardon me for refusing to accept your conclusions.”

That Mr. Brace’s reverence for Jewish moral influences was greater than Miss Lazarus understood, is shown in the following extract from a paper he wrote at about this time:—

“The Jewish power was and is still, solely a moral power, so profound and universal in its nature that mankind will never pass beyond the spiritual conceptions, or frame a language of prayer and praise superior to the words of that humble mountain tribe. They never possessed any material power which could be considered beside the great despotisms of Asia and Africa on each side of them, and yet, as long as their religious ideals were faithfully preserved, and the corruptions of the neighboring mythologies were not admitted, no merely warlike force could conquer them.”

In May, 1883, we find Mr. Brace in correspondence with Mr. H. C. Lea on certain new studies interesting him, as the following letters show:—

To H. C. Lea.

CHES-KNOLL, May 13, 1883.

My dear Mr. Lea: . . . I want much to get your opinion on a point in your studies. What a wonderful legend and belief is that of Osiris, and how strangely like that of Christ! What is the explanation? I can think of three. (I.) It is a nature-myth. But the moral elements would not be explained—the suffering for men, dying, rising again, descending to the under-world, and becoming the Judge and Saviour, and the manifestation of God. (II.) It is the way the human mind looks at moral truths. But that would not explain all the features. Why should the killed God-man be the Judge? And so with other features. (III.) A primeval revelation of the Messiah to all races. Have you read Bunsen's "Angel Messiah"? Please give me your guess.

I have been reading deep in Mazdeism. It is a very natural conception, but overlaid with a fearful amount of ceremonial and nonsense.

From H. C. Lea.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, May 16, 1883.

My dear Mr. Brace: . . . There are few religions which have not, like Mazdeism, been overlaid with a crowd of ceremonial observances. Islam, indeed, is almost the only one. The Levitical legislation is almost as bad, in this respect, as Mazdeism, and its development by the Pharisees and Rabbinism is much worse. All religions have suffered from the uni-

versal desire of their ministers to render themselves indispensable to the salvation of the believer, and to earn thereby a share in the goods of this world. By the way, I think that in my list of Mazdean books, I omitted to mention Harlez's complete translation of the "Avesta" in French. It is so long since I have looked into the Egyptian faith that I do not feel able at the moment to express any opinion about the Osiris myth. I had always been disposed to regard it as a sun-myth, though I am by no means inclined to the modern theories which refer all mythologies to this source.

Mr. Brace again attended the Social Science Convention in Saratoga in September, and there had the great pleasure of forming a friendship with the Hindoo, Mr. Chunder Mozoomdar, one of the leaders of the Brahmo Somaj, and author of "The Oriental Christ." In the short time that Mr. Mozoomdar was in America, he made a profound impression upon many by the beauty of his face and expression, and the deep spirituality of his tone in his public addresses. Mr. Mozoomdar became Mr. Brace's guest during his stay in New York, and his host asked several clergymen to meet him at luncheon to arrange for Mr. Mozoomdar's lectures in New York. "A high Brahminical symposium," he called the party. The impression which this noble spirit from the Orient made upon Mr. Brace is shown in the two letters which follow:—

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, Oct. 28, 1883.

Dear George: We had a most interesting lunch-party. Drs. Taylor (Congregational) and Rylance (Episcopal) and Williams (Unitarian), etc., etc., were there. We have had Mozoomdar ever since, and I have arranged his campaign in New York. I never met a man that impressed me so much religiously—a true Oriental saint and mystic. I shall always think of him as I saw him yesterday,—a draped, reverend figure on the top of the Palisades worshipping, while L— and I watched him from another peak. His prayers are wonderful.

To a Friend.

CHES-KNOLL, Nov. 11, 1883.

My dear Miss M—: We have had a wonderful blessing in this house for a week, in the person of the saintly Hindoo, Mozoomdar. He seems like one of the ancient apostles. I never met a man who so “lives in God.” He seems to raise us all to a higher sphere; his prayers are the breathing upwards of a soul; he is in perpetual communion with the Father. He loves Christ deeply and fervently. Have you read his “Oriental Christ”? Do! He speaks so beautifully of Buddha. It gives one new hopes of that land, that such men (non-Christian) live and work there. May God raise us upwards to such unworldly and spiritual communion!

Something of the impression which Mr. Mozoomdar made upon his host during these precious days was felt by those who visited Mr. Brace, as one of the strongest charms of his society, and it cannot be amiss to insert here a letter touching upon this, written to Mrs. Brace soon after his death, by a friend. What he said of his friend, that "his prayers are the breathing upwards of a soul," was often said of him.

"How often I recall those sacred hours when, after the toil for the public service, Mr. Brace read aloud to us, amid the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and in his refined and cherished home, passages from Martineau, Emerson, and the poets, such thoughts as 'Made for Peace.' It seems to me, as I look back on those sweet visits to your dear home, that nothing in this world is nearer heaven than those hours were when, in the beautiful library, with you sitting near him and the children gathered about, Mr. Brace conducted the family devotions, and then read aloud from his favorite authors, finishing the day with a walk around the piazza to view the moonlight reflected on the quiet waters of the Hudson, and to see the solemn shadows resting on the Palisades. I never felt anything more beautiful in my whole life." The passages of which his friend speaks were, besides those from modern sources, selections from the Mozarabic and other ancient Sacramenta-

ries, and the collect he read oftenest was, "O Thou, who art peace everlasting, whose chosen reward is the gift of peace, and who hast taught us that the peacemakers are Thy children, pour Thy sweet peace into our hearts, that everything discordant may utterly vanish, and all that makes for peace be sweet to us forever."

He led the talk, and no unworthy topics were ever possible under his guidance. A friend used to say, "If the talk becomes frivolous, there is no rebuke from Mr. Brace, but in some way the conversation comes to an end, and he is heard saying, 'Look at those great clouds. Are they nebulous?' No rebuke was meant. He simply had no interest in the subject, and we were brought back to his level." Hearing criticism of persons was a great affliction to him, and he was often heard to say that a pure and charitably minded person may go through life and deal with a vast variety of people without distinctly making up his mind about them. He sees what is good and pleasant in them; he enjoys that. "You may have very pleasant intercourse with your neighbors without supposing it necessary to rake over their cellars and sewers to see how they live. There is a custom among purely worldly persons—especially characteristic of the French educated classes—which might well be imitated by Christians. It is the habit of attributing noble

sentiments to others, and of appealing to them, even where the one side knows little of the other. There ought to be a similar and a higher Christian honor. Our first impulse and our custom should be to give the most generous explanation of anything uncertain, and always to assign the good motive, if we do not know the bad. . . . With parents, often the best check on gossip in the family, is to create an interest in greater subjects. The especial promoter of petty gossip is a lack of mental occupation."

But two letters of general interest tell us of the winter and spring of 1884:—

To Dr. Howard.

Jan. 19, 1884.

My dear George: . . . I am *speering* as to the influence of Christianity on art.¹ Did it not bring in the cathedral and the Madonna? Of course the Faith acting on the German temperament and Roman ideas. I wonder whether the deficiency of Buddhism in art did not come from want of the Christian ideas — the value of the individual and the Fatherhood of God. But race also tells. I have been reading a great deal about Buddha. (Get Lillie's "Life," etc.) He is intensely interesting, but the ideas become more misty, the deeper you go, and relative chronology with Christianity is uncertain. It *looks* as if

¹ In connection with a fourth edition of his book, "Gesta Christi."

the Essenes had got a great deal from Buddha, and so Christ Himself have been influenced. These thoughts of love and utter self-sacrifice were in the air then. Is not that a strange passage about eunuchs an Essenic or Buddhist one? It never seemed Christ-like. But Christ in His want of Total Abstinence was not Buddhistic or Essene. I understand Buddha much better since knowing Mozoomdar. They are all very ascetic.

P.S. Received five thousand dollars the other day for Children's Aid Society from a gentleman I never met, who wishes to be anonymous, and notice of bequest (ten thousand dollars) from a Jew, and of six hundred dollars from a Catholic.

To L. W.

CHES-KNOLL, May 18, 1884.

My dear L.—: The river an unruffled lake, banks in first fresh green, woods white with dogwood and fragrant with apple-blossoms, — you know it all, — vases brilliant with pinks and columbine, etc. A day to live in! And such a week of anxiety to the business community! Banks and brokers failing, and some very prominent men caught in bad speculation. . . . This week we open our new lodging-house, and soon our sanitarium, so I am very busy.

Mr. Brace's enjoyment of the varying seasons, as he watched them come and go, was felt by every one who was privileged to be with him in his country

home, and his exuberant vitality seemed to find its fullest satisfaction as each spring arrived, with its beauty of woods and wild flowers. As the lengthening days gave still some hours of daylight after his return from town, no weight of responsibility in the work he had left appeared to mar his peaceful enjoyment of the woods; and his Saturday afternoons were occasions of especial happiness as, after a morning of work in his study, he rowed his family and friends across the river, and guided them through wood-paths to the heights of the Palisades above. He knew the sheltered nooks where the first hepaticas were to be found, the rocky ledges where the columbine clung, and returned from these excursions with botanist case hung from his shoulder, and his hand full of azalea and rock-pink and dogwood. The sick and unhappy among those dear to him were especially in his thoughts during these peaceful wanderings, and the early morning saw Mr. Brace on his way to the city carrying huge bunches of his favorite flowers to brighten the sick-rooms of his friends.

The sanitarium for sick infants, the building of which Mr. Brace had superintended during the summer before, was finally, in 1884, ready for occupation, and he was made happy by seeing everything in order for this valuable part of the work of the

Children's Aid Society. It was the fulfilment of a dream of many years, and stood now an ornamental feature of the shore at Coney Island. It was very complete in its arrangements, with external galleries and stairways, little separated cottages joined by covered passages to the main house, and deep verandas where the mothers could sit with their babies in the fresh, invigorating sea-air. The need for it was proved beyond a doubt before the weekly parties had been twice taken down to the island, and the immediate revival of apparently dying babies was a striking proof that in many cases their desperate condition was merely from lack of proper food and fresh air. It was soon found, also, that the Health Home was as valuable for the poor mothers as for the children. Many of them had never known so comfortable and neat a spot before, and their ignorance of the simplest facts of hygiene and cleanliness was appalling. During this summer eleven hundred mothers and infants were taken down to the home for a stay of some days, and about eleven hundred more went on day excursions.

But this new branch of the society had its attendant anxieties. It was a large expense, and Mr. Brace was not sure for the first few summers whether money enough would be given by the charitable public to justify the outlay. Happily it never had to cease its usefulness, though there were

summers when it closed earlier than was wished, on account of lack of funds. From Bath on Long Island (whither he went generally with Mrs. Brace, to pass a few days before their departure to the mountains, in order to see the work of the two homes now organized) he writes, on July 5th:—

“ . . . We had a very quiet Fourth, varied by a very pathetic glimpse of our sanitarium; so many sick and deformed children, and poor mothers. It is proving to be a great success; the infants recover immediately; only one has died, and she was dying when she came. . . . We have had a delightful visit here, and have been of much use in our new and grand experiment with the sick little ones. But I shall be glad to escape all responsibility in the mountains. It is a very hard year to raise funds for these charities.”

Mr. Brace speaks of escaping all responsibility in the mountains. His devoted assistant in charge of the office, Mr. Holste, tried, not only during the vacation time in the summer, but throughout the year, to save Mr. Brace from the small details and annoyances coming up of necessity in every large business concern. During the months of daily attendance at the office, Mr. Holste would be on the watch for him every morning, and on hearing on the door of the private hall the gentle scratching which signalled his arrival, would go out and report to him

all that had happened since his departure the day before. When, in his devoted anxiety to save Mr. Brace every annoyance, he used to apologize for recounting all the petty details, Mr. Brace would reply that "the spirit followed the flesh with him," and when he was there, his whole mind and attention were there, as when he was away he left it all behind. Mr. Holste, however, never felt that the concerns of the society could be so completely banished from his mind for any length of time, as he claimed; for on one occasion, during one of Mr. Brace's absences from home, upon Mr. Holste's omitting his daily letter for two or three days, he grew anxious, and wrote in some concern to know if anything was going wrong in society matters.

From Lake Placid, during this summer, Mr. Brace wrote to Mr. Mozoomdar, and received the following characteristic reply:—

From Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

PEACE COTTAGE, CALCUTTA,
Sept. 6, 1884.

My dear Mr. Brace: You write from Lake "Placid," and I reply from "Peace" Cottage. Peace and placidity always go together. You and I always agreed. But since returning home care and trouble, all relating to our infant Church, have

so beset me that I have had to forego a great deal of what I would most willingly do.

Your letter of July 31st, received only two days ago, suddenly arouses me. I look back to the past, that past which, though only a twelvemonth old, seems to have receded far, far behind the events which cast a deep shadow around me. The autumn leaves were strewing the ground with gold, the Palisades still wore their crown of yellow, the River Hudson smoothly flowed within its banks, when I left your home. Everything is so vivid in my mind. The whole memory of my American visit is peopled with scenes, objects, enjoyments, which seem to have the shadow and glamour of another, a better world, for me. No, no, dear Mr. Brace, I have not forgotten you nor yours; I do not forget so soon. But impressions crowd upon me; duties urge me on; the mysteries of Providence so encompass me that I have to move on and on, and hardly find the time to look back. Truly the Father's work is a reality which drives a man's self out of him. When Jesus said, Think not of the morrow, He indicated the depth of absorption into which the faithful of God drift often in spite of themselves. You rightly say in the East men are nearer to the heart of things, you in the West work out the will force. And we are both about equally related to the mind and meaning of the world.

I have not read Sinnet's "Occult Buddhism." I know a good deal of Sinnet and his school, and I must honestly say I have little respect for them. This occultism is proving to be the bane of our young men. There is plenty of conjuring and necromancy

in India, and we need not import any more from the waifs and strays of Europe. I have been hearing of Renan's book. Renan is only one among many examples of the utter incapacity of European imagination to enter into the depths of the Orient. I have admiration for his genius; his eloquence and warmth have almost an Eastern glow. But it is artistic, superficial, unreal. He cannot understand Sakya Muni. What to him is "annihilation and atheism" is to me the peace of Christ that is past all understanding. I crave Nirvana, as much as any Buddhist did, by which Sakya meant "the eradication of the disease of covetousness, aversion, and delusion." Nirvana means the acquirement of "permanence, joy, personality, and purity." Is this annihilation? is this atheism? How often do I think that Western scholars ought to learn in the East of the religions of the East. But they are always led away as captives to research, criticism, and a meretricious glare of omniscience in so-called Orientalists. *You* have a true and profound sympathy with the aspirations and genius of our continent, into which Emerson had penetrated so truly. But I must not bother you with the laudation of the East, especially as every day the East and West are coming nearer.

I am glad you have taken interest in some of the little articles I have now and then sent. I have sent a somewhat long discourse to the "Christian Union" on Hindoo women. If the editor publishes it, you may find it interesting. And it may give you some information over and above what you publish in "Gesta Christi," about Indian home life. Your book is a mine of instruction to me. I will use it

for many and many a day. Kindly remember me with sincere gratitude to Mrs. Brace. The young ladies must still remember a good deal of my awkward Hindoo ways. If you ever see Dr. Newman, Heber Newton, or any of those who kindly permitted me to speak in their churches, tell them my very kind regards.

The mind of the Eternal, who can know? He brings together and relates souls, He kindles the flame of brotherly love in hearts that are foreign. May His spirit draw us nearer and nearer in that deathless union which is hidden in like-mindedness with Him.

The presidential election of 1884 aroused Mr. Brace's interest to the full, and the following letters to Dr. Howard and Mr. Redmayne sufficiently indicate his own position:—

To Dr. Howard.

BATH, Sept. 14, 1884.

My dear George: . . . In public matters, my hope is to give the rising spirit of corruption in all classes such a lesson in this election as to reach the whole people, both those "on the make" and those out of politics. I think it will be done; and will be worth four years of the Democrats, who will soon hang themselves. I don't meet a man of the moralist class who isn't with us. . . . Thanks for the sermon on stock-gambling; it is capital and most needed. . . . But, dear friend and pastor, don't you see that Blaine

is the incarnation of that money-getting spirit, *insensitive* to honor and strict integrity? His success would be a carnival of the gambling passion, and would sap the weak sense of judicial and official honor among our young men. I do not see how any one could read his letters and not feel the low sentiment of honor in them. We could not imagine Lincoln or Garfield even thinking of reminding a business friend of a judicial decision for the sake of making money. Oh, brother, apply your noble sermon to present political conditions! I shall vote (I think) for St. John.

To E. B. Redmayne.

CHES-KNOLL, Oct. 26, 1884.

My dear Mr. Redmayne: . . . We are deeply absorbed here in endeavoring to cleanse the old party which was baptized in blood and has led us to so many noble victories by defeating it. We (the "Independents") expect to turn the scale, and elect a "Democratic" President, and thereby purify our politics. But this is the beginning of a new crystallizing of parties, and the formation of a new Free Trade (or low tariff) and Civil Service Reform party. Our disease is the corruption and want of honor of politicians. We are curing it by drastic methods. You will soon find it breaking out with you [in England]. For that reason, I should want to keep one branch of government as a Senate. It is a dyke against some popular floods. It has saved us many a time.

As to "distribution of wealth," that is still the great problem. We are looking towards measures for controlling monopolies, and accumulation, and perhaps the right of bequest. Democracy is a sworn foe to monopolies, but is often tripped up in the struggle. I don't think your rapid rush towards Democracy is an entirely cheering spectacle; still you cannot help it.

I want much to ask you, as a manufacturer, some questions. (I.) Would not American free trade make us a dangerous competitor in Asia, South America, and in shipping? (II.) Would you not lose as much as you would gain by it? (III.) Would not, on the whole, production gain in England by shorter hours? The Middle Age builders of the cathedrals worked fewer hours than the modern English mason—and how much better the work! Your workmen spend fewer hours than the French and German; and are more efficient. You have shorter work-days than we, but then we have always land to turn to. (IV.) Have you any new means of elevating the operative class? especially the girls? New York has become a tremendous manufacturing city.

The letter from Mr. Brace which elicited from Mr. John Morley the following interesting reply, has unfortunately been lost. "The House of Lords," he says, writing on Nov. 2, 1884, from London, "is the very representative and centre of those impulses which make what you suppose to be 'popular gushes.' The dispatch of Gordon! But

that was pressed most hardly upon the government by the very classes who are masters in the House of Lords. Wars, extensions, annexations, frivolous diplomatizings,—all these mischiefs are encouraged by the House of Lords, not checked by it. I wholly dissent from such notions as that university men are specially apt in polities, or are wiser, cooler, steadier, than artisans. Oxford and Cambridge Universities return two members apiece, and the whole four are invariably Tories, usually Tories of the more stupid type.

“With you the Senate is the seat of real power, as I understand; with us it is the House of Commons. I am against any device that puts the best men anywhere but in the strongest chamber. Whatever your machinery is, the final resort is public opinion. Public opinion is often wrong. You cannot help it. You cannot resist it by artificial checks. If we had only one chamber, the electors would be the more careful in their choice, knowing how momentous its results might be. In our present and coming difficulties we need a strong, clear, self-reliant government and legislature. Our difficulties are great and they are thickening. I am against the device for splitting us up in groups, and paralyzing the executive. If you see anything to say against all this, please to launch another sheet of note-paper. With sincere thanks

for your writing to me, and very kind regards,
etc."

During the year of 1885, upon which we are now entering in Mr. Brace's correspondence, there occurred in the administration of public affairs in New York a step in advance which was a source of immense aid to him as the friend of the children of the poor. Allusion has more than once been made to his wish that there might be more strenuous effort made in New York to carry out the law compelling education. Writing during this year, he says:—

"It is pleasant to chronicle an advance in this important matter, mainly owing to the efforts of the superintendent of the public schools, Mr. John Jasper, who is determined to execute the law, however defective it may be. The greater proportion of the shops and factories of the city now compel their youthful employés — under fourteen years — to produce a certificate from the authorities of the school where they attend, of at least fourteen weeks' attendance, or twenty-eight weeks' half attendance. This they are obliged to show to the truant-agent or other official visiting the place of employment. Then, very wisely, an Italian truant-agent has been employed, and he, in company with our agents, has thoroughly explored the poorest Italian quarters of the rag-pickers and organ-grinders near the Five Points and in other districts, and induced many

hundreds of these dirty and ignorant children to attend our industrial schools or half-time schools. The truants and hard subjects from the public schools are brought to all our industrial schools by the truant-officers, and are cleaned and provided for, and finally reformed so far as is practicable by our experienced teachers. After a sufficient training of this kind they are again forwarded on to the ‘ward schools.’

“Our night schools in the lodging-houses reach a considerable number of the street-wandering class, as a strong pressure is brought by the superintendent to force every boy into school during the winter months. Still, both charity and law fail as yet of fully reaching all the little bootblacks and newsboys on the streets, and many are growing up without school training. The provision so often spoken of in these reports is still needed in our law for popular education; namely, the right of the police to arrest a street-wandering boy or girl who cannot show a certificate of school attendance during at least fourteen weeks’ full time. When this becomes a law, we shall have universal school training in New York.”

The letters of this year tell with more than usual fulness of his reading and other interests. The first of those below is from Mr. Francis Parkman in acknowledgment of Mr. Brace’s appreciation of his new book, “Montcalm and Wolfe,” and then follow several of general interest. “Many thanks,” Mr. Parkman writes, “for your kind letter of the 24th.

Some of the expressions in it were especially welcome as showing that I had in some measure succeeded in conveying the impressions at which I particularly aimed. Coming as it does from one whose writings and life give him so high a title to esteem, and whose career I have for many years regarded with interest, I value it as one of the pleasantest marks of literary commendation that I have ever received. Thank you, also, for the book, which has not yet come, but will no doubt soon appear."

To a Friend.

CHES-KNOLL, Feb. 8, 1885.

Dear Miss M—: A beautiful Sunday here at Ches-knoll, the river in waves of snow and ice, but a spring sunlight. We are full of George Eliot's life. What a vigorous mental training for a novelist! Is she not a sweet, interesting, modest creature? I don't like literary people personally, but she is one to love,—a remarkable personality better even than her books; and full of religious spirit.

I have been thinking much about Christ lately, and the future life, and the like. I wonder what agnostics do with "Come unto me," etc. I suppose George Eliot would say, "The divinest acme of sympathy ever reached by man." But to me it is this divine Being gathering into His bosom all the tears and wounds and sighs and sorrows and burdens of humanity,—a mountain load of pain and grief,—

and assuaging and consoling all. This is One whom to know and love would be eternal life. Don't you think so? I can understand that to touch the very hem of His garment would be health. Do you not sometimes feel that the future life will make us almost forget this? except as those we love are here. When I think of those I shall hope to be in Eternity with, there are not very many. Will you think it natural that to know you there seems to belong to our life and relations here? For you have helped me, and perhaps I have you. But *alles liegt mit Gott.* Infinite goodness encircles and cradles us, and will dispose of all.

To come to earth: I am thrown in with intimate advisers and friends of Cleveland. All looks well. He stands firm for Civil Service Reform, right on silver, progressive on the tariff, conservative on the treaties, and stiff against dynamite. I think J. Q. Adams will be secretary in the post-office (don't speak of it), and the others in Cabinet will be Bayard, Whitney, Garner, McDonald, and Hewitt or Manning possible. I think we shall have a good administration, but the silver-storm may reach us at any time.

To the Same.

CHES-KNOLL, March 15, 1885.

Dear Miss M—: I have just been reading a very interesting and valuable theological book on the "Continuity of Christian Thought" by Professor Allen of Cambridge, Episcopal Theological Seminary. It is remarkably liberal; the account of the

philosophy of Clement of Alexandria is peculiarly valuable. Professor A. is in one matter too orthodox for me,—the Trinity. I have always looked on that dogma as a scholastic inference from a few Bible words. Yet I hold the divinity of Christ as the essential doctrine of Christianity. I believe with Clement and Professor Allen in the immanence and manifestation of God in all human history of all races and religions; but in the highest manifestation in Christ. So, and so only, can I justify God's ways to men. A third manifestation seems unnecessary, and the Bible language can be explained without it. With Professor A. and Bushnell, I do not believe in a sacrificial atonement, but an "at-one-ment" and a reconciliation of men, not God. Ask your sister what she thinks of my theology. . . . I am finishing my annual examinations of some five thousand children,—very laborious, but valuable. I get rather used up by it.

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, June 11, 1885.

My dear George: I am just reading with intense interest that discussion between Herbert Spencer and Fr. Garrison on "Religion." Do read it (Appleton's). H. S. turns out more religious than I thought, and believes in Pantheism, in a mysterious energy, like personality, only far higher, acting in all matter and mind, from which all proceeds and in which all subsists. His objections to a human personality in *this* are very keen; like Bushnell's,

but do not touch infinite affections, or the possibility of an infinite succession of ideas. He calls it or him the "Unknowable." F. H. attacks him most wittily on worshipping or loving (x^n), or an unknown quantity, raised to an infinite power. He is very sharp and witty. H. S. answers by attacking his religion, the worship of humanity. An Italian savant sums up very clearly. I am most struck by the evolutionist admitting a God—or a Power—within and without ourselves, making for order and righteousness; mysterious, awful, unknowable, but not a force alone, with something like ourselves, only infinitely greater and better. *If* a mind, not one like ours reasoning from premises, or with memory, or acting from present motives, or changing with time, etc. . . . We are having great times with our seaside work. . . . It has been a year of much strain and anxiety, and I feel it physically. Think of it! Four or five lawsuits; the Devil in some of our boys at the West; a new lodging-house and plans to settle with conflicting tastes; Summer Home to get funds for and open; sanitarium to organize and raise money for; a new superintendent to settle, and all usual work. . . . I have been reading Schopenhauer. He is like a Buddhist, but less gentle.

From Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

KURSEONG, Nov. 23, 1885.

My dear Mr. Brace: Every message from you is warmly welcome. It seems to be full of the mellow fragrance of the woods and apples of America. I

am delighted to hear you like my occasional contributions to the "Union" and "Register." I write as the impulse comes, feeling nervous when I at first put the thoughts on paper, but glad and grateful to find afterwards that men like them. The editor of the "Christian Union" often demands articles, and I am as often at a loss to know what to write upon.

Our struggles in the Brahmo Somaj have not ended. I have had to go through a long and bitter persecution, but I am thankful to say it has not overwhelmed me. In all apostolical churches, perhaps, the servants of God have once for all to strive against the whole world. Once for all a man must labor in utter, absolute loneliness, with nothing but the august Infinite to befriend him. And if he can out-watch the night, that wanes fast enough, with the first beams of the morning the white-robed angels of God come and minister unto him. The past and present are full of help; what trial is there that has not been better borne than we can bear, by the heroic sons of God? Yet each man must solve anew for himself the great problem of destiny. God has to be sought and found again and again. Each man must do it for himself. If I had been somewhere near you, I would have asked you to explain to me better than I know of the difficulties of the infant Christian Church. But there are many Christians here in India; they do not help us, but always preach to us of the "blood, blood, and blood!" We get tired of it.

Alas, there is no Buddhism in India. It was long ago swept out of the land by the Brahmins. In the

southern extremity of the peninsula there may be a few, but we know nothing of them. All that you say of Buddha is very true. He is not so shadowy to us as he seems to you. The instincts and developments of the nation are still what he found them. And though to-day India does not profess his creed, the whole spiritual atmosphere is suffused with the glow of his life and teachings. The religion of the Brahmins has absorbed and assimilated the spirit of the great Sakya Muni. In the Brahmo Somaj we have made him a great ideal; we go on pilgrimage to his soul. But the magnificent sanctuary built by the descendants of Asoka on the spot where he obtained his final illumination at Uru-villa, near Gya, is in desolate solitude; not a single devotee goes there.

You will find this letter is not addressed from Calcutta. Kurseong, whence this is written, is on the Himalayas. Here I have come to get a little cottage, whence I have a magnificent view of the snow-covered peaks, not one of which is less than twenty-seven thousand feet high. Though it is November, the sunshine is bright and warm, and the breeze most balmy and healthful. My wife is here with me, my simple, hard-working wife, whose sole object in life is to see me comfortable. We send our joint regards to you, Mrs. Brace, and the young ladies. To "the bummers and snoozers" my hearty good will. I yet hope one of them will come to be the President of the United States some day, and glorify the institution over which your genial presence presides.

From Dr. Storrs.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Dec. 15, 1885.

My dear Mr. Brace: Your kind letter of yesterday makes me blush furiously, by its delightful overestimate of the Missionary Discourse, but I am none the less indebted to you for writing it. The Discourse was written under special difficulties, partly at Shelter Island, partly here, and was finished in fierce haste, so that I am the more glad that the style and tone of it commend themselves to one so expert and accomplished in such matters as you are. The immeasurable fact of a Divine Redeemer in the world, giving celestial hope to the race, and gradually transforming it by His love into His likeness, more and more clearly appears to me the life of the Gospel, the supreme promise for the world, and the inspiration to our noblest and holiest personal effort. I was glad of the opportunity to set this forth, as far as I could, in the midst of the ethical schemes and fugitive speculations and the clashing collisions of opinion with which Boston is filled.

I have never investigated the great subject of which you speak with any breadth of survey, or care in analysis. I hope you will do it, and give us a book upon it as noble and fascinating as the "Gesta Christi."

The subject which was beginning to absorb Mr. Brace's studious hours, to which Dr. Storrs alludes in the letter above, was the presence of God's spirit in pre-Christian religions, the continuity of His

inspiration throughout the ages as shown, he considered, in the seeking of earnest minds of all time after the Being whom, as St. Paul said, “Ye worship in ignorance.” To prove that “God hath not left Himself without a witness,” that the dark and ignorant beliefs of early religions had in them some spark from the Divine Spirit, and finally, if he could procure the material, to give this to the world in a book, was Mr. Brace’s ambition.

“. . . I have hatched my eggs,” he says to Dr. Howard in February, 1886, “and though very promising, they didn’t come out quite as lively as I hoped. The subject is ‘Continuity of Religion: Egyptian Monotheism.’ They say every one gets crazy who writes on Egyptian religion. I don’t wonder. It is wonderful. It seems a revelation or inspiration — like the Hebrew — pure, reverent, complete, and full both of spirituality and morality; yet it ran completely out — perhaps influencing Moses and Job somewhat, and Plato and St. John; but outside of Egypt a failure mainly. There it lived longer than Christianity has yet done, and must have been an incredible blessing. Yet it never gave the Jews its strongest belief — in immortality. My great authority has been ‘The Book of the Dead.’ ”

“My ‘Egypt’ is coming out in ‘Princeton Review,’ ” he writes again in March. “I am now on Akkadian religion and Indian (Vedas), but the examination of about five thousand children keeps me busy.”

One or two paragraphs from this paper on Egyptian Monotheism, which appeared in May of this year, and later as a chapter in his book, "The Unknown God," present Mr. Brace's belief that the Divine Being "is limited to no time or age or race," and give his reasons for this belief.

"The only conception," he writes, "of the moral action of the Divine Being on the human soul, which is *a priori* defensible and philosophical, is of a continued and impartial influence, limited to no time or age or race. It should be like the great physical forces—like gravity, magnetism, or electricity—forever acting in all particles of matter, but not always manifesting themselves, sometimes resisted, often unseen, but eternally working towards definite ends. . . . It is a side-evidence of the spiritual inspiration of ancient or barbarous races that so many tribes of men in all ages have a tradition or legend of a moral benefactor of their race, who came from above, bore human ills, sought to scatter happiness and enlightenment among men, and perhaps perished at last in the struggle with evil on earth, to appear again among the stars, or to await his faithful followers in the region of the blessed. Even 'sun-myths,' subsequently attached to such traditions, would not disprove the substantial historical truth of the original story. Nor would the tendency of the human mind to frame its ideals in legends, demonstrate that no such ideal benefactors had arisen. The strength and purity of the feelings and practices

which gather around such memories are perhaps the best test of their reality. Under a continuity of spiritual influences through all ages, such lives are natural and to be expected. And even if some of these be imagined, the ideal shows the moral forces working on the hearts of men and the truths which had here and there dawned on them."

Miss Cobbe, in acknowledging the receipt of the 'Review' containing his paper, says:—

"I thank you warmly for having sent me your fine paper on the Continuity of Religion as exhibited by ancient Egyptian Monotheism. I had not seen it before, and am reading it with very great interest. How do you possibly manage to do all your great active work, and at the same time to 'hive learning with each studious year,' as if you were nothing more than a book-bee, or (like most of us) only a book-butterfly?"

The attractiveness to Mr. Brace of this new field of religious aspiration which he was traversing during this year, was very great. For weeks, during the restful hours at home or in his long walks over the breezy hills, indeed, through all his waking hours, thoughts from "The Book of the Dead" were absorbing him.

Then would come a time when his breathings of prayer and aspiration seemed to find their fittest

expression in the ancient Akkadian hymns, and, as the studies continued, Buddha and his teachings filled his mind, and so on, the Stoics in turn inspiring his thought, while those about him could tell which form of religion was absorbing him by the reflected tone of his prayers and conversation. A far view of the river scene in its spring green or autumn gold, as he stood on one of his favorite points silently rejoicing in its beauty, would call forth a murmured "He judgeth the world . . . the crescent of the sun is under Him, the winds, the waters, the plants, and all growing things. . . . All men are in ecstasy, hearts in sweetness, bosoms in joy, every one is in adoration. Every one glorifies His goodness, mild is His love for us; His tenderness environs our hearts, great is His love in all bosoms."¹ Or this, from an Akkadian prayer, —

"God my Creator, stand by my side!
Keep thou the door of my lips, guard thou my hands,
O Lord of Light!"

Or again he would repeat the following expression of the faith of the Stoics, —

"Lead thou me on, O Zeus!
And thou, O Destiny!
Whithersoever thou ordainest
Unflinching will I follow;
But if from wicked heart
I will it not,
Still must I follow!"

¹ From an ancient Egyptian inscription.

and again, "Not in the void of heaven, not in the depths of the sea, not by entering the rocky clefts of the mountains—in none of these places can a man by any means escape the consequences of his evil deed."¹

¹ From the writings of Buddhism.

CHAPTER XIII

English Sojourn — Summary of the Children's Aid Society — Letters — Thirty-fifth Annual Report — Death of Friends of the Society — Letters on his Coming Book — Death of Dr. Gray — Letter on Inspiration of the Scriptures — Letters — Effort to Prevent the Admission of Boys to Men's Lodging Houses — Marienbad — Switzerland

BUT two letters, beyond those on Mr. Brace's absorbing theme of study, are before us for this winter and spring. To Dr. Howard he writes, in February, 1886: —

“A week ago I received news of work like ours started in Australia, England, San Francisco, and in Washington, all seeking to follow our tracks. I had a glorious time in Washington, starting theirs, — gave a public address in company with two senators, Eaton and a United States judge; then spoke to five hundred newsboys; then to a committee, — and was much feasted and well received.”

And to Mrs. Lyell: —

“I suppose you have had your usual pleasant winter in Italy. We have been quietly on the Hudson; my work among the poor demanding increasing attention. We have the satisfaction now

of seeing the direct effects on the criminal records of the city. In public matters everything is very dull because so prosperous. We are gaining step by step in Civil Service Reform, and are much pleased with the new President. Our only danger is from the silver question. Our people never learn anything in finance except by learning their blunders.

"Privately we are made happy by the arrival of a granddaughter. Mrs. Brace has gone West to be with the young mother and our son. You will be interested to know that Mrs. Brace and I, with our two daughters, expect to spend June in London. I hope we shall be able to introduce them to such a valued friend as you. . . . I keep your sister's picture always before me in my study; a sweeter and nobler nature I never knew."

The accumulation of work for the Children's Aid Society, together with that on his book, were too severe a strain upon Mr. Brace, and in the spring he found himself needing complete rest. He decided to go abroad, and in May the family sailed for England. The following extract from a paper which he must have intended to publish, shows how close was his observation of the natural beauties in which he took so keen a delight in England. The paper is entitled "Certain Social and Moral Glimpses of England":—

"It has sometimes seemed to me, as an old traveller, that the two richest pleasures in nature were

the glimpses of an American autumn and an English spring. We reached the British shores this year, late in May, but owing to cold Arctic winds, the season was backward, and we saw the bloom of that most delicious change—the ripening of an English spring. The first thing, of course, which strikes an American observer, and which is always fresh to him, no matter how often he has visited England, is the atmosphere. He sees no hard, clear outlines or distinct horizons; all is soft and hazy, one object melts into another, the green hedge into the lighter green of the field, this into copses and shrubbery, and this again into masses of dark foliage far away, from which arises, as belonging to it, a cold, gray soft-shaded spire. The landscape is gentle, subdued, suffused, and changing incessantly with flickering light and shadow of passing fleecy clouds. All is in harmony; the red roof of a farm-house, the brown thatch and dark green ivy of an old cottage, the gray and aged church with spire mounting above the old elms, the quiet ‘hall’ seen through green lawns and ancient oaks, and the far-away glimpses of soft, dark copses and rich woodlands. Nature seems in its sweetest and calmest mood. The cawing of the rooks in the high trees and the upward cheering song of the lark only add to the repose. The cows lying down in the rich grass seem happier and more comfortable than any other cattle. You note with delight the new flowers, so long sung in English poetry, the primrose and small daisy and violet; you wonder at the bright pink of the ‘May’ (the red hawthorn), the yellow, drooping clusters of the laburnum, and the gay pink of the horsechest-

nut, and envy the English that they can produce such effects so easily in garden shrubbery."

June was passed in England, partly in the fascination of London life, partly in country visits, and in July Mr. Brace with his family went to the Continent. "It's no joke," he writes to his son from St. Beatenberg, above the Lake of Thun, "conducting a party of four around with all their luggage,—though ours are good travellers,—and still less to find every petty charge quadrupled. So we are going to keep quiet here awhile. We are just over an abyss, with green waters, out of which white mists arise continually until we are all in cloud; beyond arise the great snow-mountains of the Bernese Oberland, not far, and the Jungfrau (about thirteen thousand feet) in the midst. We have one or two walks around the mountain with this great scene always in view."

They returned to America in October, and Mr. Brace wrote as follows to Mr. Redmayne:—

To E. B. Redmayne.

CHES-KNOLL, DOBBS FERRY, Oct. 24, 1886.

My dear Mr. Redmayne: I trust the two voyages which began on the second of October¹ were not an

¹ Mr. Brace's departure for America and the marriage of Mr. Redmayne's daughter.

exact counterpart. We had a domestic difficulty at once in the Irish Channel, despite that most lovely day, and the worst weather of the passage was on that Saturday night, the rest being comparatively pleasant and peaceful, and ending in the glorious autumn of the American shores, of which I am always ready to repeat that saying, “Doubtless the Almighty *could* have made better weather, but doubtless He never did!” To-day, for instance, we look through a vista of gold and yellow and crimson, over the blue river far up to other mountains, all aflame, though the colors are softened by distance, and the sun as of Italy, over all. If one cared for last looks at death, I should pray that mine might be of the glorious Hudson in autumn, and I could scarcely hope that the Unseen could offer anything more lovely. All which shows that we are all very well and happy, and grateful to God for many mercies.

Among these, was another friendship made, like ours, on seaboard, with Rev. Professor Creighton of Cambridge and Worcester Cathedral. He pronounced himself “abject” under sea-sickness, but he was one of the most brilliant men I ever met. They came up here for a day, and looked into my work in town. He is a delegate to the Harvard 250th anniversary.

“All has gone on well,” he writes to a friend on his return, “in our work, though we did not get money enough for the Health Home, and closed with sixteen hundred dollars debt. . . . There is a deep religious revival going on among the universities in England, and great work is being done for the poor and ignorant.”

In the report for this year he speaks with satisfaction of the work accomplished and the sacrifices made, not only in the great society in which he is laboring, but also in the enterprises in New York such as boys' clubs and girls' associations, and "the wonderful movements in the last few years for giving fresh air and country life for a few days to the poorest children, in the ' Tribune ' ' Fresh Air Fund,' and the summer homes of churches and individuals, as well as our own Summer Home and Health Home," and says: "All these things are the fruits of pure sympathy and of genuine religion. We may hope and believe that they are not temporary products, but that similar fruits, and even nobler, are to be shown by the coming generation. In England, a deep wave of religion and humanity through the universities and the higher classes is carrying the young men to most self-denying labors among the masses of poor and vicious. May we not hope for like things here, when each college and large school shall have its missions or charities to support, or send its devoted workers to the slums of the cities or to the frontier?"

In the report of this year he reviews in detail the causes of the success of the ideas and principles which this society has always supported¹:—

¹ Page 4 of 34th Annual Report.

"The principles on which this charity was founded, thirty-three years ago, have been more and more confirmed by the experience of the leading nations. The ideas which we then preached to dull ears are now received cordially in this country, in England, and on the continent of Europe. They have become a part of the settled principles of the century. These were: the absolute necessity of treating each youthful criminal or outcast as an individual, and not as one of a crowd; the immense superiority of the home or family over any institution in reformatory and educational influence; the prevention of crime and pauperism by early efforts with children, and the vital importance of breaking up inherited pauperism by putting almshouse children in separate homes, and, most of all, the immense advantage of 'placing out' neglected and orphan children in farmers' families.

"These principles have now begun to be vigorously carried out in England, as they have been in many of the States in our Union. We have followed these guiding ideas steadily for more than thirty years, and have seen the wonderful fruit borne by them in human lives raised and blessed, in thousands of youth here and at the West made honest and useful citizens and workers, and in the marked and steady diminution of juvenile crime in New York."

To a friend in England, to whom he had sent a volume of Bushnell's sermons, he writes the following letter:—

To Miss Flower.

CHES-KNOLL, Jan. 16, 1887.

My dear R.: Thanks for your kind note about the "Sermons." The author was a man of great originality and genius. I remember, as a boy, hearing the remarkable one on "Unconscious Influence." I think it influenced my whole life; especially as Dr. Bushnell was an eloquent speaker. That on the "Spirit of God" is very impressive too. His sermons recall to me my golden youth, when all these aspirations and thoughts filled the hearts of our young men in Yale College, and the universe seemed so wonderful. Strange to say, to me, life has been happier than I expected, and the world of truth is more glorious even than I thought. Yet youth gives a sense of Eternity and of God which never returns fully. I rejoice often in thinking of our beautiful visit at Stratford, and of what I believe is the consecration of you young people, under your mother's influence, to the Master's service. I hope it is an entire and absolute devotion to the best thing in the world—the building up of His Kingdom. I can wish you no greater joy for the new year. . . .

To-day the Hudson is a field of ice with blue streaks of water, a glorious winter vista of snow and brown banks and distant mountains.

In April, Mr. Brace made his annual visit to the South.

"I am," he writes to his son from Baltimore, "in a big, rambling house, visiting the Bona-

partes, most charming people, and the wife an old friend. Mr. Bonaparte was chairman of our meeting last night. I ‘enjoyed liberty’ in both of my speeches, and am becoming an orator in my old age. I send a programme. I had a glorious trip in Virginia to Staunton, etc., and Hampton. I enjoy that school so much, and the scene; have been gone about nineteen days. General Armstrong is splendid.”

Mr. Brace heard Mr. Curtis speak before the Commonwealth Club, on Civil Service Reform, in May of this year, and at once wrote him his appreciation of his address. In reply Mr. Curtis says:—

“Your generous note is very pleasant, and I am delighted and proud to have occasioned it. But how seldom a man has such an audience: young men and older men who all have the faith in honesty and the resolution to secure it in public affairs of which I spoke. That company represented a great host which is the resistless vanguard of our America, and no matter who falls by the way, he hands his torch, unextinguished, to his neighbor. When I saw the company and the expectation, I was troubled by what I had undertaken, but after a few moments it was like swimming in a deep sea.

“I greatly prize your sympathy and approval as the kindly word of one of the old guard to a fellow-soldier; we will not say fellow-veteran! — and with the most grateful and hearty regard, I am,” etc.

It is greatly to be regretted that there are not more of Mr. Brace's letters to his wife. They were rarely separated, except during his hurried trips in early spring to the South, and during the month of September, when Mr. Brace returned to work, and Mrs. Brace stayed with some of her children in the mountains. During these periods he wrote every day short letters, telling of each day's occupations. Separation was never endured where it could be avoided, and Mr. Brace was usually accompanied by his wife even when he was obliged to remain in New York to attend the evening meetings or night schools of the Children's Aid Society. It is pleasant to be able to insert a few words expressive of his estimate of the characters of Mrs. Brace and her sisters, written with an openness unusual in him. "You must remember," he writes to one of his sons, "that you get from the Neill women a disinterestedness beyond compare, sincerity, and a wonderful devotion to ideal things, such as friendship, religion, music, art, poetry, and the like, besides sweetness, patience, and love. The best has all come from your grandmother (Neill). The Neill women are unselfish in the highest degree usually. You may bless God evermore for your mother; few are like unto her. . . . I think I made a mistake in not educating my boys in Children's Aid Society matters. It arose from my excessive respect for the

soul's independence, and from circumstances (distance from town, etc.)." The quality of which he speaks, of "excessive respect for the soul's independence," was a characteristic pervading all his relations with others. This it was, perhaps, which held him back from frank opinion of views, especially on matters of theology, and made it rare for even his closest friends to hear from him strong expressions of opinion. He almost never argued, and seemed to seek rather the points of agreement and sympathy with his friends. A greater openness in his letters than was exhibited in familiar conversation may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that thus he felt he met his friends on a ground where both were freer, and the chance of influence was less. It was a characteristic of his to state once for all his opinions, when a subject for argument came up, and considering that thus his part in the debate was finished, he listened courteously to the other side, and then invariably let the matter drop.

In the autumn of 1887, in his thirty-fifth annual report, Mr. Brace recalls an address with which, thirty years before, he had sought to encourage his co-laborers in their efforts in New York. Discouragement often attended them then; it took much faith to look forward and see the fruits of their apparently fruitless labors, to believe that the next

generation would be better for their care of the children, that while they might never know one child whom they had saved from misery and crime, there would be scattered over the land virtuous women and strong men to bless them for words of kindness and patient acts of helpfulness. The strange potency of goodness who can measure! It may seem that the kind word or compassionate look is thrown away, but because of the faithful labors of the men and women whom he is addressing, "there will be fewer children's faces behind prison bars, fewer mothers' hearts crushed, and less of young sorrow and crime and pollution." This faith in their experiment, expressed a generation and a half before, in the enthusiasm of youth, was justified year after year, he says, as letters from every part of the country revealed. Besides this, after thirty years, a flood of light breaks over the gloomy records of the prison, and while the conditions which would naturally make for crime have steadily increased, in overcrowding, in the continued enormous emigration, and in poor municipal government, there has been during the period a steady decrease in crime, and especially in children's crime, or in crime which grows out of such conditions as the labors of the Children's Aid Society would naturally influence.

Once more we find the appreciative and affec-

tionate words with which Mr. Potter welcomed each report as it appeared.

From Howard Potter.

38 EAST THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET,
Sunday evening, Dec. 18, 1887.

I have just finished reading your thirty-fifth annual report, and I congratulate you, with all my heart, on such a record of your life-long service in the great work which your philanthropy and piety inaugurated so many years ago, and which you have since carried forward with such single-minded devotion and such high intelligence, and with (what has been not less important to the great results which have so crowned your labors) a long-suffering and benevolent charity which, "enduring all things and hoping all things," has brought your work a degree of sympathy and confidence such as no other I know of enjoys, or, as I think, deserves. Now, there is a sentence as long as if Evarts himself had indited it, but not long enough, or strong enough, to express half I feel, of admiration for you as master-builder, or for the great, beneficent, and enduring fabric of charity which I have seen grow under your direction. May the Lord you have served bless you and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you, and give you peace, now and evermore, prays your sincere and affectionate friend.

At this time sorrow and anxiety were filling the hearts of all the workers in the society, caused by

the death of Miss Wolfe and the illness of Mrs. J. J. Astor. For more than twenty years Miss Wolfe had had the deepest interest in the society, and had personally known many of the children in the Cottage Place School, besides bestowing upon the society the East Side Lodging-house. Of Mrs. Astor, and what her loving, tender sympathy was, not only for the children, but also for the brave workers among them, Mr. Brace's own words fittingly tell us at the time of her death in the following year:—

"This society," he says, "has met with an irreparable loss during the past year, in the death of Mrs. Astor. She had not only during the past twenty-five years supported one of our most useful branches,—the Avenue B Industrial School,—and for the past twenty years had sent a party of one hundred homeless children to the West every winter, but she had literally given herself to the poor. Her sympathy and friendship included the teachers and workers whom she met in the labors of this charity, and she knew the circumstances and sympathized with the trials of very many of the poor families in the neighborhood of her school in Avenue B. She has comforted the sorrowing and stood by the bedside of the dying of not a few among the humble and suffering. It may truly be said that in all the public sorrow for her death there were no tears more sincere and heartfelt than those of the poor and friendless in the wretched tenements of the Eastern quarter of the

city. Her judgment was equal to her sympathy, and she never helped indiscriminately, and always sought to enable the poor to help themselves. It was this which gave her such a special sympathy in our 'Emigration' plan.

"No one can ever replace her peculiar influence in our work. Her 'life is hid with Christ in God'; but it will blossom forth anew in hundreds of lives among the unfortunate who have been cheered or redeemed through her instrumentality."¹

The following letters close this year, too scantily marked by his own writing. He was studying constantly, and seemed to have less and less inclination to speak of the personal details of his life.

To C. L. B., Jr.

LITCHFIELD, Oct. 25, 1887.

My dear L.— . . . I have just been visiting my old friend Kingsbury, and had great talks, just as I did forty-five years ago! We enjoy each other just as well. I got in a clergyman, a scholar, and got criticism on my new book — very valuable hints too. This may be the title:—

THE UNKNOWN GOD,
OR
INSPIRATION IN PRE-CHRISTIAN AGES.

¹ 36th Annual Report, pp. 62, 63.

THE UNKNOWN GOD,
OR
ETHNIC INSPIRATIONS,
OR
REVELATION IN PRE-CHRISTIAN AGES.

What do you think? It will be years before it is done—a very interesting study.

To H. C. Lea.

CHES-KNOLL, Nov. 27, 1887.

My dear Mr. Lea: I received with great gratification your kind gift of the "History of the Inquisition," and shall study it carefully. Everything you write is valuable to me, both from its careful research and its truth-loving spirit. I know no works in Europe in the field of the Middle Ages so instructive as yours. They will be permanent authorities.

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, Dec. 29, 1887.

My dear George: I am sitting in my study (at 50°) posing for my portrait, and writing. I have missed your letters (the best I get) this winter. My last was your interesting account of the Indian matter. I am glad you are in that. Has not the President behaved well in this and other things? Was not the message very sound and bold? . . . *Thirty-*

one Christmas festivals last week! An exhausting orgy. But the Children's Aid Society is on a boom! (I.) Crippled girls' cottage at Bath; one thousand dollars appealed for and paid in. (II.) Annex to Health Home; twenty-five thousand dollars appealed for, and, next morning, a check from Mrs. Vanderbilt. (III.) Appeal for industrial school near Crosby Street. Mr. Astor will put up a memorial building for his wife, forty thousand dollars—and lots four thousand dollars. (IV.) Appeal for Miss Strathan's school. A young man, unknown, offers forty thousand dollars; and a friend five thousand dollars. But buildings, while they solidify the work, increase expense of care-taking. We shall miss Mrs. Astor very much indeed. She has left us legacies to keep up her branches.

I have been extremely busy on the ancient Akkadians, and would like to read to you my corrected chapters. In the meantime, I have been reading all the rationalistic attacks on the Pentateuch and Abraham, etc., etc. What do you think of this definition of "inspiration": "A supernatural elevation of the moral and religious faculties?" — the Old Testament inspiration being an intuition of Jahveh, the self-existent and the God of righteousness, but not perfect accuracy in dates or historical events; the whole, as a narrative of the progress of the highest religion, being inspired or elevated to lead to the true faith. That is, the facts related often belong to a low condition of men, and the science and chronology are of the age, but the spiritual truths are of all ages, and the drift of the whole is towards righteousness. Enough of that.

Mr. Brace, as well as the whole scientific world, met with a very great loss early in the year of 1888, in the death of Dr. Asa Gray, of which he writes as follows to Mrs. Gray:—

To Mrs. Gray.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1888.

My dear J.—: I cannot tell you how much we all sympathize with you. To me, a great light seems gone from this world. He was so lovable and so clear-sighted. I feel I owe a great deal intellectually to dear Doctor. And you both have given many happy days to me and mine. I sent you my notice of him in the "Times." Well,—he rests in God after a very happy life. May it be granted to me to know him there! May the comfort of Christ be with you, dear Jane!

To the Same.

CHES-KNOLL, March 25, 1888.

My dear J.—: I am reading with deep feeling those beautiful memorials of Dr. Gray. And yet how impossible to convey the alertness and sweetness and mental cheerfulness of the dear man. I feel myself so much indebted to him for innumerable acts of kindness and consideration, and above all, for the light he threw about so many scientific questions for me and others. I imagine him living in the highest light of God, and ever learning of His universe.

Later, in January, 1890, when the "Scientific Papers of Asa Gray" appeared, Mrs. Gray sent the volumes to Mr. Brace, and he wrote:—

" . . . And you know how high you stand in the esteem and love of all of us. You could not have thought of a New Year gift more acceptable than that book. I have read most of the articles, but I longed to possess and re-read the volumes. The Doctor's influence abides with me, as with so many, but how I do miss his companionship! I send an anonymous notice in the 'Times.' "

Study on his book and kindred subjects absorbed him throughout this winter and spring, as the following letters show, but this labor, added to his daily work, proved too much for him, and the last letter below tells of his need of rest and change.

To Miss Flower.

CHES-KNOLL, Feb. 12, 1888.

My dear Rosalie: Thank you for a very charming note from the Riviera. I like to think of you among the palmettoes and eucalypti and greenery while even our river is a white mass, and the brown trees sparkle in ice-diamonds, and the hills lie in white with blue shadows, and all is winter, — calm, serene, severe, yet hopeful. . . . I am continually busy on my book, "The Unknown God." Just now I am on the Hindoo inspirations. They seem often very wild

and foolish, and yet there is faith in God, and an ideal of absolute union with Him, the Centre and Life of all. I ask myself whether a pious Hindoo in that frame of soul is not nearer the Father or Christ than we Anglo-Saxons, who will step into Eternity with our brains (or minds) filled with stocks and polities and comforts. It seems sometimes as if European and American religion was made for this world, and the Oriental for Eternity. I suppose our solution is to unite the two, to live in the world and not be of it, to live in God and build up His Kingdom among living men. It is very plain that Christ has the secret.

We are hard at work this year among the poor, and shall build this winter three large buildings in the city, and three small ones by the sea. Our young people are having a very happy winter; all being *daft* on Wagner's operas.

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, March 17, 1888.

Dear George: . . . I did want to talk with you about inspiration of Scriptures. I think I have drifted far away from our teaching in New Haven Theological Seminary. The inspiration of the Bible seems to me not in the history or facts or science or morals of the story. The power lies in the divinely elevated spiritual views and feelings of some of the writers. The Creation narrative has for inspiration the sense of *Jahveh* as Creator,—the garden, a picture or myth of moral fall from Him; the Patriarch

history, of men divinely inspired with a belief in one personal God; the tribal history, the story of a half-savage tribe whose leaders were inspired with monotheism; the Psalms and Prophets show the highest inspiration of Jahveism, and preparation for Christianity; the whole narrative a wonderful literary performance whose inspiration is the sense of God and His dealings with one race. Prophecy or prediction must be a separate inspiration. But the people were far below the leaders, and a promiscuous reading of the facts is not now useful.

This is a brief outline of my present state of mind. What do you say? To call the Bible "The Word of God" seems hardly true; rather, it contains words and truths of God, and many words of half-savage, irreligious men—the drift being from God, and inspired.

To his Daughter.

CHES-KNOLL, Feb. 25, 1888.

My dear E—: A torrential day—rain, rain, and blow—and everything melting. . . . Went to the V.'s meeting about the home for prison-women; a fine speech from Schurz and good music; a fair assembly, mainly Presbyterian. It is a hard row to hoe. Your mother was engaged at Nineteenth Century Club! The best thing was a proposition to make a religious trust (as they do for standard oil or sugar), and supply villages with a good article at low rates. I got home at 11.30, but no wife! She returned at 12.30!

To the Same.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1888.

My dear E—: You would be amused to see New York now,—streets black with men, no street-cars, few elevated cars, a few sleighs, no vehicles or trucks,—laughing and shouting going on all the time, people tumbling and sliding, drifts from five feet to ten feet. I left home Sunday morning, and no trains or mails or telegrams since! Snowed in probably till Wednesday evening. I saw a gentleman who spent yesterday on a Pullman at 110th Street, and a lady who was seven hours in an elevated car near 23d Street. New York has broken down. Luckily I have this house and my club, so I am comfortable.

To a Friend.

April 29, 1888.

My dear Friend: With your kind friendship, you will be glad to hear that we are going to Europe on May 29th. My health has been a little worn this winter, and I shall take a turn at Marienbad, and also wander round England and Switzerland. . . . I do hope, if you are about this summer, you will visit our seaside homes. It is such an encouragement to the workers. All goes well with our work.

I am busy, slowly, on my book. The Hindoo faith and no-faith is a puzzle. The Hindoos asked the natural questions, and in some ways answered them naturally, but others wildly. We should have done no better without Christ. The subjects they were

most interested in were those which must come to us at death. What is God? How to be like Him? How to be united with Him? How to be free from sin forever?

In May, before going abroad, Mr. Brace was able to accomplish a long-hoped-for reform, which, he says in the report of November of this year, "should be felt for years to come among the destitute youth of New York." It was to prevent the admission of boys into men's lodging-houses. It had long been a source of much distress to the society that boys could lodge in the low, semi-criminal lodging-houses, come in at any hour of the night, gamble all night and sleep in the day, and associate with tramps and criminals. Mr. Brace first consulted the legal adviser of the society, Mr. Whitehead, and then went to see some of the leaders of the houses in Albany; but it was slow work accomplishing such a reform as this. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton was his chief ally, as he had framed the constitution of the Board of Health, and to give Mr. Eaton an object-lesson which could not but sink deep into the heart and sympathies of a good man, Mr. Brace took him to the Newsboys' Lodging House to talk with some of the boys who had been in these miserable resorts. He was much stirred by what he heard. He and Judge Van Vorst threw themselves into the effort, secured a public audience

with the president of the Board of Health, with superintendents of two lodging-houses of the Children's Aid Society as witnesses to the facts, and the upshot was that the president of the Health Board, expressing himself as having "new light on the subject," was persuaded that certain matters not strictly sanitary came under his jurisdiction, as was the case here. He expressed deep sympathy in the object, and promised to take action on the matter, either by a new section to their sanitary code, or by instructions to their inspectors that no lodging-houses occupied by men should shelter boys under fifteen, unless accompanied by parent or guardian. Thus was accomplished one more, probably the last, of the great labors for the friendless by Mr. Brace.

His younger daughter was married in May, and he started abroad in the middle of the month for much-needed rest. The voyage did not refresh him as of old, but the happy visits in beautiful England restored him in a measure, and early in July he and Mrs. Brace started for Marienbad, stopping at the old favorite haunts on the Rhine and at Nuremberg.

"This is the town," he writes his daughter from Marienbad, "of fat women and men too. Each one is patrolling around, cup in hand, and some sipping through a glass tube. Your father appears with a red crackled-glass cup, and is very distinguished (?).

We sip and listen to a lovely band, and walk up and down,—all this between six and eight,—then home, half-starved, to the best coffee in Europe; dinner and supper in the cafés and restaurants. At five P.M., another band and promenading; Polish Jews in long coats, Bohemians looking like Turks, many ladies in short white dresses and elegant tennis-like shoes with high heels and in cocked hats—all the colors of the rainbow; a handsome Prussian lady in a black velvet helmet, and figures like those on the stage; some quiet English and German persons; many gay Jews. We have four concerts per day; I go to them all. (I send programme.) Next to our house was Goethe's house (1823), and on a quiet summit among the firs was Goethe's seat, with this lovely verse:—

“ ‘ Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur ! balde
Ruhest du auch ! ’

“ It's a queer place, with mountain air and wonderful waters. My room is elegant—blue porcelain stove and cast of Mars on top.”

A walking-trip in Switzerland was planned, and on the first of August Mr. and Mrs. Brace were joined by their daughters and some friends at Mürren. Ten brilliant days there were a restful

preparation for the walk amid the grand scenes of the Gemmi Pass and the Zermatt Valley, where, after a day's rest, the journey continued on to Schwarz-See, on a spur of the Matterhorn.

"Here we are," he writes to Dr. Howard, dating his letter: "In the clouds near the Matterhorn, Zermatt, Aug. 26, 1888," . . . "at the end of our high wanderings, the hotel some eight thousand feet high, new and like an Adirondack house. The storm and snow have driven out all but us and two travellers. This is the grandest place in the Alps. You are in the midst of mighty snow-peaks and stern, wild glaciers, or dirty rivers of ice, with the great mountain-passes near by, which are smooth, white openings of snow amid jagged black peaks. A grand, severe, desolate scene, amid the solitudes of nature. There is the Matterhorn over us (fourteen thousand feet), Monte Rosa opposite (nearly fifteen thousand feet), and Mischabel as high,—nothing but glaciers and dark mountain-sides, and eternal snows."

But before the snow and storm of which he speaks set in, Mr. Brace had been deeply impressed with the grandeur of the scene, and had revelled in the sunshine and delicate Alpine flowers. One memorable night, especially, was often alluded to afterwards, when the whole vast Zermatt Valley was filled with a white mist, while the little plateau of Schwarz-See rose above it in the brilliant cold

starlight. The peaks above cast their shadows, as the moon rose over the mist spread like a great sea, while the roar of torrents "seemed to be the sound of waves," he said, "on a distant shore." The only human sign in the vast miles of mountains and snow was the little distant light of the Riffelberg, a habitation on the other shore of this unearthly sea.

"We had a glorious time in Switzerland," he writes Mrs. Lyell, "especially in Mürren, and at a new place, 'Schwarz-See,' near the Matterhorn, above Zermatt (some eight thousand one hundred feet high). The air at Mürren didn't seem to me too rare, but in the high places it was so. The weather was glorious. We are now to make a round of visits among old friends, and then sail Sept. 29th. Have you read Frederick Garrison's 'Cromwell'? It is excellent.

"I say, as a descendant of Puritans, 'Robert Elsmere' is a powerful book, but the author's construction does not seem to me satisfactory. A religion without Christ is not enough for human wants. I am deeply interested in Buddhism now, but can find little new about it. I hope, dear Mrs. Lyell, that you are strong and well. My wife and daughter join me in warm regards."

Upon his return to America, Mr. Brace writes of public affairs to Mr. Redmayne as follows: —

To E. B. Redmayne, Esq.

CHES-KNOLL, Nov. 20, 1888.

My dear Mr. Redmayne: Since our arrival we have had our glorious autumn, and I have been plunged in work; and with it all, came an exciting election. Contrary to my hopes, we were beaten, but not by the cities or manufacturing centres—those were for free trade or, rather, low tariff. The old, intelligent, high-protection farming-countries beat us, whose real interest was with us. It was too great a reform to hope for so soon. It no doubt will be delayed for some eight or ten years now, as the Protection party will gain in the South and far West. But the Central West will gradually come over to free trade. This canvass has been a contest in education, and the people have learned much. Our politics for years will be a training in political economy and a struggle about the drinking-question.

Personally and intellectually I am busy on Buddhism, and continually with more interest and respect. There looms up through the mist of legend and poetry, the face of a divine man of almost super-human compassion and purity, filled with love for all creatures, a manifestation of the Infinite One, whom to know hereafter is the life and joy of the Buddhist.

CHAPTER XIV

Bryce's Book — Death of Mr. Skinner — Letter from Virginia — Adirondack Trip — Last Report — Letters — "The Unknown God" — Letters on "The Unknown God" — Offers of his Son to come to New York as his Father's Assistant — Last Journey — The Dolomites — St. Moritz — His Increasing Weakness — Death

ON Mr. Brace's return from Europe he found everything connected with the society prospering, and the report of the work of the preceding year called forth from Mr. Potter these words:—

" . . . I have been reading your last report with great interest and great satisfaction. I won't say you never wrote a better, where all have been so good, but I must say I think this last is, at least, a proof of the saying that 'practice makes perfect.' It seems to me a model in mode of presentation and as good English. In fact, I make you my compliments particularly on it as a bit of composition — though perhaps in so doing 'I say it who shouldn't' — when I remember that the work I am praising did not have the benefit of the revision which formerly you used to invite from George Cabot Ward and myself. But it is time you were able to walk alone. . . .

" . . . I have been thinking to-day of the many years we have been associated in the Children's Aid Society, and of what an honor I consider it to have had any part with you in that great work. May you long be spared to direct it, and to see the fruit of your labors, which it yields more and more abundantly as the years go on! I shall always rejoice with you in it, I trust, so long as we are spared to continue together in it. . . ."

On Christmas Day Mr. Brace received from Mr. James Bryce his book, "The American Commonwealth." Mr. Bryce had twice spent the Christmas Day at Ches-knoll, to the great delight of the family, and after one of these visits Mr. Brace wrote to a friend, "Bryce we think the most agreeable Englishman we ever had here."

"It came very nicely," he writes to Mr. Bryce on New Year's Day, "that your beautiful book reached us on Christmas morning, the day you had twice made pleasanter for us.

"I at once made at it. I must be frank and say I had not expected very much from it. It is such a fearfully complex and difficult theme, and you seemed to me to be *mooning* around here and having a good time generally, and at home were so intensely busy. I did not dream you would penetrate the subject so deeply. The young ladies recall with glee now that you always left deep questions in the library for their frivolities in the music-room, but they say that if they had known there was such a

'chiel amang them taking notes,' they would have been in terror.

"I am entirely delighted with the book. The work reveals yourself and makes us all love you the more. There is such an insight and such sympathy and a wonderful fairness and justice. You have observed with an excellent effect, and reflected as well. The Irish humor and sprightliness runs through it charmingly. You have got back your old vivacious and clear style, too (which we recall in the 'Holy Roman Empire'). I should have reviewed it at once for the New York 'Times,' but they anticipated me by a notice which was capital. It will do great good here, and much in England. I fancy the chapter which will strike attention most there, will be that on the 'Pleasantness of American Life,' and with us, that on our 'Future.' I find myself nearly always agreeing with your conclusions and observations. I have not read all the serious parts yet, and therefore have not struck on some things which I expect; as the 'Tendency to Bribery in Elections,' and the 'Conservative Drift in Amendments to State Constitutions.' Perhaps New York is more of a social 'Capital' than you suppose. Loring says the young girls in the West look upon it with awe and reverence, as the Bostonians used to wish to go to Paris when they died!

"I think you have hardly done justice to the *small* lake scenery — like the Adirondacks and others. They relieve that 'uniformity' of which you so justly speak. Before you write your book on 'American Scenery,' etc., etc., you must camp

there. I think the most lovely descriptive passage of your book is that about New Orleans. The political parts are admirable. It will be an authority on our commonwealth for fifty years to come. You have done a great service, and immortalized your name. God bless you, and give you many New Years for such work!"

In reply he received the following:—

From Mr. J. Bryce.

April 5, 1889.

My dear Mr. Brace: Heartiest thanks for your kind letter, which was awaiting me when I returned from India. Your praise does me good. Though I credit some part of it to your friendly view of my work, I am sure you speak what you think. The cordial reception of the book in America has gone far beyond anything I had ventured to hope for, and the criticisms I was obliged to make on political men and methods have been taken in wonderfully good part; indeed, not a single thing has reached me from your side which has not, even when disagreeing, been kindly in its tone.

I am conscious of some defects and omissions, and should be very glad, in view of the new edition which the publishers tell me will soon be needed, to be told of others which may have escaped me. There is rather too much repetition; and perhaps a deficient positiveness or clearness in stating the general conclusions I reached. To remedy these

faults one might have to recast some chapters and even add one or two. Perhaps I ought to attempt this.

What you say about the lake scenery of such places as Lake George and the Adirondacks is true. They ought to have been referred to. It amuses and pleases me a good deal to think that I succeeded so well in concealing from you any serious purpose in my inquiries, and was considered by the young ladies to be properly and adequately frivolous. . . . Thank you once more for such a delightful commendation as you have given me.

The opening of the new year of 1889 calls forth the following letter:—

To Miss Flower.

CHES-KNOLL, Jan. 27, 1889.

My dear Rosalie: . . . As the years flit by, one feels ever nearer the great journey; and yet you cannot see through the mists. You know that God is there and you are in His hands, and you hope that He will use you there in His plans even more than here, but how exactly, who can say? If one thought of it much, how trivial would life seem! We should not do our duty in the world. I have been deep in my study of the ways of God in heathen religions. The past of mankind does not now seem a black ocean covered with fog and storm, and wrecks drifting everywhere, but a long wake of light crosses it

coming from the Light that lighteth every man in the world, the *Pharos* of humanity—the Spirit of God. In that gleam, the nations have steered their barks and made towards haven. He hath not left Himself without a witness.

We have had a very busy winter—opening or preparing for three or four new buildings, and otherwise extending our work. My newsboys' meetings have been unusually full and good. Ches-knoll has been a haven of rest and beauty this winter. In the memory of man no such season has been seen; no ice at all. I hope you will read Bryce's book—the best ever written on America.

The letters following tell of his annual Southern trip suddenly broken in upon by a message when he was in Washington, announcing the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. W. Skinner. Mr. Skinner had been, for years, the superintendent of the schools in the Children's Aid Society. His sunny, loving nature had inspired those working with him wherever he went. He was deeply loved in the many schools of the society, both by teachers and children, and carried with him, in addition to the stimulus of his keen, scientific interest in every new development in the methods of education, a fund of cheery hopefulness that put courage into the most weary heart. In speaking of the sudden summons home, Mr. Brace writes:—

To Lucius Tuckerman.

CHES-KNOLL, April 4, 1889.

My dear Mr. Tuckerman: It is hard to be followed so by the messenger of death, and to return to a broken home. Yet it has been my happy lot never to have such messages from my immediate family. My brother-in-law had had some forty years of very happy life with my sister, and twenty-two years of most satisfactory work for our poor children. Somehow your talks always take hold of me, and what you said of your theology yesterday was precisely my own view—that the habitual unselfishness of the soul fits it naturally for the spiritual life, to be “partaker of the divine nature.” So my friend went forth into the darkness all ready; he lived in God here, and must there. His death was most calm and trustful. I was so sorry to disturb your family by the sudden departure—but when Death raps! Yet the single day with you, and in that lovely home, seemed to restore me physically and mentally.

To his sons he wrote:—

“ . . . The nurses said they never saw any one so sweet and calm and undisturbed. He did not suffer much, and died without a struggle. What a loss to poor M—and to our work! A broken, desolate home. Our teachers feel it deeply. . . . Now, where is he? He lived substantially here, as he will live there. His aims and purposes and habits of mind must be similar; only he is nearer God. Peace be with him, and Christ’s comfort to your poor aunt!”

He writes of his occupation at this period:—

“ . . . I work slowly and steadily at my book. I am now on the Hindoo (Vedic) religions. There is an awful amount of trash with them, and sensual vagaries. Nothing like the elevation of the Persian. Where did our Scriptures get their superiority of form? I doubt if our theological Christ ever touches the Orient. Perhaps the real Christ will. Next I come to Buddhism, and then perhaps to Mohammedanism. All I can get is about one hour a day.”

But the Southern trip is resumed.

To his Daughter.

MILFORD, VA., April 27, 1889.

My dear E.—: I have been looking after the boys in this rather wild part of Virginia, and stop to have a little chat with you after your nice note. I am much struck with the fine, English-like men in this State, large and robust and ruddy, with regular features. Their heroes seem handsome too,—Lee and Johnston and Stonewall Jackson. The climate must be just right for our race. Jackson stands in his bronze statue, firm as “a stone wall.” What a wonderful galaxy of great men in the group on the green at Richmond, men of immortal fame from such a little community! Washington in the centre, and around, Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, Madison, Patrick Henry, etc., etc. It is astonishing that Virginia could have produced so many and so great. Washington’s statue by Houdin in the State House

is wonderful—looks like a French Revolutionary chief, full of fire, and a young man; yet he was old, they say. The town is very pretty, and Olmsted is laying out a very pretty suburb. But the babies are most obstreperous and ungoverned. I am better for the change. All West Virginia is booming with speculations.

To his Wife.

LEXINGTON, VA., April 29, 1889.

Dearest Wife: This has been so beautiful a trip, and the Virginia spring so lovely, and Asheville so wonderful, that I have thought we must take it together next year, if we can bear the cost. You would enjoy that Asheville valley so much.

J.'s sudden death gives me many serious thoughts. I often think of what a happy life we have had together, and how much good you have done me, and I suppose I have you, intellectually. God bless you, ever! I feel more easy about death now the children are pretty well cared for. It will be well with us in the unseen, I am persuaded. Life has been very pleasant, and the unseen life must be more and better. I want my last days to be better. God keep you, and make us both true servants! I love you more than ever! . . . I have written my "Stoic" chapter this trip. *Vale!*

On his birthday, Mr. Brace wrote Mr. Potter, as he was apt to do, reflections on the years behind him. The letter containing these, together with one to his

daughter, Mrs. Croswell, referring to the same occasion, are to be found below.

To Mr. Howard Potter.

CHES-KNOLL, June 19, 1889.

My dear Potter: I hardly know why I always incline to write you a note on my birthday, unless because we are at about the same age, and I always think of your friendship as one of the rich gifts of life.

Both of us must now feel that a very slight cause may call us away to the Unseen. I think of the Future with wonder and curiosity, but not feeling that we can know much. One can only trust. The great anxiety is to make the remaining days the best, and to "finish up."

My European trips have given me a new lease of life, and I want to use it for His service. Strange what happiness there is in life! How grateful I am for it to the Giver! My sixty years with hardly a pain or ache (except in one sickness), a freshness now as of full life, the happiest home and married life, perfect comfort; saved thus far from death in my family; a work where I never tire; an unceasing interest in intellectual things; a love of man and of Christ which grows with years. Now this has been my lot, far beyond all possibility of desert.

I am so grateful to wife and children and friends, and, above all, to the *Pronoia* or Providence! It shows that happiness does not depend on money or position.

Two things I want still to do,—to put the Society

on a firmer base (which can be done in three or four years), and to make my last sermon to the world in a book. It is to appear (D.V.) next November, and its title (don't shudder!) "The Unknown God, or Inspiration among Pre-Christian Peoples." There! You see my destiny!

"Many thanks for your loving note," he writes to his daughter, "the best possible present. I pulled my family over to the Palisades on my birthday, just as I did thirty-three years ago, in the heat—pretty good for *sixty-three!* And rejoice in unspoken gratitude over the innumerable blessings granted me in a long life by a kind Father, and among them not least, yours and your husband's affection. He is a great treasure to me."

The summer trip of 1889, his last in the old, beloved haunts, was one continuous delight. The letters inserted tell how complete was his enjoyment; but alas, he did not gain the good that had been expected, and went home in the autumn far from well.

To his Daughter.

LITTLE TUPPER LAKE, July 25, 1889.

My dear E.—: This revisiting the old scenes of my exuberant youth and manhood is very interesting to me. I am now a father in Israel to the Adirondackers. It is lovely, solitary, dreamy as ever. A lifetime has hardly touched this lake. I rejoice so

that you children were rocked in this wild cradle; and your mother gained here eternal youth. The air is as divine as ever, heat from 60° to 75°, a hush over everything; the only sound the fiddling-bird, and a distant roar of pines; all bathed in a soft, moist atmosphere, and as if in a slumber of a thousand years. We have good company, fair fishing, a pleasant house, plenty of venison and trout, and a nice out-door life, but "carries" expensive. We miss you greatly, dear, and trust to see you soon at Chilwold. Tell James I have been studying his translation of "Cleanthes' Hymn," and like its rugged strength, and am going to send it to him for revision before printing. Much love to Leta. How happy your summer will be!

To Dr. Howard.

LITTLE TUPPER LAKE, July 31, 1889.

My dear George: Here we are on our old tracks. Just met Sutton, a hale old man, our guide on our first trip on Long Lake (wife says thirty-four years ago!) . . . The desolater, the lumber-man, has not reached here, but next year he will come, and all will be ruin. (I have written to the "Times" !) We had a week first at Rainbow, and capital company (some clergy, etc.) and first-rate fishing; here two weeks and splendid sport. L. and I last evening, without a landing-net, took two half pounders, and one one and a quarter pounds near the house, and to-day in a few minutes, one two and a quarter pounds and one half pound, all on a fly. Good

sport, isn't it? The house has been full of trout and venison. . . .

I like much your idea of writing for the Boston paper on my new book. I will have an early copy sent you. I will send, in October, proofs of the "Stoic" chapters—perhaps the best of the book. What do you think of a chapter on Confucianism? Is that an inspiration—a religion? Would it be well to try Mohammedanism? Is it pre-Christian, and is it inspired? I get my first proof of "Egyptian" chapter in September. The volume is to be published in England and here at end of November. I fear me the book is not long enough. I find people are interested in it wherever I read it.

The writing of the report of the Children's Aid Society for 1889, the last he wrote, was a severe strain on Mr. Brace. He reflects that the passing away of two of their valued workers in the past year, Judge Van Vorst, a trustee, and Mr. Skinner, the superintendent of schools, makes it a fitting time to ask, "What has given this work its success and endurance, and what is likely to be its future?" He says that it is not possible that all the present laborers and guides will continue much longer in the field. His praise is unstinted for the faithfulness of all those connected with the society, and he asks the question how far their labors "will bring forth fruit in other lives, and induce young men and women to take up the laboring oar in our great struggle with poverty,

vice, and wretchedness?" He says that "the success of these workers is due primarily to their own spirit of enthusiasm and religious and humane earnestness. All through the society our teachers and employés have striven to carry blessings to others with the same zeal with which others strive for money or for fame. They have an exceeding great reward, not in the world's applause, but in the fruits of their efforts." He states his belief that no business company can present greater faithfulness and exactness than these diligent laborers have shown during the past twenty-five years, and continues with the words:—

"We have every reason to hope that even in the distant future the same economy, unselfish enthusiasm for humanity, and utter faithfulness will be manifested by the laborers in this society as have been in the past. The death of its leaders need make no difference, except that their example might in memory add a fresh stimulus to efforts for humanity and for God. Those of us who will soon pass away will ask no higher honor than to have moved others in coming years to carry on in like spirit these great enterprises of compassion and mercy."

With trust and hopefulness that also in the management of the work there will remain the same character, he says that the younger men who have recently entered the board are displaying the same

earnestness as their older predecessors, and he doubts not will continue to do so. In the last paragraph of his book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," this belief is expressed:—

"To those now serving in it, no thought can be sweeter, when their 'change of guard' comes, than that the humble organization of humanity and Christian kindness, which, amid many labors and sacrifices, they aided to found, will spread good-will and intelligence and relief and religious light to the children of the unfortunate and the needy, long years after even their names are forgotten; and for monument or record of their work, they cannot ask for more enduring than young lives redeemed from crime and misery, and young hearts purified and ennobled by Christ, and many orphans' tears wiped away, and wounds of the lonely and despairing 'little ones' of the world healed through instrumentalities which they assisted to plant, and which shall continue when they are long gone."

As to the reasons of the success and permanence of the work, Mr. Brace sums up in a few words the guiding principles of this charity, and, as he says, of the charity of the future. The relative value he placed upon the different agencies is concisely stated. First and foremost he puts individual influence; then "home life as opposed to institution life; the lessons of industry and self-help as better than any alms; the following natural laws in the

treatment of poverty; the implanting of moral and religious truths in union with the supply of bodily wants; and the entire change of circumstances as the best cure for the habits and defects of the children of the lowest poor.” These guiding ideas, laid down by the Children’s Aid Society from the first year, have steadily ruled its course throughout, and as a result of efforts directed by these principles, both in this and other societies like it, he can say “with great satisfaction, that there is no need, at this day, for any child in the city of New York to be homeless beyond a certain short period; that no boy or girl need suffer long for want of work or place; that no child need be driven to crime for support; and that the poorest child, in whatever filth or rags, need not be excluded from education and careful training in school.”

During this autumn Mr. Brace was busy correcting the proofs of his book, “The Unknown God,” and often expressed his gratification that he had been able to finish the original work during the spring before, the proof-reading being at this time almost too great a task for him.

“I think we shall have the book out in about four weeks,” he writes Dr. Howard in November, 1889. “. . . The best chapters you haven’t seen are on the ‘Stoics.’ I think ‘Buddhism’ will be the chapter

most read. I have a lovely title-page with a Greek altar and an inscription to Agnosto Theo, etc. . . . Have just finished my annual report and my book; and yet in a very bad condition of body."

The allusion to his bad condition of body, in the last letter, must have called forth some anxious questions from Dr. Howard. The latter's solicitude for his friend's health induced Mr. Brace to write as follows, alluding to his physical condition with an openness to which he had usually a great aversion:—

"Thanks for your kind sympathy in my ailments," he writes in January, 1890. "The future is very uncertain, but I wait, as you will understand, in perfect calmness. It came about so. I am always driving my machine to the utmost, and my weakness lays me open. A few years ago I committed the folly of swimming in Big Tupper after a hot day's work. Had peritonitis at night, but two days' rest restored me. . . . My visits to German springs cured me different years, but last autumn, not having been there, symptoms came on again badly, and threaten the kidneys. I shall try Marienbad (Bohemia) again this summer. My strong constitution is, of course, in my favor; still no one can tell. . . . So, you see, I am to battle with disease. God guideth all. You can imagine how devoted and untiring a nurse dear Letitia has been."

To another friend he says, writing on January 9th:—

“ You will receive, as a token to my gratitude for your long friendship, my new book which is to come out about the fifteenth. I should have been out to see you, but Providence is trying me for service by a period of sickness, though I have been able to keep about my duties. I am following your footsteps, and learning to wait and feel myself weak.

“ ‘I shall arrive,
In God’s good time,
Whether soon or late.’

“ With best wishes for the New Year, yours, etc.”

In the middle of January, the book, “The Unknown God,” appeared, and the many favorable notices and cordial letters which he received were very welcome to him. He was especially pleased to see a notice of two and one-quarter columns in the “London Times”—“A rare thing for them with such a subject,” he says.

A letter referring to the book, written by him, and also one or two to him, are as follows:—

To Dr. Howard.

CHES-KNOLL, January, 1890.

My dear George: . . . I begin to get warm letters. President Porter is going to hand the book to Christian Japanese students there, and get their opinion. He welcomes it, and so do my strict old Presby-

terian friends. (You know M. always said there was a strong liberal current under the surface in your church.) Your article will help the book immensely. . . . Jan. 19, 1890. We got your review at breakfast this morning, and were all greatly delighted with it. You always write well, and this is in the best newspaper vein, and will be read by tens of thousands of people who, alas! read little beside the Sunday paper. But hundreds of others who are good judges will also read it. It will start the book. Many, many thanks! I was saying it is such an advantage to have a book reviewed by one who has read it. . . . By the way, as to Madame Ragozin, she is not an authority, but a brilliant collector. The best opinion of scholars is against the Turanian origin of the Akkadians, and those prayers have a Jewish tone, decidedly. It is a much-disputed question. . . . You quoted a passage praising the Jews, and the next day a young Jewish gentleman sent the Children's Aid Society one thousand dollars.

From Professor Francis G. Peabody.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
Jan. 25, 1890.

My dear Mr. Brace: I am seriously indebted to you for sending to me your new volume, and deeply impressed with its learning and its tone. What a happiness it must have been to you to turn from the rush of charity work to these peaceful researches, and to go up on the high ground of religious contemplation! I can think of no lot more full than

yours,—a life led among the most pressing problems of our own time, and a mind equally at home among the revelations which are of all time. It is a great regret to me to hear that you are not in good health, but I congratulate you that through any weakness of body you have been able to produce this evidence both of strength and of peace of mind.

From Frances Power Cobbe.

DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES, March 11, 1890.

My dear Mr. Brace: Again I have to acknowledge with warm thanks the favor you have done me in sending me another beautiful book. Your "Gesta Christi" has seemed to me ever since I read it the very best word spoken for Christianity, and now this book on "The Unknown God" comes to complete a truly noble philosophy of the religious history of mankind. The plan of it delights me. In my small way I have studied a little of the various religions, especially Zoroaster's, and I shall read your reviews of them with extreme interest. It is more than kind of you to remember me after so many years, and to give me your great books.

I wish I had my work to send in return, dear Mr. Brace, but my old age has been very much darkened and sadly occupied by a contest into which I have somehow been drawn (I think I may say "led") against the new vice of scientific cruelty, and I have very little time or freedom of thought left me for anything but this heart-sickening subject. I will

send you a few of my papers regarding it, and a little book of a brighter sort ("The Friend of Man") designed also to incline people's hearts to pity the poor brutes.

You will be, I think, a good deal interested (if you have not heard of it) in the programme I enclose of a great undertaking in London, Mrs. Humphry Ward (niece of Matthew Arnold), author of "Robert Elsmere," being the moving spirit. I cannot say I am very hopeful of success; but it is one of the things which ought to be tried by us, and so I have given my name. I have written to Mrs. Ward to say that "The Unknown God" seems written for a class-book for her hall.

The strain of the daily journey to New York, and the absorbing nature of his work there, were beyond Mr. Brace's power to endure during this trying winter, and he found it necessary to seek rest and change at an earlier season than ever before. A cordial invitation in the month of February, from his cousin, Mr. C. W. Loring, who was passing the winter at Aiken, South Carolina, was promptly accepted, and in his next letter we find him reveling in the loveliness of roses and semi-tropical vegetation in South Carolina.

To his Wife.

AIKEN, S.C., Feb. 6, 1890.

Dearest Wife: . . . I was waiting comfortably on the veranda of an old hotel at Graniteville, enjoying

a divine air and the beauty of earth and sky, when C— and L— drove up and took me over (six miles) to Aiken; the woods semi-tropic with tufty Georgia pines and yellow jessamine, and under the leaves trailing arbutus. Here roses and plum blossoms, and May, but not too warm. Still as Sunday everywhere—and spring here. They have a very pretty, comfortable house. I am better, but tired. I think unceasingly of your devoted love and service of kindness and affection. God bless you!

In May, 1890, his son, Mr. C. L. Brace, Jr., came home, with the intention of offering his services as his father's assistant. The proposition, made to his father during the autumn before, that he should do this, and gradually perhaps take more and more responsibility off his father's shoulders, had been favorably regarded by Mr. Brace, unwilling though he was as yet to view the possibility of needing an assistant. But throughout the winter it had been a constantly increasing comfort to him to think that his son stood in readiness to help him should he need it, and although it was rarely possible for him to speak to those closest to him of his weakness and failing health, there were occasional words dropped during this year which showed how much this future support was in his thoughts.

On May 22d, Mr. and Mrs. Brace, accompanied by their younger son and daughter, sailed for

Hamburg. The voyage seemed to give him new strength, but the slow approach to Hamburg and slower landing, and the warm journey to Berlin, exhausted him, and he reached Marienbad in a much weakened condition.

The following letters to his daughter are his last:—

To his Daughter.

MARIENBAD, June 8, 1890.

My dear E—: We had dreadfully hot, oppressive weather on the rail, which exhausted me, but here I draw new life again—air 45° and lovely green and copses, and quiet life and good diet. I take my “veal-broth” with the fat women every morning, half frozen, and feel better. The doctor is encouraging in his examination. . . . This place seems designed as the punishment for years of fat-eating, beer, and sausages, of German men and women. Here they atone and grow thin. It is like living in a hospital for gout and corpulence; but everything beautifully arranged and much fine music.

To the Same.

June 22, 1890.

My dear E—: So many thanks for your loving birthday note. It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life that those who have loved me most have been nearest to me, especially in our society. My children have been an immense comfort. . . . I feel

Mr. Tuckerman's death deeply—a noble, true man, and warm friend of mine and my work. He helped me greatly. . . . I had lately another set of English notices of my book—very flattering indeed.

Where we shall be in August is not certain, but probably in the Lower Engadine, in some grand scene.

In the same letter he speaks of the monotony and vulgarity of a German "Bad," and says, "My soul abhorreth it"; yet his faith that Marienbad would work his cure once more was so strong that he kept up while there in a way that has been since thought to have been mere nervous energy, and not a real improvement as he believed. Certain it is that as soon as he left the baths he at once began to fail. And yet to those who knew how intense was his hold upon life, it will not be strange that even in his weakened state, the journey to Nuremberg, the sight of old, well-known, and loved haunts there, the little trip to Rothenburg, and his first glimpse of that quaint spot, were all sources of delight to him, and were enjoyed until physical exhaustion forced him to rest.

The family met at Munich, and together went to the Dolomites. After ten days at St. Ulrich, which Mr. Brace could enjoy only in an occasional short stroll, it was decided to carry out the original plan of going by carriage, which was far easier to him than travelling by train in the warm summer

weather, to the Engadine, where the invigorating air might benefit him, and English physicians and nurses were to be found. The weather was beautiful during the long drive from Meran, and Mr. Brace insisted on leaving the valley of the Etsch for a day, to show his children, and see again himself, the magnificent Stelvio Pass, the scene of one of his great walks in the far-away years of his vigorous youth. They reached Trafoi, a spot on the ascent of the great pass, in the afternoon, and the sunset view there was his last great pleasure. He walked out and gazed on the awful snow-heights, in silent, grave enjoyment.

Mr. Brace's patience and sweetness under his burden of weakness were unfailing, but the trip grew hourly more painful to all, and it was with grateful hearts that they saw the grand scenes of St. Moritz, and then Campfer, come into view on Saturday, the second of August. They felt nearer home in looking on the kind English faces about them, and the chaplain was almost a friend, so great was his regard for Mr. Brace's name. He owned Mr. Brace's late books, and was eager, with a sympathy that made itself felt even when it could not be expressed, to do anything in his power to lessen the gloom of those last days.

The windows of Mr. Brace's room looked out over one of the loveliest of the Engadine views, the

little pale-green lake of Campfer stretching off to the village of Silvaplana, a deep green point of land jutting into the lake, while beyond were the great gray peaks and shining snow-fields. He could look on all this loveliness as he rested on his bed, and for a moment would lie and gaze and speak of it. But the sleep of exhaustion came almost at once. The kind doctor could not stay the malady of which he died. Bright's disease was doing its deadly work, and although the struggle to regain strength which would not come again even in that air continued for a week, at the end of that time he sank into unconsciousness. A day or two before, he had been much touched by the death of Mr. George Schuyler, with whom his life had come into close relations during the years of his strong friendship for Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Hamilton. One other trace of his old feeling for his friends in his great weakness, and the last expression of interest in his life-work, was shown a few days before his death, when, after reading in a New York paper an account of the success of the sanitarium on Long Island, he said to his daughter, "I wish you would send this to Mr. Potter."

There was no suffering during the days at Campfer, and after three days of unconsciousness Mr. Brace passed quietly away on the evening of Monday, the eleventh of August.

On the fourteenth, the funeral procession, simple and unpretentious as he would have chosen it to be, wound along the road to the little cemetery at St. Moritz, where he was laid to rest, and on the stone was carved, "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

The soft green slopes rise up behind the little church and graveyard, the deep green lake lies in the depth of the narrow valley below, and high above his grave tower the snow-capped mountains he loved so well.

POSTSCRIPT

THE news of Mr. Brace's death was received at home and abroad with evidences of deep sorrow amongst those who knew him through his work and books, as well as in the circle of his friends. The newspapers, not only of England and America, but also of Germany, contained tributes to his memory. One of the New York papers said: "The death of no citizen of this municipality could bring a sense of personal loss and personal grief to so many of its inhabitants, as that of Charles L. Brace." The "New York Evening Post" said of him:—

"He had every quality for philanthropic work: clear insight, perfect sanity of judgment, supreme diligence, and indomitable patience, from whence it resulted that he became a master of his vocation and of world-wide reputation." And the article concluded with these words: "Those who had the advantage of knowing him will long remember his engaging personality, the chief light of which was the charm and grace of pure goodness."

Of the grief of the men and women who came into daily relations with him in the work of the Children's Aid Society — the teachers in the schools,

the superintendents who were constantly cheered by his kindly supervision and comprehending sympathy in the difficult task of taming the street-boys, the employees who met him every day in the office — the following letter from one of the teachers is the best testimonial:—

"I expect to open school on Monday," she writes on September 4th, "and I shall feel, as I enter the schoolroom, that Mr. Brace has left to us, as a sacred legacy, that we should now, as never before, work with all the energy and the wisdom given us for the cause to which he gave his life. How to go on without reference to Mr. Brace, how to disassociate him from the work, I cannot conceive, and I know all the teachers feel as I do. None but those intimately associated in the work can appreciate, as can we who worked with him, the painstaking care, the attention to minute detail, his knowledge of every teacher's ability, his just and even grateful acknowledgment of her work, — if it were only her care of the children for a week at the Bath home in the summer, — his unstinted and open praise, and his encouragement of every effort made to advance the educational and moral status of the unfortunate. We knew just where to find Mr. Brace; just where he stood on every question; and his 'yes' and 'no' meant more than a volume from others."

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Children's Aid Society, held October 15, 1890, the following resolution was passed:—

“ *Whereas*, the Rev. Charles Loring Brace has ended a life devoted exclusively to the benefit of the poor and the ignorant of his native land, and has by his individual efforts created the ‘Children’s Aid Society,’ having been for the last thirty-eight years its honored, patient, and intelligent Secretary, writing for it in public journals, pleading for it wherever he could find a listener, teaching in it, both by voice and example, and helping it with all the powers of a most practical and cultivated mind and loving heart,

“ *Therefore Resolved*, That this society, not only in view of the loss the world has sustained by his decease, but as a token of our reverence and affection for him, gratefully place on its records this memorial of his character.

“ *And we*, the Trustees, in recollection of his life, wholly spent in efforts for the relief of human misery, and of his Christ-like devotion to suffering children, do resolve that we will consecrate our lives by sustaining and increasing the great work which he inaugurated and has left to our care, remembering our Lord’s words that, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’

“ *Resolved*, That we tender to his widow and children our heartfelt sympathy in their deep affliction.”

A memorial meeting to Mr. Brace was held at the Newsboys’ Lodging-House on December 9, 1890, at which addresses were made by Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and several of the trustees of

the society. A letter from William E. Dodge, regretting his inability to attend, contains the following:—

“No stronger, braver, or more self-sacrificing life has ever been lived in New York. As an example of what may be done by large brains, a big heart, and rare common-sense concentrated on one worthy object, the memory of his work can never die. Always patient, wise, and thoughtful, his management of a great and constantly growing charity has been a marvel of ability and success.”

Among the more private expressions of sorrow, a telegram from Bishop Potter to his brother said, “Assure Mrs. Brace of hearty sympathy. New York could have sustained no greater loss.”

Dr. Howard, in speaking of the fulness and completeness of the life he had led, says, “How much, in many ways, he has given to us! He has lived the life of four thinkers and workers, instead of one. He could have lived longer, I think,—yet not so long,—had he not crowded and multiplied his work so steadily.”

R. Heber Newton writes to Mrs. Brace: “What a loss our city has met! Who is there of us preachers whose life can leave behind it such a legacy as he has bequeathed? I think that his work in the Aid Society was the one most far-seeing and courageous work of the city’s philanthropy. I know no finer illustration

in our history of what one man can do with the love of God and man in his heart."

From James Bryce, then in this country, came the following to Mrs. Brace: "There was something so pure and elevated about your husband's life and character, so much sweetness and unselfishness in all his life and conduct, that we feel it a great privilege to have enjoyed his friendship, and mourn his departure as a loss to the whole community which he adorned. I do not know where the neglected children of New York are to find an equally wise and tender helper, nor those seeking to enter on philanthropic work so inspiring an example."

From far-away India came the message of Mr. Mozoomdar, who writes: ". . . Among the few friends whom my American visit has entwined in the most sacred spot of my heart, Mr. Charles Loring Brace's genial face shall ever shine like that of a guardian angel. I can very well imagine what he must have been to the seventy thousand homeless orphans whom he housed and protected, from what he was to me when I was homeless and almost friendless in the great city of New York. . . . He was the type of the Christian character which St. Paul set forth in the words, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Philosophy and philanthropy make the ideal of the modern Christian, and no one whom I have known conformed

to that ideal more than my beloved, departed friend. But why indulge in eulogies now, praise and sorrow are equally vain; to the immortal, immortal love is the only fit offering. What better way to make that offering but that his friends, his widow, and his children should put on the example he has left behind him,—the example of Christian love, world-wide wisdom, and absolute devotion to God?"

The closing prayer from "The Unknown God," written as it was during the years when Mr. Brace put less and less of himself into his friendly letters, seems to be in a sense the last expression of himself, and appropriately closes this autobiography, while placing before us in his own simple and beautiful words the belief at which he gradually arrived, of the presence of God throughout all times and races of men.

"O Thou Unknown God! No powers of man can grasp Thee! In Thy fulness Thou art unknowable. We pass away; Thou art eternal. To Thee belongeth not time or space. Thou changest not, and yet Thy being is full of eternal waves of thought and feeling. From the nature which Thou hast given us, and from Thy universe, we know that we are in Thy image. Thou hast revealed Thyself in Christ Thy Son. As He is, such art Thou. We thank Thee that Thou hast also made Thyself known in all ages, to all men, of every race and tribe. We bless Thee

that Thy creatures in ancient days have seen Thy face. We thank Thee that in all their ignorance and animalism they have known Thy loving-kindness, which is better than life. We thank Thee that amid impurity they have felt Thy purity; that where so much was selfish around them they have seen Thy unchanging beneficence. They have only known Thee in part; but who hath known Thee wholly? They have served Thee blindly; but who hath seen all the ways of the Lord? They have given up thought and heart and life to what they conceived Thy will. If they have erred, who of us is free from error? They have called Thee by various names; but what are names to Thee? We thank Thee that Thou hast come nearest to us and all men in Jesus Christ Thy Son. In Him we know Thee as Father. In Him we see Thy face. . . . We too, O Thou Theos Agnostos, would join with feeble voices the great acclaim of praise and honor and glory which ariseth to Thee from all tribes and countries of men, and would humbly offer our lives in service to Thee whom we shall yet see face to face."

APPENDIX A.

FIRST CIRCULAR OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

To the Public: This society has taken its origin in the deeply settled feeling of our citizens, that something must be done to meet the increasing crime and poverty among the destitute children of New York. Its objects are to help this class, by opening Sunday meetings and industrial schools, and gradually, as means shall be furnished, by forming lodging-houses and reading-rooms for children, and by employing paid agents, whose sole business shall be to care for them.

As Christian men, we cannot look upon this great multitude of unhappy, deserted, and degraded boys and girls without feeling our responsibility to God for them. We remember that they have the same capacities, the same need of kind and good influences, and the same immortality, as the little ones in our own homes. We bear in mind that One died for them, even as for the children of the rich and the happy. Thus far, almshouses and prisons have done little to affect the evil. But a small part of the vagrant population can be shut up in our asylums; and judges and magistrates are reluctant to convict children, so young and ignorant that they hardly seem able to distinguish good and evil. The class increases. Immigration is pouring in its multitudes of poor foreigners, who leave these young outcasts everywhere abandoned in our midst. For the most part, the boys grow up utterly by themselves. No one cares for them, and they care for

no one. Some live by begging, by petty pilferings, by bold robbery. Some earn an honest support by peddling matches, or apples, or newspapers. Others gather bones and rags in the street to sell. They sleep on steps, in cellars, in old barns, and in markets; or they hire a bed in filthy and low lodging-houses. They cannot read. They do not go to school or attend a church. Many of them have never seen the Bible. Every cunning faculty is intensely stimulated. They are shrewd and old in vice when other children are in leading-strings. Few influences which are kind and good ever reach the vagrant boy. And yet, among themselves, they show generous and honest traits. Kindness can always touch them.

The *girls*, too often, grow up even more pitiable and deserted. Till of late, no one has ever cared for them. They are the cross-walk sweepers, the little apple-peddlers and candy-sellers of our city; or by more questionable means they earn their scanty bread. They traverse the low, vile streets alone, and live without mother or friends, or any share in what we should call *home*. They, also, know little of God or Christ, except by name. They grow up passionate, ungoverned; with no love or kindness ever to soften the heart. We all know their short, wild life, and the sad end. These boys and girls, it should be remembered, will soon form the great lower class of our city. They will influence elections; they may shape the policy of the city; they will, assuredly, if unclaimed, poison society all around them. They will help to form the great multitude of robbers, thieves, and vagrants who are now such a burden upon the law-respecting community. In one ward alone of the city, the eleventh, there was in 1852, out of 12,000 children between the ages of five and sixteen, only 7000 who attended school, and only 2500 who went to Sabbath-school, leaving 5000 without the common privileges of

education, and about 9000 destitute of public religious influence.

In view of these evils, we have formed an association which shall devote itself entirely to this class of vagrant children. We do not propose in any way to conflict with existing asylums and institutions, but to render them a hearty co-operation, and at the same time to fill a gap, which, of necessity, they have all left. A large multitude of children live in the city who cannot be placed in asylums, and yet who are uncared for and ignorant and vagrant. We propose to give to these work, and to bring them under religious influences. A central office has been taken, and an agent, Charles L. Brace, has been engaged to give his whole time to efforts for relieving the wants of this class. As means shall come in, it is designed to district the city, so that hereafter every ward may have its agent, who shall be a friend to the vagrant child. "Boys' Sunday Meetings" have already been formed, which we hope to see extended, until every quarter has its place of preaching to boys. With these, we intend to connect "Industrial Schools," where the great temptations to this class, arising from *want of work*, may be removed, and where they can learn an honest trade. Arrangements have been made with manufacturers, by which, if we have the requisite funds to begin, *five hundred boys* in different localities can be supplied with paying work. We hope, too, especially to be the means of draining the city of these children, by communicating with farmers, manufacturers, or families in the country, who may have need of such for employment. When homeless boys are found by our agents, we mean to get them homes in the families of respectable persons in the city, and to put them in the way of an honest living. We design, in a word, to bring humane and kindly influences to bear on this forsaken class — to

preach in various modes the Gospel of Christ to the vagrant children of New York.

Numbers of our citizens have long felt the evils we would remedy, but few have the leisure or the means to devote themselves personally to this work, with the thoroughness which it requires. This society, as we propose, shall be a medium through which all can, in their measure, practically help the poor children of the city. We call upon all who recognize that these are the little ones of Christ; all who believe that crime is best averted by sowing good influences in childhood; all who are the friends of the helpless, to aid us in our enterprise. We confidently hope this wide and practical movement will have its share of Christian liberality. And we earnestly ask the contributions of those able to give, to help us in carrying forward the work.

TRUSTEES.

| | | |
|----------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| B. J. HOWLAND, | CHARLES W. ELLIOTT, | MOSES G. LEONARD, |
| JOHN L. MASON, | AUGUSTINE EATON, | W. C. RUSSELL, |
| WM. C. GILMAN, | J. S. PHELPS, M.D., | J. EARL WILLIAMS, |
| WM. L. KING, | JAMES A. BURTUS, | A. D. F. RANDOLPH. |

Secretary, CHARLES L. BRACE.

MARCH, 1853.

APPENDIX B

In September, 1854, the first party for Michigan started from the office of the Children's Aid Society. The Company Book states: "On September 20th, 1854, a company of forty-six boys left the office of the Children's Aid Society in charge of Rev. E. P. Smith, visitor, bound for the West. This, being the first company of this kind from this city, was an experiment the result of which was successful and gratifying to all interested in this

work." It has been thought advisable to insert almost the whole of the long and full account of this journey. "On Wednesday evening, with emigrant¹ tickets to Detroit, we started on the *Isaac Newton* for Albany. Nine of our company, who missed the boat, were sent up by the morning cars, and joined us in Albany, making forty-six boys and girls from New York, bound westward, and, to them, homeward. They were between the ages of seven and fifteen—most of them from ten to twelve. The majority of them orphans, dressed in uniform—as bright, sharp, bold, racy a crowd of little fellows as can be grown nowhere out of the streets of New York. The other ten were from New York at large—no number or street in particular. Two of these had slept in nearly all the station-houses in the city. One, a keen-eyed American boy, was born in Chicago—an orphan now and abandoned in New York by an intemperate brother. Another, a little German Jew, who had been entirely friendless for four years, and had finally found his way into the Newsboys' Lodging-house. Dick and Jack were brothers of Sarah O—, whom we sent to Connecticut. Their father is intemperate; mother died at Bellevue Hospital three weeks since; and an older brother has just been sentenced to Sing Sing. Their father, a very sensible man when sober, begged me to take the boys along, 'for I am sure, sir, if left in New York they will come to the same bad end as their brother.' We took them to a shoe-shop. Little Jack made awkward work in trying on a pair. 'He don't know them, sir; there's not been a cover to his feet for three winters.' Another of the ten, whom the boys call 'Liverpool,' defies description. Mr. Gerry found him in the fourth ward, a few hours before we left. Really only twelve

¹ Since this first experience we have always sent our children by regular trains, in decent style.

years old, but in dress a seedy loafer of forty. His boots, and coat, and pants would have held two such boys easily — filthy and ragged to the last thread. Under Mr. Tracy's hands, at the lodging-house, 'Liverpool' was soon remodelled into a boy again; and when he came on board the boat with his new suit I did not know him. His story interested us all, and was told with a quiet, sad reserve, that made us believe him truthful. A friendless orphan in the streets of Liverpool, he heard of America, and determined to come, and after long search found a captain who shipped him as cabin-boy. Landed in New York, 'Liverpool' found his street condition somewhat bettered. Here he got occasional odd jobs about the docks, found a pretty tight box to sleep in, and now and then the sailors gave him a cast-off garment, which he wrapped and tied about him, till he looked like a walking rag-bundle when Mr. G. found him.

"As we steamed off from the wharf, the boys gave three cheers for New York, and three more for 'Michigan.' All seemed as careless at leaving home forever, as if they were on a target excursion to Hoboken. We had a steerage passage, and after the cracker-box and gingerbread had passed around, the boys sat down in the gang-way and began to sing. Their full chorus attracted the attention of the passengers, who gathered about, and soon the captain sent for us to come to the upper saloon. There the boys sang and talked, each one telling his own story separately, as he was taken aside, till ten o'clock, when Captain S. gave them all berths in the cabin; meanwhile, a lady from Rochester had selected a little boy for her sister, and Mr. B., a merchant from Illinois, had made arrangements to take 'Liverpool' for his store. I afterwards met Mr. B. in Buffalo, and he said he would not part with the boy for any consideration; and I thought then, that to take such a boy from such a condi-

tion, and put him into such hands, was worth the whole trip.

"At Albany we found the emigrant train did not go out till noon; and it became a question what to do with the children for the intervening six hours. There was danger that Albany street boys might entice them off, or that some might be tired of the journey and hide away, in order to return. When they were gathered on the wharf, we told them that *we* were going to Michigan, and if any of them would like to go along, they must be on hand for the cars. This was enough. They hardly ventured out of sight. The Albany boys tried hard to coax some of them away; but ours turned the tables upon them, told them of Michigan, and when we were about ready to start, several of them came up bringing a stranger with them. There was no mistaking the long, thick, matted hair, unwashed face, the badger coat, and double pants flowing in the wind — a regular 'snoozer.' 'Here's a boy what wants to go to Michigan, sir; can't you take him with us?' 'But do you know him? Can you recommend him as a suitable boy to belong to our company?' No; they didn't know his name even. 'Only he's as hard up as any of us. He's no father or mother, and nobody to live with, and he sleeps out o' nights.' The boy pleads for himself. He would like to go and be a farmer — and to live in the country — will go anywhere I send him — and do well if he can have the chance. Our number is full — purse scant — it may be difficult to find him a home. But there is no resisting the appeal of the boys, and the importunate face of the young vagrant. Perhaps he will do well; at any rate we must try him. If left to float here a few months longer, his end is certain. 'Do you think I can go, sir?' 'Yes, John, if you will have your face washed and hair combed within half an hour.' Under a brisk scrubbing, his face lighted up

several shades, but the twisted, tangled hair, matted for years, will not yield to any amount of washing and pulling — barber's shears are the only remedy. So a new volunteer is added to our regiment. Here is his enrolment: 'John ——, American; Protestant; thirteen years; orphan; parents died in R——, Maine; a 'snoozer' for four years; most of the time in New York, with an occasional visit to Albany and Troy 'when times go hard'; intelligent; black, sharp eye; hopeful.' As we marched two deep, round the State House to the depot, John received many a recognition from the 'outsiders,' among whom he seemed to be a general favorite, and they called out after him, 'Good-bye, Smack,' with a half sad, half sly nod, as if in doubt whether he was playing some new game, or were really going to leave them and try an honest life.

"At the depot we worked our way through the Babel of at least one thousand Germans, Irish, Italians, and Norwegians, with whom nothing goes right; every one insists that he is in the wrong car, that his baggage has received the wrong mark, that Chicago is in this direction, and the cars are on the wrong track; in short, they are agreed upon nothing except in the opinion that this is a 'bad countrhy, and it's good luck to the soul who sees the end on't.' The conductor, a red-faced, middle-aged man, promises to give us a separate car; but while he whispers and negotiates with two Dutch girls, who are travelling without a protector, the motley mass rushes into the cars, and we are finally pushed into one already full,—some standing, a part sitting in laps, and some on the floor under the benches; crowded to suffocation, in a freight car without windows, rough benches for seats, and no back; no ventilation except through the sliding doors, where the little chaps are in constant danger of falling through. There were scenes that afternoon and night which it would not

do to reveal. Irishmen passed around bad whiskey, and sang bawdy songs; Dutch men and women smoked and sang, and grunted and cursed; babies squalled and nursed. Night came on, and we were told that 'passengers furnish their own lights.' For this we were unprepared, and so we tried to endure darkness, which never before seemed half so thick as in that stifled car, though it was relieved here and there for a few minutes by a lighted pipe. . . . In the morning we were in the vicinity of Rochester; and you can hardly imagine the delight of the children, as they looked, many of them for the first time, upon country scenery. Each one must see everything we passed, find its name, and make his own comments. 'What's that, mister?' 'A corn-field.' 'Oh yes, them's what makes buckwheaters.' 'Look at them cows' (oxen ploughing), 'my mother used to milk cows.' As we were whirling through orchards loaded with large, red apples, their enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. It was difficult to keep them within doors. Arms stretched out, hats swinging, eyes swimming, mouths watering, and all screaming, 'Oh! oh! just look at 'em! Mister, be they any sich in Michigan?' Then I'm in for *that* place; three cheers for Michigan!' We had been riding in comparative quiet for nearly an hour, when all at once the greatest excitement broke out. We were passing a corn-field, spread over with ripe, yellow pumpkins. 'Oh! yonder! look! Just *look* at 'em!' and in an instant the same exclamation was echoed from forty-seven mouths. 'Jist *look* at 'em! What a heap of *mushmillons*!' 'Mister, do they make *mushmillons* in Michigan?' 'Ah, fellers, *ain't* that the country tho'; won't we have nice things to eat?' 'Yes, and won't we *sell* some, too?' 'Hip! hip! boys; three cheers for Michigan!' . . . We were in Buffalo nine hours, and the boys had the liberty of the town, but were all on board the boat in season.

We went down to our place, the steerage cabin, and no one but an emigrant on a lake boat can understand the night we spent. . . . It was the last night in the freight car repeated, with the addition of a touch of seasickness, and of the stamping, neighing, and bleating of a hundred horses and sheep over our heads, and the effluvia of their filth pouring through the open gangway. But we survived the night; *how* had better not be detailed. In the morning we got outside upon the boxes, and enjoyed the beautiful day. The boys were in good spirits, sang songs, told New York yarns, and made friends generally among the passengers. Occasionally some one more knowing than wise would attempt to poke fun at them, whereupon the boys would 'pitch in,' and open such a sluice of Bowery slang as made Mr. Would-be-funny beat a retreat in double quick time. No one attempted that game twice. During the day the clerk discovered that three baskets of peaches were missing, all except the baskets. None of the boys had been detected with the fruit, but I afterwards found they had eaten it. Landed in Detroit at ten o'clock Saturday night, and took a first-class passenger car on Mich. C. R. R., and reached Dowagiac, a 'smart little town' in Southwest Michigan, three o'clock Sunday morning. The depot-master, who seldom receives more than three passengers from a train, was utterly confounded as the crowd of little ones poured out upon the platform, and at first refused to let us stay till morning; but after a deal of explanation he consented, with apparent misgiving, and the boys spread themselves on the floor to sleep. At daybreak they began to inquire, 'Where be we?' and, finding that they were really in Michigan, scattered in all directions, each one for himself, and in five minutes there was not a boy in sight of the depot. When I had negotiated for our stay at the American House (!) and had breakfast nearly ready, they

began to straggle back from every quarter; each boy loaded down—caps, shoes, coat-sleeves, and shirts full of every green thing they could lay hands upon—apples, ears of corn, peaches, pieces of pumpkins, etc. ‘Look at the Michigan filberts!’ cried a little fellow, running up, holding with both hands upon his shirt bosom, which was bursting out with acorns. Little Mag (and she is one of the prettiest, sweetest little things you ever set eyes upon) brought in a ‘nosegay,’ which she insisted upon sticking in my coat,—a mullen-stock and corn-leaf, twisted with grass! Several of the boys had had a swim in the creek, though it was a pretty cold morning. At the breakfast-table the question was discussed how we should spend the Sabbath. The boys evidently wanted to continue their explorations; but when asked if it would not be best to go to church, there were no hands down, and some proposed to go to Sunday-school, and ‘boys’ meeting, too.’ The children had clean and happy faces, but no change of clothes, and those they wore were badly soiled and torn by the emigrant passage. You can imagine the appearance of our ‘ragged regiment,’ as we filed into the Presbyterian church (which, by the way, was a school-house), and appropriated our full share of the seats. The ‘natives’ could not be satisfied with staring, as they came to the door and filled up the vacant part of the house. The pastor was late, and we occupied the time in singing. Those sweet Sabbath-school songs never sounded so sweetly before. Their favorite hymn was, ‘Come, ye sinners, poor and needy’; and they rolled it out with a relish. It was a touching sight, and pocket-handkerchiefs were used quite freely among the audience. At the close of the sermon the people were informed of the object of the Children’s Aid Society. It met with the cordial approbation of all present, and several promised to take children. . . . Monday morn-

ing the boys held themselves in readiness to receive applications from the farmers. They would watch in all directions, scanning closely every wagon that came in sight, and deciding from the appearance of the driver and the horses, more often from the latter, whether they 'would go in for *that* farmer.' There seems to be a general dearth of boys, and still greater of girls, in all this section, and before night I had applications for fifteen of my children, the applicants bringing recommendations from their pastor and the justice of peace. There was a rivalry among the boys to see which first could get a home in the country, and before Saturday they were all gone. Rev. Mr. O. took several home with him; and nine of the smallest I accompanied to Chicago, and sent to Mr. Townsend, Iowa City. Nearly all the others found homes in Cass County, and I had a dozen applications for more. A few of the boys are bound to trades, but the most insisted upon being farmers, and learning to drive horses. They are to receive a good common school education, and one hundred dollars when twenty-one. I have great hopes for the majority of them. 'Mag' is *adopted* by a wealthy Christian farmer. 'Smack, the privateer,' from Albany, has a good home in a Quaker settlement. The two brothers, Dick and Jack, were taken by an excellent man and his son, living on adjacent farms. The German boy from the 'Lodging-house' lives with a physician in D—. Several of the boys came in to see me, and tell their experience in learning to farm. One of them was sure he knew how to milk, and being furnished with a pail, was told to take his choice of the cows in the yard. He sprang for a two-year-old steer, caught him by the horns, and called for a 'line to make him fast.' None seemed discontented but one, who ran away from a tinner, because he wanted to be a farmer. On the whole, the first experiment of

sending children West is a very happy one, and I am sure there are places enough with good families in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, to give every poor boy and girl in New York a permanent home. The only difficulty is to bring the children to the homes."

APPENDIX C.

The present work of the Children's Aid Society (1894) comprises the maintenance of twenty-one industrial schools, thirteen night schools, six lodging-houses, a farm-school for a small number of boys at Kensico, Westchester County, N.Y.; four summer charities—the Children's Summer Home at Bath Beach, the Cottage for Crippled Girls, the Health Home on Coney Island, and the Sick Children's Mission; a dress-making, sewing-machine, type-writing school, and laundry; a boys' printing-shop; and three free reading-rooms. All this in addition to the emigration work, to which we shall recur. The Report of the society for 1893 showed a registry of 12,516 children in the schools during the year, and an average daily attendance of 4976. These children, besides being taught, were partly fed and partly clothed. The total annual expense of these schools (both day and night) was \$122,371.99, making an average cost of \$24.59 for each child. In the lodging-houses 6277 boys and girls found shelter and food in the course of the year. Deducting the lodging-house receipts, the net running expense was \$27,463.51, and dividing this by 464, the average nightly number of lodgers, we have \$59.19 as the average cost of each child for the year. The Summer Home received 5007 children during the summer, at an average cost of \$1.46 for each child. At the Health Home, 6300 mothers and babies were entertained at a

cost of \$1.04 for each person. The total number of persons under charge of the society for the year was 34,277.

The number for whom homes and employment were found last year was 1940; of whom 1033 were boys, 626 were girls, 107 men, and 174 women. The average cost to the public for each person was \$12.75. To place a child in a good home in the far West and afterward visit and correspond with him costs on an average \$25. The maintenance of the same child in an asylum or poor-house costs nearly \$140 a year. Since the formation of the society in 1853 the number of persons assisted to new homes and occupations has been 99,678, of whom 85,977 were children,—52,460 boys, and 33,517 girls. Included in the total number are 1451 sent to institutions. Homes have been found for the younger of these children, employment in New York and the neighboring States for the older, and poor families have been assisted to the West, where employment awaited them. Of the smaller children not three per cent have turned out badly, and of all children under fourteen not more than five per cent. A record has been kept of all the children placed in homes, and the correspondence is one of the features of the system, and all are visited as long as is deemed necessary by the experienced agents.

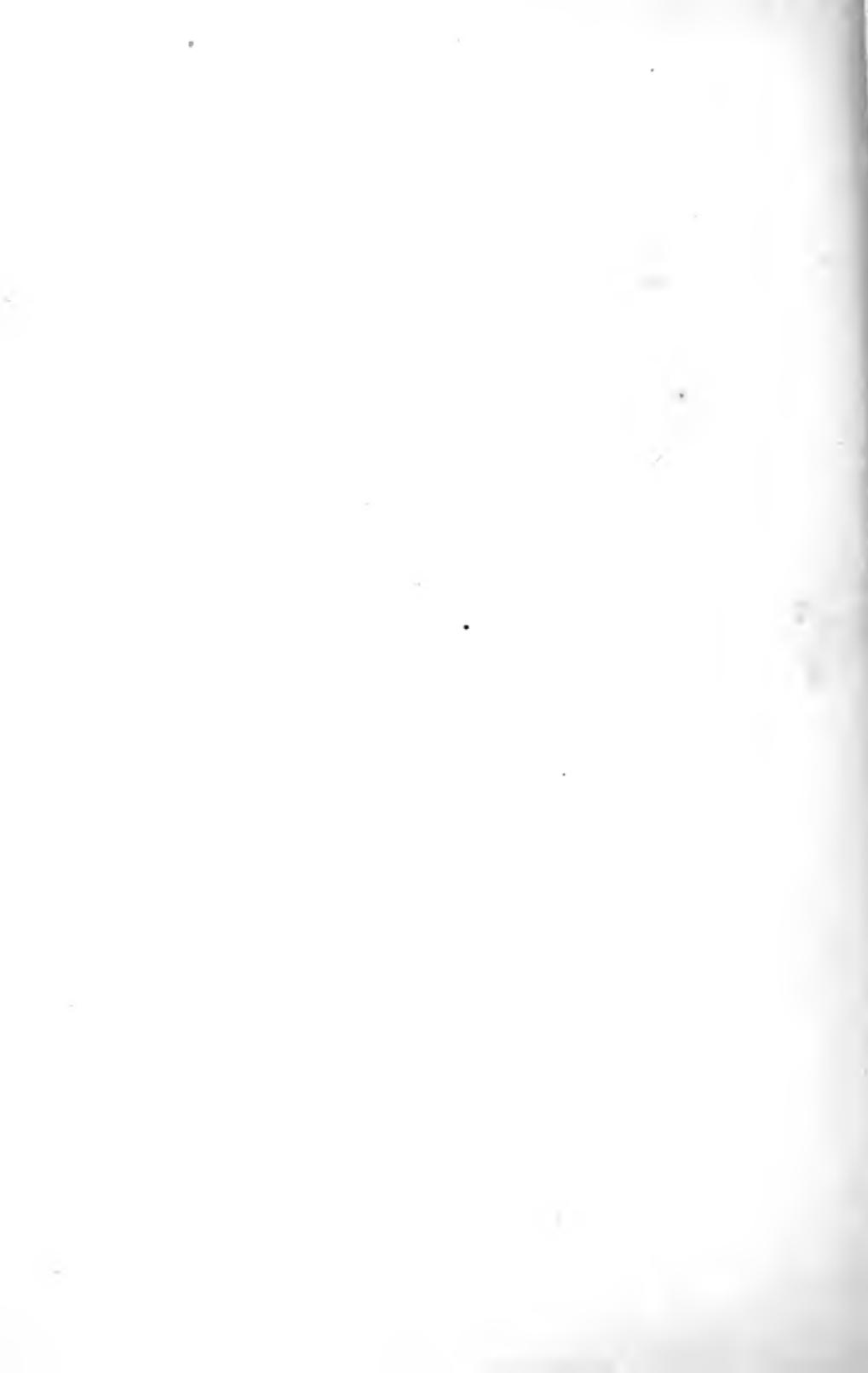
The statistics of juvenile crime, taken from the police reports and covering the period of the operation of the society, show a steady diminution of offences of this class. To quote from the Report of 1893, where a summary of these statistics has been made, ". . . the commitments of girls and women for vagrancy fell off from 5880 in 1860 to 1769 in 1892, or from one in every 138½ persons in 1860 (when the population was 864,224) to one in every 1033 in 1892 (when the population was 1,827,396). This certainly looks like some effect from

reformatory efforts. Again, the commitments of petty girl thieves fell off from one in every 743 in 1865 (when the population was 726,386) to one in 8158 in 1892. Male vagrants also have diminished in twenty-five years, largely in proportion to the population. Male petty thieves have fallen off some 700 during twenty-five years, and greatly in the average to the whole number, as have also the commitments of boys under fourteen years." In one classification of the police reports known as statistics of juvenile delinquency, the number of arraignments has fallen from 1139 in 1875 to 570 in 1892, and the number of commitments from 917 to 459,—this, despite the increase in population and the great numbers of poor immigrants left stranded in New York.

Professor Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, writing in 1892, estimates the number of children aided by Mr. Brace at 300,000. It is certain that the real number is far in excess of this, statistics showing that in the single department of the boys' lodging-houses, over 200,000 boys have found shelter during the past thirty-eight years. During the last year the superintendent of these lodging-houses started in business or trade 271 boys, while employment in other ways was found for 648 more. The total number aided in ways devised by Mr. Brace cannot be far from half a million.

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